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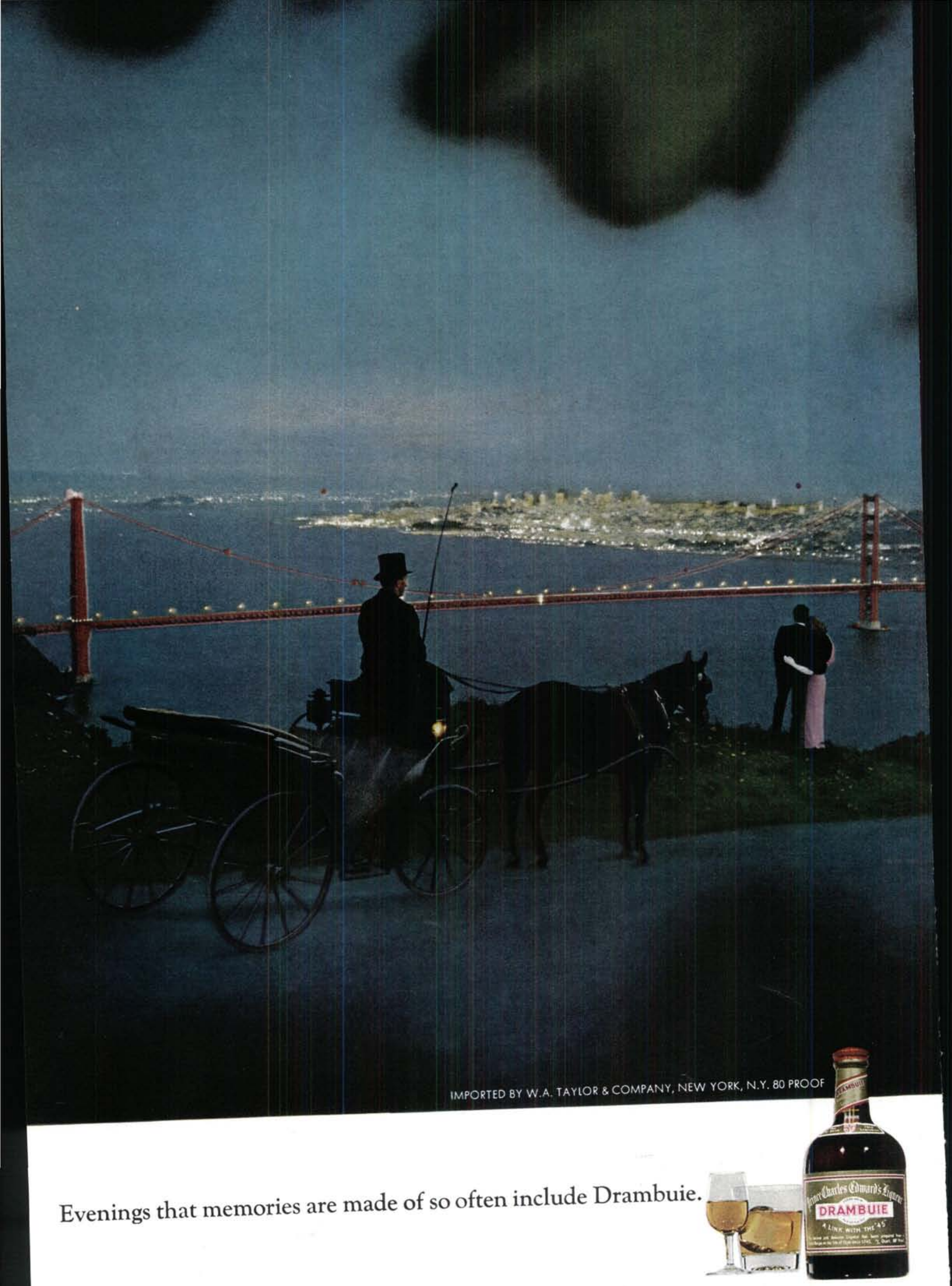
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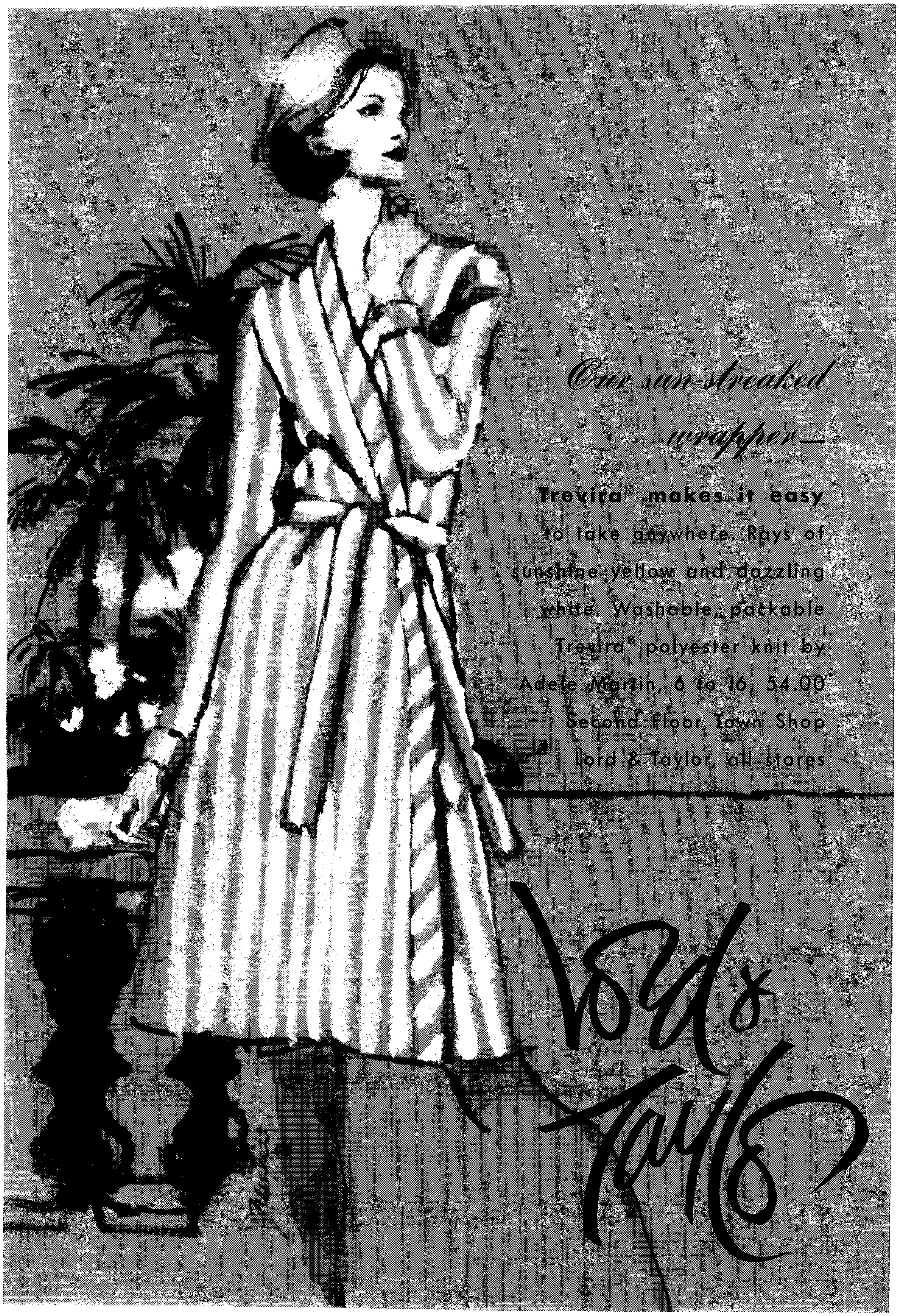

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Bread—A play by David Scott Milton. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 6:15; Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Feb. 9.)

British Theatre Season—Performances by the Actors Company at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. There are also performances by two other companies—the Royal Shakespeare Company and the Young Vic—in the course of this long engagement. KNOTS, adapted by R. D. Laing, in the Music Hall: Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 30-31, at 8. . . . ¶ Shakespeare's KING LEAR, in the Opera House: Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8; Sunday, Feb. 3 at 2 and 7:30; Tuesday, Feb. 5, at 8; and Wednesday, Feb. 6, at 1:30 and 8. . . . ¶ Chekhov's THE WOOD DEMON, in the Opera House: Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 7-9, at 8. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Find Your Way Home—A play by John Hopkins that is nearly always funny, though the triangle it describes—a husband, his wife, and his male lover—is in a grim plight indeed. Lee Richardson, Jane Alexander, and Michael Moriarty are magnificent. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Flies—Jean-Paul Sartre's play, directed by Vinnette Carroll. (Urban Arts Corps Theatre, 26 W. 20th St. 924-7820. Thursday through Saturday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 3.)

Gigi—Lerner and Loewe have contrived a reprise of a reprise in this old-fashioned musical about a Paris very unlike Colette's. The cast, the costumes, and the settings do as much as the music to make it a happy occasion. (Uris, 51st St., W. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Good Doctor—Neil Simon has been tempted to collaborate with Anton Chekhov, who might not have been tempted to collaborate with Neil Simon. The brilliant cast makes it seem worthwhile. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Good Evening—Peter Cook and Dudley Moore in a series of sketches, all but one or two of which are very funny indeed. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3.)

Hard to Be a Jew—Joseph Buloff in a Yiddish musical taken from Sholom Aleichem's play. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 6.)

Here Comes the Groom—A Yiddish musical, with Leo Fuchs. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 765-3886. Wednesdays and Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2; Saturdays at 2:30; and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

The Iceman Cometh—O'Neill's garrulous tribute to down-and-outers and their pipe-dreams—a word he repeats eighteen times. With James Earl Jones, Michael Higgins, Tom Aldredge, and many others. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 24.)

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Lorelei—A sadly mutilated partial reprise of the old musical, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Carol Channing is the valiant star. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Moonchildren—Michael Weller's comedy about a group of college students living a communal life back in the sixties had a very brief run on Broadway around a year ago. This small theatre—Off Broadway—is a far more appropriate setting for it. Mr. Weller is a quite funny writer, and the tone of his play always seems right, but his perpetually prankish and plaintive characters, in their undergraduate limbo, become very wearing after an act or two. The production, under John Pasquin's direction, is excellent. With Michael Sacks, Jim Jansen, Renée Tadlock, and Kenneth McMillan, among other good actors. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—A play on O'Neill's great, grave theme—that family life is not the occasion for love but for its failure. Colleen Dewhurst, Jason Robards, and Ed Flanders superbly embody the bad news. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

New Phoenix Repertory Company—A thirteen-week engagement. Rachel Roberts and John McMartin in Feydeau's CHEMIN DE FER, adapted by Suzanne Grossmann and Paxton Whitehead, and directed by Stephen Porter: Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 2, at 2 and 7:30; and Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 4-5, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Miss Roberts and Mr. McMartin in Friedrich Dürrenmatt's THE VISIT, adapted by Maurice Valency and directed by Harold Prince: Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 30-Feb. 1, at 7:30, and Saturday, Feb. 9, at 2 and 7:30. . . . ¶ Charlotte Moore and John Glover in Philip Barry's HOLIDAY, directed by Michael Montel: Wednesday, Feb. 6, at 2 and 7:30, and Thursday and Friday, Feb. 7-8, at 7:30. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Closes Saturday, Feb. 16.)

The Pajama Game—Barbara McNair, Hal Linden, and Cab Calloway in a revival of one of the truest tuneful musicals ever written. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Wednesday through Saturday at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 3.)

The Past Is the Past and **Going Thru Changes**—A pair of extraordinary one-acters about black life in America, by Richard Wesley. With Bill Cobbs, Robert Christian, and Michele Shay, among others. (Billie Holiday, 1368 Fulton St., Brooklyn. 636-0919. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 3. Closes Saturday, Feb. 23.)

Raisin—Worth seeing for its charming and gifted cast, though the book of the musical is as old-fashioned as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." (46th

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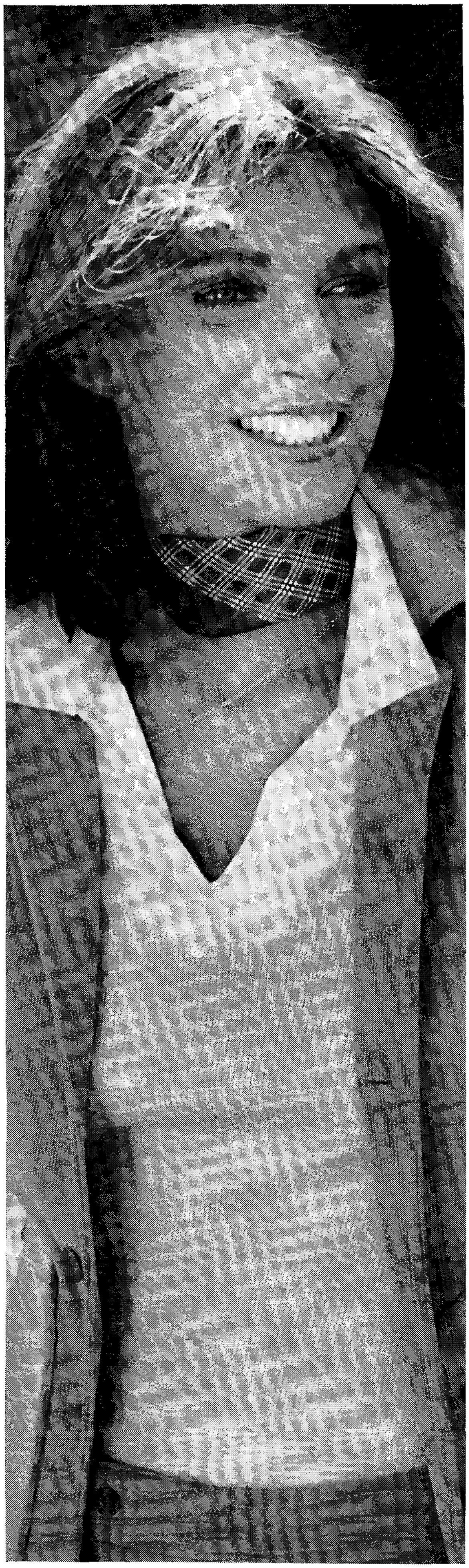

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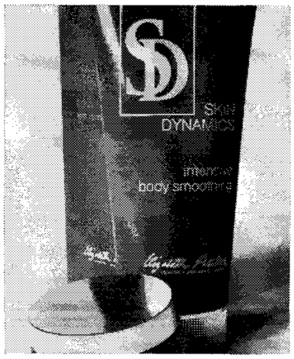

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Seagull—A dull, lifeless production. (Roundabout, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder?—Mark Medoff's efficient, occasionally exciting, but essentially shallow melodrama about a brash young man running dope from Mexico to California, who stops off at a diner in New Mexico and taunts everyone in sight, to depressing effect. The playwright may have some messages in mind about such matters as the legend of the Old West or the hypocrisy of the middle classes, but these can easily be ignored. The actors do well, under Kenneth Frankel's direction. With Kevin Conway in the leading role, and Elizabeth Sturges as a fat, gentle countergirl. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE:** A sparkling, witty, all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good. Reopens Wednesday, Feb. 6. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,729 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA:** A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **IRENE:** A pastiche of a lot of musicals of the last fifty years, including "Irene." Nevertheless, the cast is attractive and talented. (Minskoff, 45th St., W. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; on Thursday, Feb. 7, at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC:** Under Harold Prince's dazzling direction, Glynis Johns, Len Cariou, Hermione Gingold, and half a dozen other delightful people sing and spar and fall into what looks like love. The well-wrought music and lyrics are by Saint Stephen Sondheim, and the book, based on Bergman's film "Smiles of a Summer Night," is by Hugh Wheeler. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **PIPPIN:** A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. 861-7362. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2.) . . . **THE SUNSHINE BOYS:** A pair of old vaudevillians sourly pecking away at each other, but because Neil Simon has written their lines and because Jack Gilford and Lou Jacobi are playing their roles, the consequences of their misery are almost always funny. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON:** This well-written comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. A. J. Antoon directed. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **WHAT'S A NICE COUNTRY LIKE YOU DOING IN A STATE LIKE THIS?:** A merry satirical revue, with a young and refreshing cast of five. Words by Ira Gasman and music by Cary Hoffman. (Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. 757-8484. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

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BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 8: "Prodigal Son," "An Evening's Waltzes," and "Tchaikovsky Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 31, at 8: "Serenade," "Concerto Barocco," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 1, at 8: "Irish Fantasy," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Scherzo Fantastique," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 2, at 2: "An Evening's Waltzes," "The Cage," and "Tchaikovsky Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Scènes de Ballet," "Serenade in A," "Pas de Deux," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 3, at 1: "Irish Fantasy," "Four Bagatelles," "Tarantella," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 3, at 7: "An Evening's Waltzes," "Orpheus," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . **DON QUIXOTE:** Thursday and Friday, Feb. 7-8, at 8, and Saturday, Feb. 9, at 2 and 8. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 17.)

American Ballet Theatre—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 8: "Harbinger," "The Maids," "The Moor's Pavane," and "Theme and Variations." . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 31, at 8: "Harbinger," "Three Virgins and a Devil," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Fancy Free." . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 1, at 8: "Variations for Four," "Dark Elegies," "Intermezzo," and "Billy the Kid." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 2, at 2: "Les Sylphides," "Three Essays," and "Les Patineurs." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8: "Napoli," "At Midnight," "Undertow," and "Fancy Free." . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 3, at 2: "Les Patineurs," "Three Virgins and a Devil," and "Graduation Ball." . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 3, at 7:30: "Apollo," "Intermezzo," "Dark Elegies," and "Theme and Variations." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Alwin Nikolais Dance Theatre—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Feb. 17—Tuesday, Feb. 5, at 6:45; Wednesday, Feb. 6, at 2 and 8; and Saturday, Feb. 9, at 8: "Sanctum Suite," "Cross-Fade" (New York première), and "Tower." . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 7, at 6:45; Friday, Feb. 8, at 8; and Saturday, Feb. 9, at 2: "Divertissement," "Scrolls," and "Tent." (Lyceum, 149 W. 54th St. JU 2-3897.)

Ambakaila, Trinidad Carnival Ballet and Steel Band—A company of sixty, including dancers, drummers, singers, and a steel band, in a one-week engagement. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesday, Feb. 5, at 7:30; Wednesday through Friday, Feb. 6-8, at 8; and Saturday, Feb. 9, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Feb. 10, at 2 and 7:30.)

MISCELLANY

Awaji Puppet Theatre of Japan—Almost life-sized puppets (each handled by three puppeteers visible on the stage), in four traditional dramas, with chanters and musicians. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 6-7, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

Lionel Hampton—Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970). Piano, leading a band, at nine and eleven-fifteen, except Sundays.

Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). With vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater. Mondays at ten.

Ellis Larkins—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Piano, with bassist Al Hall, Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to two-thirty, plus a program of works by Noël Coward on Sunday, Feb. 3, from four-thirty to seven-thirty.

Yusef Lateef—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Flute, leading a quartet. Beginning Tuesday, Feb. 5, at ten.

Howard McGhee and Joe Carroll—Jazzboat, 101 Ave. A, at 6th St. (677-9721). Trumpet and vocals, respectively, with a quintet. Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 31-Feb. 3, from ten to three.

Jimmy McPartland—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Cornet, with Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, Eddie Locke, and Major Holley. Nine-thirty to three, except Sundays.

Charles Mingus—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Bass, leading a sextet, from ten, through Sunday, Feb. 3.

Rose Murphy—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Singing at the piano, at eight, except Sundays.

Zoot Sims and Bucky Pizzarelli—Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150). Tenor sax and guitar, respectively, from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

Dave Van Ronk—Metro, 188 W. Fourth St. (675-0892). Folksinger-guitarist, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Beginning Friday, Feb. 8.

Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Guitar duo, Sunday, Feb. 3, from ten until three-thirty.

Joe Williams—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Blues singer. From nine Wednesday through Friday, from nine-thirty on Saturday. Through Saturday, Feb. 2.

Mary Lou Williams—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Piano, from nine-thirty to two, except Sundays and Mondays.

•

(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Docked several blocks from the nearest pier, this seaworthy enterprise fully realizes the ordinarily abused concept of nautical décor. Pianist John Foster's trio performs Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Dinner.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home base (the *only* base, in fact) for the Grove Street Stompers, a Dixieland band that brings immeasurable amounts of enthusiasm to this little bar between nine-fifteen and one every Monday. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine until three, pi-

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anist Mabel Godwin plays good-time oldies. Closed Sundays.

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—About ten years ago, when some of the best performers affected a preference for simplicity, austerity, and hiding in manholes, this club was ideal. It was sufficiently cramped, uncomfortable, and dowdy to conform to its patrons' sense of éliteness. Today, though, most of those same performers are more apt to be singing in Madison Square Garden, and clubs such as this one have been forced to become more eclectic in their choice of entertainment. Such diverse and unlikely acts as Dory Previn, Soupy Sales, and Chick Corea have recently been summoned to the long, narrow stage. Currently, Forest Green, a rock group, is commandeering the amps, alternating with comic Darrell Igus. Through Monday, Feb. 4. Stories, a Beatles-inspired outfit, arrives on Wednesday, Feb. 6. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; on Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty. Coffee and tea are staples. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—The white-brick walls flaunt a strange collage of photo clips and no fewer than two blown-up musings by R. D. Laing about Jack and Jill and/or R. D. Laing. There are also, however, succulent collard greens and one of the most distinguished jukeboxes in town, stocked with recordings by many of the artists who play here from time to time. Pianist Cedar Walton and tenor saxophonist Clifford Jordan share a quartet through Saturday, Feb. 2. Sunday, Feb. 3, and Tuesday, Feb. 5, saxophonist David Schnitter heads up a quartet. Pianist Coleridge-Taylor Perkinson and Herb Bushler, on bass, will co-lead a four-man unit beginning Wednesday, Feb. 6, from nine to three. Closed Mondays.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—An animated, crowded, wood-panelled bar that is highly regarded by the Village artisans and musicians who patronize it. Melodist Duke Jordan, who once served as a sideman with Charlie Parker, plays piano with bass accompaniment through Saturday, Feb. 2. On Monday, Feb. 4, Joe Beck, a talented and popular (in these quarters) guitarist, begins a week-long stay. Sundays are devoted to the music of Jaki Byard, a musician, composer, and New England Conservatory prof with a fine working knowledge of the history of the jazz piano. Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Sundays from nine until one. Dinner.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Pianist Mary Lou Williams, who has been at it since 1925, is still at it. Her accompanist, bassist Milton Suggs, tries to keep up with her nightly at nine-thirty, except Sundays and Mondays. Dinner and supper. Julius Monk plays cocktail piano every evening except Sunday.

Churchill's, 1277 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (RH 4-9921)—A small, bright restaurant with an exuberant crowd that, according to pianist Brooks Kerr, "doesn't come for the music, that's for sure." Tucked away in a dining alcove, the musicians—sometimes amplified, sometimes not, depending on the bartender's whim—play jazz from the thirties and forties. But because of the adjacent chaotic bar area, which is usually five people deep, the music, if not completely obscured, becomes Muzak for most of those present. Wednesdays through Saturdays, Kerr, a twenty-two-year-old stride stylist and Ellingtonia fancier, leads (and learns from) a group consisting of Ellingtonians Matthew Gee, on trombone, and drummer Sam Woodyard, plus Basie-ite Paul Quinichette, on tenor saxophone. The rest of the week (Sundays through Tuesdays) is devoted to the No Gap Generation Jazz Band, a swing band led by Art Miller, a young clarinettist, and featuring pianist Dill Jones. Music from eleven to four. Dining.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Singer, pianist, and chichi girl Rose Murphy returns to the New York scene after a ten-year absence. Bassist Morris Edwards helps her out nightly, except on Sundays, when Dick Hyman, at the keyboard, takes over. Music from eight to one. Dining in relaxed surroundings.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—This large and casual bar-and-backroom comes up with a mixed bag of performers, some of whom must surely work Washington Square Park in the milder seasons. Sundays are a sort of hootenanny. Sounds from nine. Closed Mondays.

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Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—One of the quainter historical facts about the Big Apple is that this little club used to be a hamburger stand. Ellis Larkins, a pianist of diffident strength and vast popularity, and his bassist, Al Hall, play together Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty. They'll concentrate on music by Noël Coward on Sunday, Feb. 3, from four-thirty to seven-thirty. Norma Shepherd, backed by bassist Johnny Williams, sings at the piano on Monday evenings, and Tad Bruce takes over from six to nine Mondays through Fridays. Snacks.

Guitar, 300 E. 24th St., at Second Ave. (679-9135)—This guitarists' pleasure dome has reopened on the ground floor of a modern apartment house. A relatively unadorned setting—molded-metal chairs, hanging white-metal lamps, plastic butcher-block tables, and lots of space. Flamenco guitarist Anita Sheer performs through Saturday, Feb. 2. On Sunday and Monday, Feb. 3-4, guitarists Jimmy De Angelis and Ron Andriulli take over. Two former big-band guitarists— Sal Salvador, who played with Stan Kenton in the fifties and later led his own band, and Allen Hanlon, a member of Red Norvo's twelve-piece swing band, are working as a duo here, beginning Tuesday, Feb. 5. The strings vibrate from nine to one.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—A jazz club in a sombre, modern setting, complete with black-tied waiters. A double-bill policy of first-rate or name groups often manages to fill the neat rows of tables. Joe Williams, who used to have the blues every day but who has lately been singing ballads and popular tunes, trades sets with the Lee Shaw trio. They will all pack up their suitcases and move on down the line after Saturday, Feb. 2. On Monday, Feb. 4, the premises will start pulsating with the Latin-flavored music of Mongo Santamaria and his group. Music starts at nine, except Saturdays, when it starts at nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Dart boards and piano music. Lance Hayward is at the keyboard (with bassist David Steinberg on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 1-2, and bassist Lyn Christie back on the following Friday and Saturday, Feb. 8-9) every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts sits in. Music from nine-thirty to three. No music Mondays.

Jazzboat, 101 Ave. A, at 6th St. (677-9721)—Music of a type never heard on the Mississippi. Howard McGhee, one of the first major bop trumpeters, works with a quintet and with singer Joe (Bebop) Carroll, who clowned with Dizzy Gillespie from 1949 to 1953. Through Sunday, Feb. 3. On Thursday, Feb. 7, alto saxophonist Sonny Fortune brings in a quintet, which features Charles Sullivan, a bright young trumpeter who's been heard locally with the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis aggregation. Music Thursdays through Sundays from ten to three.

R.N.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It came up the river from New Orleans and, *mutatis mutandis*, it found its way here. Jimmy McPartland, Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, Eddie Locke, and Major Holley play from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484)—A frenetic convention hall, lent a sense of legitimacy by pianist Barry Harris (on now) and the musicians who have in the past assembled in the downstairs 52nd Street Room. Harris, a fine sideman and studio musician, can barely be seen or heard as he performs in a corner of the bar area with bassist Lawrence Evans. Dining. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Through Friday, Feb. 8, the **52nd Street Room** is occupied by David Frye, an impressionist (not a political satirist) who simply plays on one's dislikes. Shows at nine-thirty Mondays through Wednesdays, and at nine and eleven-thirty Thursdays through Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ On the mezzanine, the lively little revue called "What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?" is still functioning.

Kenny's Castaways, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892)—Intended to resemble a ship, the ropes, riggings, and crowded tables recall instead the ambience of a circus or country fair—all in all, an air of make-believe. Barnaby Bye, a rock quartet, is in charge through Sunday, Feb. 3. On Tuesday, Feb. 5, flutist Jeremy Steig, who led a fine jazz quartet ten years ago and an interesting rock band six years ago, brings in his latest group. Sharing that bill will be a New Orleans-based rock assemblage, Thunderhead. Mondays, various other musical types drop in. Music starts at nine-thirty. Snacks.

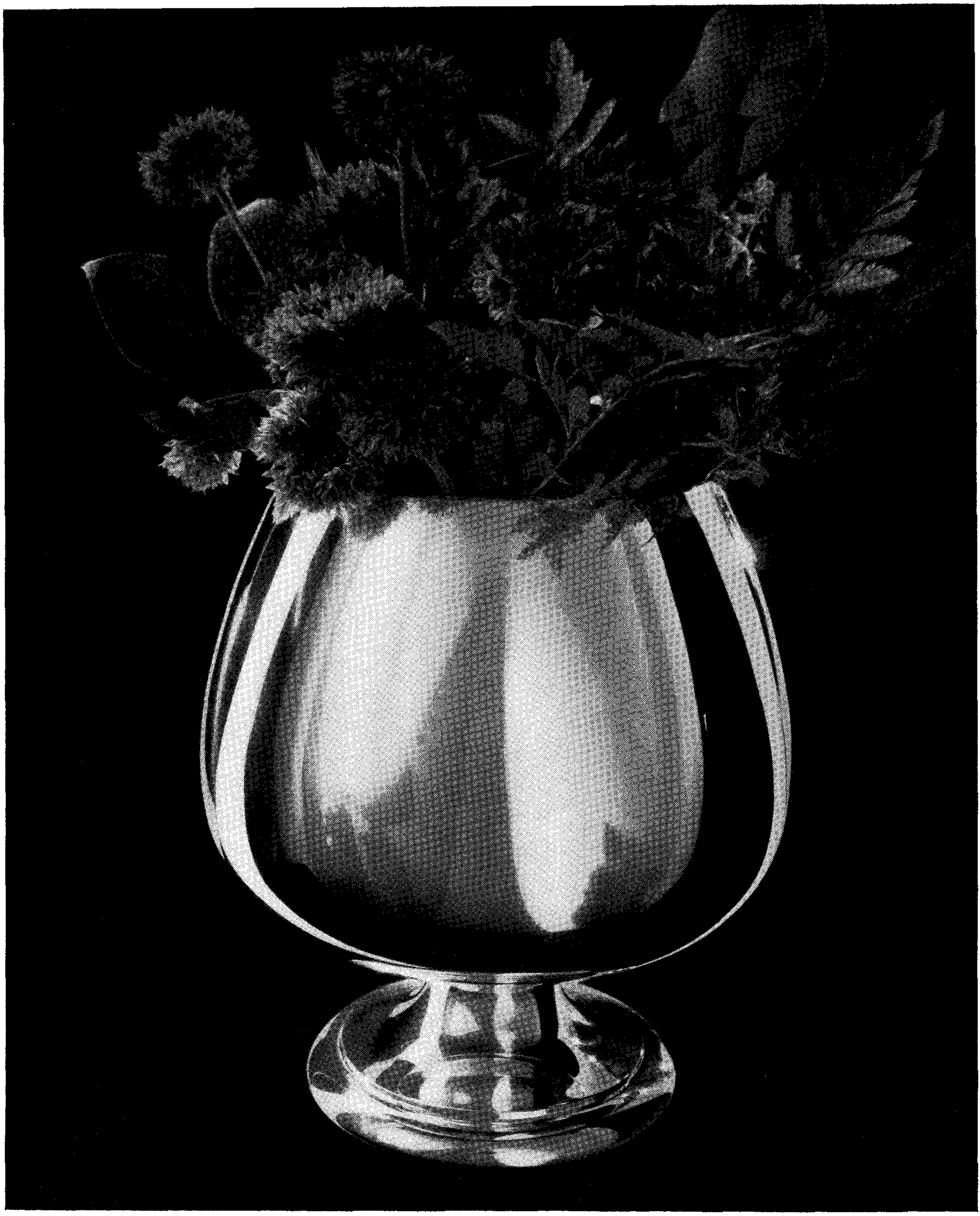
Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—That these dismal, second-story quarters could be considered a night spot must stand as a tribute to the imagination of the owner and to the talents of the folk, blues, and rock celebrities who squeeze through the crowd onto the stage night after night. Flutist Tim Weisberg heads up his combo through Monday, Feb. 4. Starting Wednesday, Feb. 6, John Martyn, a Scottish singer and guitarist, alternates with Amazing Blondel, an English folk duo. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays. Two shows other nights. On Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight. Drinks and snacks.

Metro, 188 W. 4th St. (675-0892)—In spite of its brick walls lacquered to resemble plastic and an over-solicitous wine list, this newly established club has become another Village refuge for folk, rock, and the like. Oregon, an organization that favors raga, rock, and jazz, shares the facilities with the Aztec Two-Step, a folk duo, through Sunday, Feb. 3. Friday through Sunday, Feb. 8-10, are reserved for Dave Van Ronk, the gravel-throated singer-guitarist-folklorist who hasn't changed a bit since 1963, and rightly so. Music at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Wednesdays provide a showcase for new talent, from nine.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—This harmlessly Anglomanic restaurant, complete with Tudor trappings and a bar flanked by a round Antonioni-red phone box, is, more often than not, distractingly animated and noisy. Pianist Barbara Carroll, an early Bud Powell disciple, whose current style is a jazz-and-popular amalgam, and her bassist, Lisle Atkinson, try to overcome the audio difficulties Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. On Mondays, actor-author-clarinettist Woody Allen plays with a Dixieland sextet from nine to midnight. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Located in an upper-West Side, urban-renewed, high-rise area, this corner restaurant, with its plastic-windowed sidewalk gallery, spaciousness, and easygoing atmosphere, is one of the neighborhood's major assets. Reedman Joe Farrell and guitarist Joe Beck form the focal points of a quartet that performs Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 31-Feb. 2. Music from ten until three. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (CH 2-1366)—



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A lively West Village cabaret with brick walls, homey curtains on the windows, and devoted patrons. Ellen Greene is an eclectic and campily old-fashioned young performer who sings torch songs with an Ethel Merman delivery—an approach that doesn't quite mesh. Another singer, Victor Vail, appears opposite her through Saturday, Feb. 2, and opposite Lee Horwin, who does some musical-comedy songs in a strong, sturdy voice, Tuesday through Saturday, Feb. 5-9. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and midnight. Pianist Jeremy Stone fills some of the gaps between shows. On Sunday, Feb. 3, Alaina Reed sings in a gospel-tinged voice and delivers autobiographical monologues at nine and eleven-thirty. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

SOERABAJA, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—A couple of rooms, one of them with an illustrated ceiling, above a Greek-French restaurant. The lyrical Zoot Sims, on tenor saxophone, receives subtle, chord-dominated encouragement from guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli from nine-thirty to one, nightly, except Sundays and Mondays.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—These small and attractive quarters are occupied by the Harold White trio on Thursday, Jan. 31. Vera Auer leads a threesome on Fridays and Saturdays. The fine guitar duo of Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma drops in on Sunday, Feb. 3. Music from ten until three-thirty. Snacks.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—A murky, red-walled basement of a night club that keeps tabs on the best jazz around. Bassist Charles Mingus inspires his sextet (but rarely takes a solo nowadays) through Sunday, Feb. 3. Spiritual flutist Yusef Lateef and his quartet descend the staircase on Tuesday, Feb. 5. Mondays are given over to the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band and vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater. The entertainment begins at ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Hanging tetrahedrons of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Pianist Hugh Lawson, a pleasing interpreter, especially on Horace Silver compositions, plays with Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays from eight to two. Mondays through Wednesdays, the musical chores are taken on by pianist Kenny Brawner and an accompanist. Undistinguished soul food.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old stamping ground of Kerouac and Ginsberg when they were Columbia students. Now it's a modernized and enlarged cafeteria, with jazz. Brooks Kerr, Paul Quinichette, Sam Woodyard, and trumpeter Franc Williams (instead of trombonist Matthew Gee) consider this bandstand a haven (compared to their post at Churchill's), because the audience here is interested and listens to the musicians. The Kerr group is onstage Mondays and Tuesdays; clarinettist Art Miller's No Gap Generation Jazz Band works Wednesdays and Saturdays; and pianist Chuck Folds leads a trio on Thursdays. Sundays are set aside for solo Harlem-stride piano concerts: Chuck Folds on Feb. 3, and Dill Jones on Feb. 10. Music from nine to one. All this and food at student prices.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—The Peppi Morreale sextet alternates with the Frankie Dash trio for dancing in the **ROYAL BOX,** from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In the **CAFÉ,** Herb Winner's dance threesome is around Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty until curfew. Phil Wayne's trio is on duty Sundays and Mondays. In addition, Joseph Murello provides cocktail piano, Tuesdays through Saturdays, from five-thirty to seven-thirty.

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PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the **PERSIAN ROOM,** there are song recitals by Ednita Nazario Mondays through Thursdays at ten, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. The dance music issues from the trios of Barry Levitt and René Martel from seven-thirty to one or two. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT,** violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti play Tuesdays through Saturdays from four-thirty to nine-thirty, and pianist Ruth Andrews fills the hours from nine-thirty to one. Sundays from four to seven and seven-thirty to midnight, and Mondays from five to seven and eight to midnight. Sandu Marcu supplies violin music.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Up above the world so high, like a diamond in the sky. Lionel Hampton is leading his band at dinner and supper every night but Sunday. Dancing to music provided by a tape measure, from eight o'clock on.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—From this sixty-fifth-floor height, every prospect pleases and only the smog is vile. An Italian Fortnight, combining the talents of Italian chefs, dancers, singers, and musicians, is in effect nightly, from five to eleven.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The **MAISONETTE,** that venerable aristocrat of the dining table, is setting forth, at dinner and supper, the humor and songs of Dick Shawn. On Tuesday, Feb. 5, the Four Freshmen will check in. Anthony Terini's orchestra is in charge of the customers' footwork. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **LA BOITE RUSSE,** the across-the-way refectory, supplies piano and accordion music, from seven to one. A Russian menu. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ In the **ST. REGIS ROOM,** pianist Emme Kemp and conga drummer Candido play Tuesdays through Thursdays at ten and midnight, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. Snacks. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

BERNARD ARNEST—Paintings of landscapes of Colorado and of young rock musicians, plus a series of small drawings based on a recent trip abroad. Through Feb. 16. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

MARIT GUINNESS ASCHAN—Enamelled objects and plaques by a British artist. Through Saturday, Feb. 9. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

EDWARD AVEDISIAN—Expressionist paintings on paper. Through Thursday, Feb. 7. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

RUDOLF BARANIK—Subdued paintings in mostly black, white, and gray. Through Feb. 16. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

BEN BENSON—Geometric collages. Through Feb. 16. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

SIMEON BRAGUIN—Abstract paintings suggestive of sailboats. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

EDITH CARLSON—Paintings of vertical rectangles set against a background of horizontal bands. Through Feb. 16. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

ARTHUR COPPEDGE—Realistic paintings of cities and people. Through Feb. 16. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

SONIA DELAUNAY—Brightly colored geometric tapestries. Through Feb. 28. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

RAOUL DUFY (1877-1953)—Fifteen oils. Through Saturday, Feb. 9. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

LEE GATCH (1902-68)—Two decades of compositions in various combinations of oil, collage, and stone. Through March 1. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

WALTER GAY (1856-1937)—Paintings of interiors of famous buildings in France, by an American expatriate. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

ROBERT HARVEY—Paintings based on Spanish tile designs. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

MARGO HOFF—Acrylic canvas collages. Starts Saturday, Feb. 2. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN HULTBERG—Paintings from 1973. Starts Thursday, Jan. 31. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

PHILIP JAMISON—Watercolors of rural Pennsylvania and Maine, as well as a number of interiors. Through Saturday, Feb. 9. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

ELENA KEPALAS—Geometric aluminum sculptures. Through Saturday, Feb. 9. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

PAUL KLEE (1879-1940)—Drawings and watercolors. Through Feb. 28. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

LOUIS MARCOUSSIS (1883-1944)—Cubist etchings and drawings. Through Saturday, Feb. 9. (Elliott, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

CHARLES E. MARTIN—Watercolors. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

LOUISA MATTHIASDOTTIR—Still-lifes and Icelandic landscapes. Through Feb. 14. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

MICHAEL MAZUR—Oils, pastels, and prints of interiors and views from windows by an artist who formerly worked with an air brush. Through Feb. 23. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

RICHARD MCDERMOTT MILLER—Sculptures of the female figure in bronze and wax. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

REINHOUD—Metal sculptures of gnomelike figures. Through Saturday, Feb. 9. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

FRITZ SCHOLDER—Portraitlike paintings of American Indians. Through Saturday, Feb. 9. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

EDWARD JOHN STEVENS—A new series of gouaches based on a trip to North Africa. Starts Saturday, Feb. 2. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

FREDERICK WARDY—Linear black-and-white paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, Feb. 9. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

CHRIS WILMARTH—Small wall sculptures of squares and rectangles in etched glass against steel plates, plus watercolors and graphite relief drawings. Starts Saturday, Feb. 2. (Esman, 24 E. 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **FORUM,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by such American artists as Philip Evergood, Balcomb Greene, and Max Weber. Through Feb. 15. (Closed Mondays.). . . **LARCADA,** 23 E. 67th St.: Paintings and drawings by five artists. Through Feb. 16. . . . **RAYDON,** 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Paintings, graphics, watercolors, and sculptures by School of Paris artists. Through March 16. (Closed Mondays.). . . **SOLOMON,** 959 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: American paintings and graphics by Frankenthaler, Gottlieb, Jenkins, and others. Through Feb. 15. . . . **DORIS WEINER,** 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: "Thangka Art," an exhibition of Tibetan and Nepali hanging scrolls ranging from the earliest known paintings of the genre (1367) through the first half of the nineteenth century. Through Feb. 23. (Closed Mondays.). . . **ZIERLER,** 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Twentieth-century American artists. Starts Saturday, Feb. 2. (Closed Mondays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

NADIR AFONSO—Paintings by a Portuguese artist who has a background in architecture; first one-man show here. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Selected Artists, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

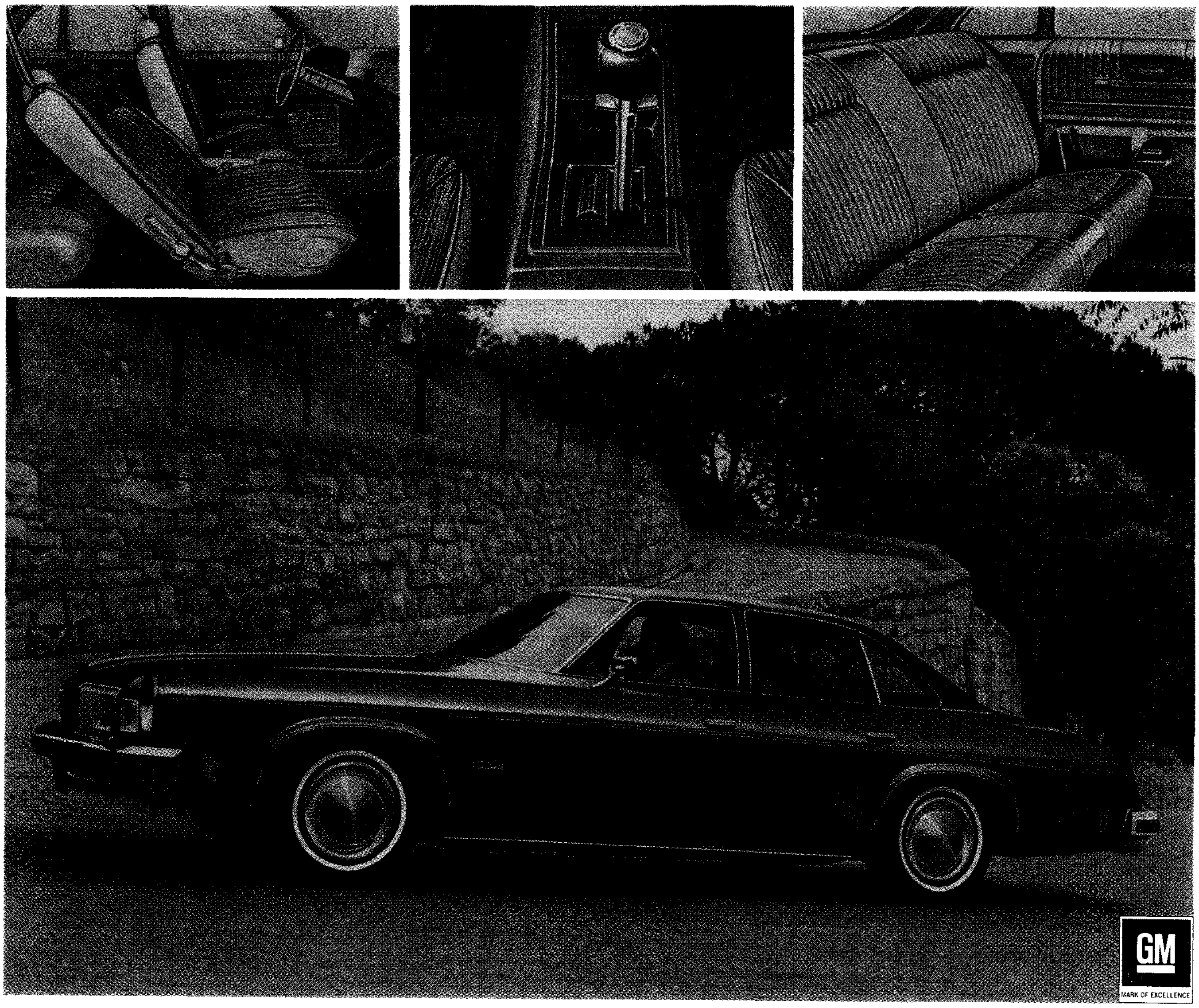
HANS BELLMER—Eighty-four Surrealist paintings, sculptures, and drawings, most of them on loan. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

ISABEL BISHOP—Figurative drawings and prints from 1925 to the present. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

STANLEY BOXER—Abstract paintings that stress color and texture. Through Feb. 14. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN CIVITELLO—Muted paintings of roofs of buildings. Starts Saturday, Feb. 2. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MICHAEL CLARK—Paintings of building façades



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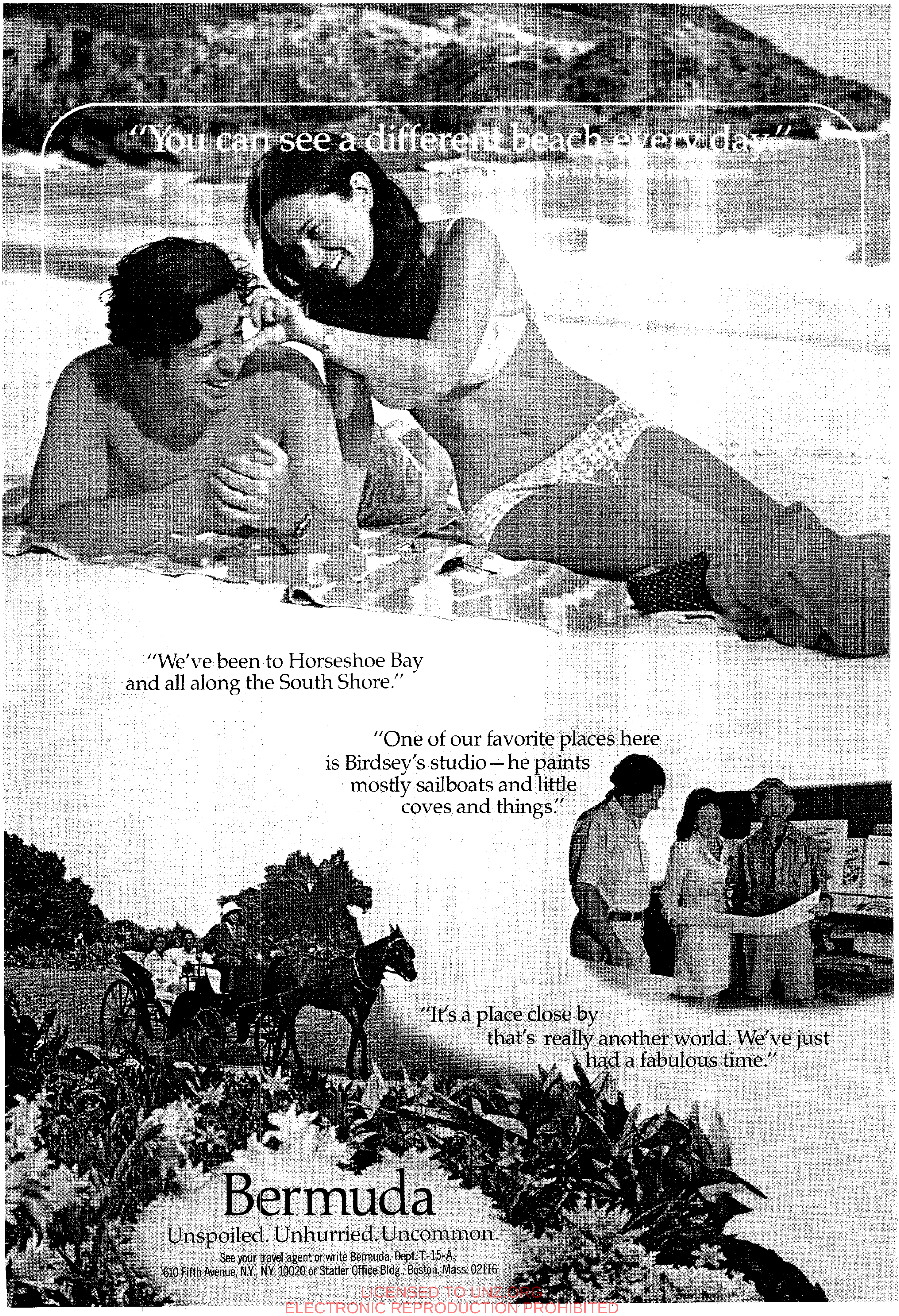

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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and seascapes, plus a series of portraits of George Washington, all employing a pointillistic technique. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St.)

Colette—A bedroom made of loosely gathered fabrics and mirrors. Also a series of wall hangings (of canvas, paint, and resin) of a female figure. Through Saturday, Feb. 9. (Stefanotty, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Preston Dickinson (1891-1930)—Paintings and drawings by an American Precisionist. Through Saturday, Feb. 2 (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Guy Dill—Sculptures of concrete pillars, steel, and glass by a young Californian; first one-man show here. Through Tuesday, Feb. 5. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Thomas Evans—Large abstract paintings. Starts Saturday, Feb. 2. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Yvonne Jacquette—Paintings and drawings of cities and skies. Starts Saturday, Feb. 2. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

R. B. Kitaj—Figurative paintings from 1966 to the present. Starts Saturday, Feb. 2. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Anthony J. Lauck—Watercolors, drawings, and small stoneware sculptures. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.)

Alexander Liberman—Bronzes and other small sculptures. Through March 2. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Patricia Mangione—Semi-abstract paintings of imaginary landscapes and figures. Through Feb. 14. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Nam June Paik—Electronic constructions. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St.)

Philip Pearlstein—A show of five paintings of the nude in the studio and two landscapes, which will run concurrently with his retrospective at the Finch College Museum of Art. Starts Saturday, Feb. 2. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

John Seery—Large abstract paintings. Through Feb. 13. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Slutzky—Hard-edge paintings. Through Feb. 14. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **kennedy**, 20 E. 56th St.: The fifth annual exhibition of American folk art. Through Feb. 28. (Closed Mondays.)... **rené**, 6 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Le Parc, Tomasello, and others. Through Saturday, Feb. 9. (Closed Mondays.)

Sculpture—Six contemporary American sculptors. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Robert Barry—Conceptual work. Through Saturday, Feb. 9. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Siri Berg / Robert Friedman—Paintings based on the circle. / Aluminum constructions and wall reliefs. Through Friday, Feb. 1. (Ward-Nasse, 178 Prince St.)

Peter Bradley—Sprayed-paint abstractions. Starts Saturday, Feb. 2. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Henry Chalfant—Sculptures in limestone, marble, and granite. Through Feb. 13. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Hilo Chen—Photo-Realistic paintings of figures on a beach. Through March 13. (Meisel, 141 Prince St. Closed Mondays; open Sundays.)

Robert Clark / Nancy Lagin—Neon sculptures and wall pieces. / Watercolors and two large paintings with a feeling of landscape. Starts Saturday, Feb. 2. (Ward-Nasse, 178 Prince St.)

Alan Cote—Large abstract paintings. Starts Friday, Feb. 1. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Doktori—Latex wall pieces. Through Feb. 16. (Benedek, 380 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Tom Doyle / Harry Kramer—Two large sculptures (ramps, really) that can be walked on. / Large abstract *black-and-white* paintings. Through Feb. 13. (55 Mercer Street. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Feldgus / Vincent Arcilesi—Paintings of box forms and rubber plants. / Realistic oils of landscapes and of interiors with nudes. Through Thursday, Feb. 7. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Friedberg—One enormous sculpture and thirty related drawings. Through Saturday, Feb. 9. (Fischbach, 489 Broome St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Grosvenor—Two long wooden planks and a pole on the floor, plus preliminary drawings of two long wooden planks and a pole on the floor. Through Wednesday, Feb. 6. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

Grace Knowlton—Sculptures of large spheres in glazed clay, concrete, and steel. Starts Saturday, Feb. 2. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Mangold—Minimal paintings. Through Wednesday, Feb. 6. (Weber, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Howardena Pindell—Works on paper. Through Feb. 14. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

Anne and Patrick Poirier—Pieces in marble and molded paper, together with a series of collaged documents composed of photographs and plant specimens. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Garry Rich / Charles Schucker—Color-field paintings. / Poured-color paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St.)

Morgan Sanders / Rosalind Shaffer—Assemblages of metal, glass, fur, and other materials, linked together by photographs and painted areas. / Figure paintings. Through Feb. 20. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Marjorie Strider—Wall pieces and drawings depicting boxes and bags overflowing with foam. Through Feb. 14. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

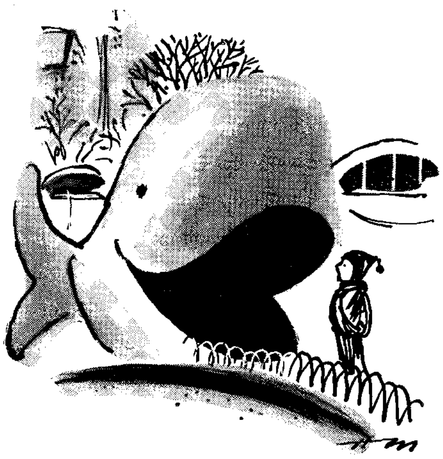
Richard Vaux / Charles Magistro—Paintings in acrylic on layers of vinyl. / Silk-screen prints of fantasy landscapes. Through Feb. 15. (Yu, 93 Prince St. Closed Mondays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Group Shows—At the **landmark**, 469 Broome St.: Eight interpretations of the human figure in painting, by Barnet, Gretna Campbell, Marsicano, and others. Starts Saturday, Feb. 2. (Closed Mondays.)... **o.k. harris**, 465 West Broadway: Sculptures by Duane Hanson, paintings by Gerald Horn, and projections by Eric Staller. Starts Saturday, Feb. 2. (Closed Mondays.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Al Hirschfeld—Pen-and-ink drawings for Brooks Atkinson's book of critiques, "The Lively Years, 1920-1973." Typed and edited manuscripts of the book are also on view. Through Feb. 14. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Dennis Kowal—Abstract steel and acrylic sculptures. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Dorsky, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St.)



Carol Weinstock (1914-71)—A memorial show of gouaches of New York done in the thirties, as well as collages of New York City, Italy, and Spain completed in 1969 and 1970. Through Friday, Feb. 1. (Benevy, 542 LaGuardia Pl. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Man Ray / Mark Cohen—Photographs of writers, artists, and Dadaists. / Photographs of buildings, plants, and parts of people. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Judy Tomkins / Leigh Richmond Miner / Jeremy Cogan—Black-and-white photographs of the black community in Bridgehampton, L.I. / Black-and-white photographs of the black community on St. Helena Island, South Carolina, taken in the early nineteen-hundreds. / Sharp-focus color photographs of nature. Through Feb. 24. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Don Worth / Oliver Gagliani—Photographs of plant forms. / Abstractions based on nature. Through Feb. 16. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

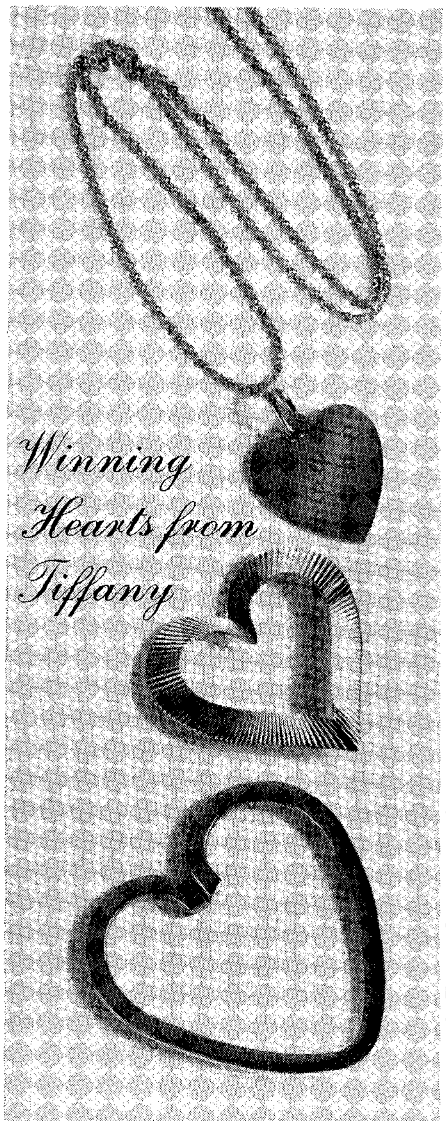
Group Show—An exhibition of over a hundred photographs of landscapes and city scenes by such old masters as Alfred Stieglitz, Paul Strand, Berenice Abbott, Walker Evans, and André Kertész, and by such younger masters as Paul Caponigro, Elaine Mayes, George A. Tice, and Bruce Davidson. Through Sunday, Feb. 3. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An exhibition here called "The Art of Decoration" comprises more than two hundred drawings, textiles, and wallpapers from the collections of the Cooper-Hewitt Museum of Design, which is still fixing up its new home in the Carnegie mansion, on Fifth Avenue and 91st Street. The aristocratic tradition in European decoration is what is illustrated here—with embroidered waistcoats and pieces of lace that must have cost someone their eyesight, designs for Sèvres porcelain, drawings of the Royal Pavilion at Brighton, and designs for stage sets, palaces, altars, and catafalques. One admires the workmanship of the objects and the drawings more than one does the pale and fancy taste they exemplify. A remarkable unintentional work of abstract art—a pen-and-ink-and-wash plan of the roof of the Fenice Theatre, in Venice—refreshes the eye from the surrounding ornateness with its strong, blunt plainness, and helps explain why tiny flowers don't fetch us today. This exhibition was first held last summer at the Victoria and Albert Museum, in London. Through Sunday, Feb. 3.... ¶ English prints and drawings from the seventeenth century to the present, including work by Hogarth, Rowlandson, Cruikshank, Beardsley, Rossetti, Hamilton, Hockney, and Riley. Through Feb. 17.... ¶ Terra-cotta sculptures (toys, cult figures, and relief panels) from ancient India. Through March 5. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Tens, The Twenties, The Thirties: Inventive Clothes / 1909-1939" is an exhibition of a hundred and fifty dresses from the great days of clothes of Chanel, Poiret, Vionnet, and others. Through May 31.... ¶ A small and excellent exhibition of Japanese color prints, tucked away on the second floor of the north wing, under the title "Hidden Treasures of Japanese Art."... ¶ "The Art of Imperial Turkey and Its European Echoes," including carpets, manuscripts, miniatures, and graphic arts. Through Feb. 10.... ¶ A show (ending Sunday) of landscapes and cityscapes by American photographers; see above, under "Photography." (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—More than two hundred oils, drawings, objects, ready-mades, lithographs, books, replicas, posters, and films spanning the career of Marcel Duchamp. Through Feb. 24....



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

¶ Forty-seven prints, published in Germany in 1923, by Arp, Moholy-Nagy, Schwitters, Chagall, and others. Through Sunday, Feb. 3. . . . ¶ Floor sculptures and wall pieces made of cloth, rope, sand, and other materials, by Barry Flanagan. Through March 3. . . . ¶ Twentieth-century portraits by Beckmann, Modigliani, Nolde, and others. Through Feb. 24. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Over two hundred and fifty items in various mediums deriving from the Futurist and Dada periods, lent by the Winston/Malbin Collection, in Michigan. The artists include Boccioni, Picabia, and Arp. Through Sunday, Feb. 3. . . . ¶ Seventy-five prints dated from 1903 to 1942 by Wassily Kandinsky, on loan from the Stadtische Galerie, in Munich. Through Feb. 24. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A loan exhibition of some three hundred works of American folk art from 1776 to 1876. Starts Friday, Feb. 1. . . . ¶ Paintings by William Allan, a young Californian. Through Feb. 17. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Paintings, wall hangings, sculptures, watercolors, and drawings by nine artists (Charles Hinman, Robert Indiana, and Agnes Martin among them) who lived on Coenties Slip between 1954 and 1967. Through Feb. 14. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, 77th St. at Central Park W.—A show in tribute to Daniel Giraud Elliot, who gave his collection of some thousand birds to the museum in 1869; it is comprised of specimens from the collection, memorabilia, and more than fifty paintings of birds by artists Elliot commissioned to illustrate books. Through Feb. 28. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—Monochromatic Chinese ink paintings, along with black-and-white ceramics, on loan from the Cleveland Museum of Art. Through March 3. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—A retrospective of the work of Philip Pearlstein, composed of paintings, related drawings, and all of his prints. Starts Friday, Feb. 1. Starting Saturday, a complementary show will be at the Frumkin Gallery, 41 E. 57th St. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

GROLIER CLUB, 47 E. 60th St.—Illustrations of John Milton's work by Blake, Turner, Arthur Rackham, and others, plus first editions of Milton's poetry. Through Feb. 14. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

JAPAN HOUSE, 333 E. 47th St.—A show exploring the interaction of Japanese pictorial arts and literature. The interactors include calligraphy, paintings, and manuscripts, mostly of aristocratic provenance and ranging from the eighth century to the nineteenth. Lent from the collections of Mrs. Donald Hyde and Mr. Philip Hofer. Through March 17. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Photo panels, models, and texts by Moshe Safdie, the architect and urban planner. Through March 18. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—An extensive loan show of sixteenth-century Italian drawings by Leonardo, Veronese, Titian, Raphael, and Parmigianino, as well as lesser-known artists, all from the collection of Janos Scholz, who, as we all know now, has left it to the Morgan. Through Sunday, Feb. 3. . . . ¶ First and early editions of the prose and verse writings of John Milton, along with Blake's watercolor illustrations for "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso." Through Sunday, Feb. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Baroque '74," a show of nearly a hundred objects (jewelry, furniture, textiles) by American craftsmen. Through March 17. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Twenty-seven masterpieces of African sculpture acquired under the guidance of the late Robert Goldwater, who directed the museum from its inception, in 1956, until his death, last March. Through Feb. 28. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—Over a hundred paintings and drawings by leading Belgian Symbolists and Surrealists, dated from 1885 to the present, on loan from more than forty museums and private collections in America and Europe. Starts Saturday, Feb. 2. . . . ¶ Photographs by Puerto Ricans which document their life both in New York City and on their homeland island. Through Feb. 10. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—An exhibition of photographs of New York City taken between 1853 and 1901. Through May 31. . . . ¶ "New York to 1765: River, Bowery, Mill, and Beaver," the first in a series of bicentennial presentations. Seventeenth- and eighteenth-century portraits, engravings, books and manuscripts, and other objects trace life in early New York as it grew from a small company-owned town to the complex it was to become on the eve of the Revolution. Two smaller exhibits are also here: "The Duychincks—Merchants, Chiefs, and Painters" and "Pieter Schuyler and the Indians." Through March 13. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Other People's Mail: Letters of Men and Women of Letters," an exhibit of letters by fifty Americans and fifty Britons. The writers range from Benjamin Franklin to Clifford Odets and from Jonathan Swift to George Orwell. Through May 11. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY AT LINCOLN CENTER—Original scores, posters, photographs, sculptures, programs, correspondence, and costume designs tracing the career of composer Elliott Carter. Through March 30. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Paintings and etchings of the black ghetto and African landscapes by Vincent Smith. Through March 3. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 7:15: "Tristan und Isolde," with Birgit Nilsson, Michele Vilma, Jon Vickers, Lawrence Shadur, and Paul Plishka; conducted by Erich Leinsdorf. (A non-subscription performance.). . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 31, at 8: The Metropolitan's première of Verdi's "I Vespri Siciliani," with Montserrat Caballé, Nicolai Gedda, Sherrill Milnes, and Justino Díaz; James Levine. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 582-7500.). . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 1, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Dorothy Kirsten, Harry Theyard, Dominic Cossa, and Raymond Michalski; Leif Segerstam. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 2, at 2: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Joan Sutherland, Huguette Tourangeau, John Alexander, Thomas Stewart, Andrea Velis, and James Morris; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8: "Simon Boccanegra," with Adriana Maliponte, William Lewis, Ingvar Wixell, John Macurdy, and Raymond Michalski; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 4, at 7:15: "Tristan und Isolde," with Birgit Nilsson, Michele Vilma, Jess Thomas, Lawrence Shadur, and Paul Plishka; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 5, at 8: "Simon Boccanegra," with Adriana Maliponte, William

Lewis, Ingvar Wixell, John Macurdy, and Raymond Michalski; Sixten Ehrling.... ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 6, at 8: "I Vespri Siciliani," with Montserrat Caballé, Nicolai Gedda, Sherrill Milnes, and Justino Díaz; James Levine.... ¶ Thursday, Feb. 7, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Dorothy Kirsten, Harry Theyard, Dominic Cossa, and Raymond Michalski; Leif Segerstam.... ¶ Friday, Feb. 8, at 7:15: "Tristan und Isolde," with Birgit Nilsson, Mignon Dunn, Jess Thomas, Lawrence Shadur, and Paul Plishka; Erich Leinsdorf.... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 9, at 2: "Otello," with Teresa Stratas, Jean Kraft, Jon Vickers, Thomas Stewart, William Lewis, and Paul Plishka; James Levine.... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 9, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Rosalind Elias, Shirley Love, Leo Goeke, William Walker, Fernando Corena, and Giorgio Tozzi; John Pritchard.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center, Pierre Boulez conducting—Thursday, Jan. 31, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 1, at 2; and Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8:30 (all with the Camerata Singers); a concert on Wednesday, Feb. 6, at 8:30, for the benefit of the Philharmonic's Pension Fund (with Rudolf Serkin, piano); and Thursday, Feb. 7, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 8, at 2; and Tuesday, Feb. 12, at 7:30 (all with Christoph Eschenbach, piano).

Cleveland Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Lorin Maazel conducting the first two of several concerts—Monday, Feb. 4, at 8: A performance of Richard Strauss's opera "Elektra" in concert form, with Ursula Schröder-Feinen and Roberta Knie, sopranos; Astrid Varnay, mezzo-soprano; and others.... ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 5, at 8: A Mozart-Stravinsky program, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano.

Philadelphia Orchestra—Claudio Abbado conducting, with Alan Baker, narrator, and the Mendelssohn Club of Philadelphia. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Monday, Feb. 4, at 8:15.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 3, at 5:30, with Heather Harper, soprano; Robert White, tenor; and Thomas Paul, bass.... ¶ Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 6, at 8:30, with Claudio Arrau, piano.)

New England Conservatory Symphony Orchestra—Gunther Schuller conducting, with Madeleine Malraux, piano; Cyrus Stevens, violin; and Calvin Price, trumpet. (St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, Feb. 3, at 4. For information about tickets, call 757-8344.)

Luther College Nordic Choir—Weston H. Noble directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 31, at 8.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing Mozart's Great Mass in C Minor, with Phyllis Curtin, soprano; Beverly Wolff, mezzo-soprano; Leo Goeke, tenor; Theodor Uppman, bass; and an orchestra. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Feb. 3, at 4. Admission by contribution.)

RECITALS

Martin Best and Edward Flower—"The Art of the Minstrel," songs to the lute and guitar. (Vélez Blanco Patio, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Jan. 31, at 8.)

Tokyo String Quartet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Jan. 31, at 8.)

Rita Bouboulidi—The first three in a series of eight concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano sonatas. (Wollman Auditorium, Ferris Booth Hall, Broadway at 115th St. 280-3600. Saturday, Feb. 2; Wednesday, Feb. 6; and Saturday, Feb. 9, all at 8.)

Lili Kraus—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Yehuda Hanani—Cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8.)

Samuel Lipman—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Feb. 3, at 2:15.)

Jessye Norman—Soprano. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, Feb. 3, at 3.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Kyung-Wha Chung, violin; Leslie Parnas, cello; and Richard Goode, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 3, at 5, and Tuesday, Feb. 5, at 7:30.)

Agustin Anievas—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 3, at 8.)

Da Capo Chamber Players—A program of contemporary music. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Monday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

Jeanne-Marie Darré and George Shirley—Piano and tenor. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Tuesday, Feb. 5, at 6.)

Timothy Eddy—Cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Tuesday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

Manhattan Brass Ensemble—Cecil Collins conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Feb. 8, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

Alexis Weissenberg—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Feb. 9, at 8.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 5:45: **PETER DUCHIN AND SUSAN PILLSBURY**.... ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 6, at 5:45: **JOSÉ LIMÓN DANCE COMPANY**.

National Jazz Ensemble—Chuck Israels conducting, with Herbie Hancock. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 8.)

Bob Dylan and the Band—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 9, and Thursday, Jan. 31, at 4 and 9.

Robin Kenyatta Ensemble—Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Feb. 1, at 8.

Stardrive—An electronic keyboard synthesizer (played by Robert Mason) hooked up with the Planetarium's star-projection machine. (Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. 873-1300. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11.)

Michel Legrand Orchestra—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 2, at 7 and 10.

Balaban & Cats with Georg Brunis—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, Feb. 3, at 3. No tickets necessary.

New York Jazz Repertory Company—The second in a series of concerts, this one with Dizzy Gillespie and Billy Taylor. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 3, at 3.)

Melanie—Metropolitan Opera House. 799-4420. Sunday, Feb. 3, at 8.

Bo Diddley, Lightnin' Hopkins, and Willie Dixon—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, Feb. 3, at 8.

Joni Mitchell—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Tuesday, Feb. 5, at 8.

Stephen Stills—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 8, at 8, and Saturday, Feb. 9, at 8 and at midnight.

Loudon Wainwright III and David Bromberg—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Feb. 8, at 8.

Two Generations of Brubeck—The Dave Brubeck Trio and the Darius Brubeck Ensemble with Chris and Dan Brubeck, plus Gerry Mulligan and Paul Desmond. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Saturday, Feb. 9, at 8.)

Country in New York—The second in a series of five concerts, this one with Charlie Rich, Bill Monroe and his Blue Grass Boys, and Tom T. Hall and his Storytellers. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Feb. 9, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Knicks vs. Cleveland, Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8.... ¶ Knicks vs. Phoenix, Tuesday, Feb. 5, at 7:30.... ¶ Knicks vs. Buffalo, Saturday, Feb. 9, at 1:30.... **NASSAU COLISEUM**: Nets vs. San Antonio, Friday, Feb. 1, at 7:35.... ¶ Nets vs. Kentucky, Sunday, Feb. 3, at 2:35.... ¶ Nets vs. Indiana, Friday, Feb. 8, at 7:35.

Dartmouth Winter Carnival—The annual four-event ski meet. (Hanover, N.H. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 8-9.)

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Rangers

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

vs. Minnesota North Stars, Sunday, Feb. 3, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Islanders, Wednesday, Feb. 6, at 7:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Minnesota North Stars, Tuesday, Feb. 5, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Saturday, Feb. 9, at 7:35.

Racing—At **LIBERTY BELL,** *Philadelphia:* Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, Feb. 9. . . . **BOWIE,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, March 16.

Track Meet—United States Olympic Invitational. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 8, at 6:30.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, March 2.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN:** "H.M.S. Pinafore," Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 2-3, at 4. . . . ¶ "The Mikado," Saturday, Feb. 9, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.). . . **NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC:** Michael Tilson Thomas conducting a program of music by George Gershwin. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Feb. 9, at 12:10 and 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By the **BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES:** "Pinocchio." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Fridays at 7:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.). . . **MERI MINI PLAYERS:** "Guess Again." (Hotel Manhattan Towers, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturdays at 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863.). . . **PERFORMING ARTS REPERTORY THEATRE:** "Pocahontas." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Feb. 3, at 2. . . . ¶ McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Feb. 9, at 2:30. For tickets, call 866-4602.)

Junior Museum Studio, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition of children's art done by students in the John F. Kennedy Schule, in West Berlin. Starting Friday, Feb. 1. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Spaceship Earth." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5, and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Monday from 3 to 5. On Saturday, Feb. 9, at 10, there will be an ice carnival with skating races and an exhibition of figure skating.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby *no* earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Prose Readings—Paul Horgan and Tom McHale reading from their own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Feb. 4, at 7:30.)

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, Feb. 1, at 2: Oriental rugs, from several collectors. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 2, at 2: English furniture and decorations, from many owners. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Feb. 7-8, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese works of art, belonging to James Marshall Plumer and others. Exhibition starts Friday, Feb. 1.

Film Libraries—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Jan. 30 at 5:30: "The Pleasure Garden" (1953) and four other James Broughton films. . . . ¶ Jan. 31 at 5:30: "Dreamwood" (1972) and two other James Broughton films; recommended for adults only. . . . ¶ Jan. 31 at 8: "Two or Three Things I Know About Her" (1966), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Marina Vlady. . . . ¶ Feb. 1 at 2: "La Jetée" (1963), directed by Chris Marker; and "Night and Fog" (1955), directed by Alain Resnais. . . . ¶ Feb. 1 at 5:30 and Feb. 2 at noon: "Breathless" (1959), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo. . . . ¶ Feb. 2 at 3: "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959), in French, directed by Alain Resnais, with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada. . . . ¶ Feb. 2 at 5:30: "La Jetée" (1963) and "Night and Fog" (1955). . . . ¶ Feb. 3 at 2: "The Music Man" (1962), directed by Morton DaCosta, with Robert Preston and Shirley Jones. . . . ¶ Feb. 3 at 5:30: "Chronicle of a Summer" (1960), in French, directed by Jean Rouch and Edgar Morin. . . . ¶ Feb. 4 at 2: "Monsieur Albert, Prophète" (1962), "Le Vieil Alkassa" (1969), and "Le Wazzou Polygame" (1970), all French short films. . . . ¶ Feb. 4 at 5:30: "Muriel" (1963), in French, directed by Alain Resnais, with Delphine Seyrig. . . . ¶ Feb. 5 at 2: "A Time for Burning" (1966), directed by William C. Jersey and Barbara Connell, a documentary film. . . . ¶ Feb. 5 at 5:30: "Monsieur Albert, Prophète" (1962), "Le Vieil Alkassa" (1969), and "Le Wazzou Polygame" (1970). . . . ¶ Feb. 6 at 5:30: "A Time for Burning" (1966). . . . ¶ Feb. 7 at 5:30: "Au *Hasard Balthazar*" *(1966), in* French, directed by Robert Bresson. . . . ¶ Feb. 7 at 8: "Mina de Vanghel" (1953), in French, directed by Maurice Clavel and Maurice Barry; and "The Crimson Curtain" (1952), directed by Alexandre Astruc. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.). . . **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER,** 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Jan. 30: "Holiday" (1938), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. . . . ¶ Jan. 31: "One, Two, Three" (1961), directed by Billy Wilder, with James Cagney and Horst Buchholz. . . . ¶ Feb. 1: "Ministry of Fear" (1944), directed by Fritz Lang, with Ray Milland. . . . ¶ Feb. 2-3: "Red Dust" (1932), directed by Victor Fleming, with Clark Gable and Jean Harlow. . . . ¶ Feb. 6: "Boy Meets Girl" (1938), directed by Lloyd Bacon, with James Cagney and Pat O'Brien. . . . ¶ Feb. 7: "My Man Godfrey" (1936), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Carole Lombard and William Powell. (Showings Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 4 and 6, and Fridays at 5 and 7:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 11 on the day of the showing.). . . **WHITNEY MUSEUM,** 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (861-5322)—Jan. 30: "Woman House," directed by Johanna Demetrakas. . . . ¶ Jan. 31-Feb. 6: "The Free Life," directed by R. Selig Hersh, Russ Schwartz, and Richard Searls. . . . ¶ Starting Feb. 7: "The Jail," directed by Michael Anderson, Paul Jacobs, Saul Landau, and Bill Yahraus. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for time schedules and ticket information.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Professional Basketball—The Knicks at **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Feb. 13 (Chicago), Feb. 16 (Golden Gate), Feb. 19 (Portland), Feb. 23 (Atlanta), Feb. 26 (Capital Bullets), March 2 (Boston), March 5 (Seattle), and March 9 (Milwaukee). . . . ¶ The Nets at the **NASSAU COLISEUM,** Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I.: Feb. 10 (Memphis), Feb. 13 (Virginia), Feb. 20 (Memphis), Feb. 27 (San Antonio), March 1 (San Diego), March 3 (Indiana), March 8 (Kentucky), and March 10 (Virginia).

Dog Show—Westminster Kennel Club. (Madison Square Garden. Feb. 11-12.)

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Ranger games on Feb. 10, 24, and 27, and March 3, 6, and 10. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM,** Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I.: Islander games on Feb. 12, 16, 19, 26, and 28, and March 5 and 9.

RACING—At GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Feb. 12-May 27. . . . AQUEDUCT: Feb. 25-May 11.

TRACK MEET—National A.A.U. Indoor Championships. (Madison Square Garden. Feb. 22.)

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: March 4-May 18.

MUSIC—METROPOLITAN OPERA (799-4420): The season continues through April 20. . . . NEW YORK CITY OPERA, New York State Theatre (TR 7-4727): The spring season will open on Feb. 21, with Bellini's "I Puritani," and will run through April 28. . . . AVERY FISHER HALL, Lincoln Center (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 18. . . . ¶ Martha Argerich, piano. Feb. 10. . . . ¶ Andres Segovia, classical guitarist, Feb. 13 and March 8. . . . ¶ Claudio Arrau, piano, Feb. 17. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Feb. 18. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Feb. 20 and 22. . . . ¶ Symphony of the New World, Feb. 24. . . . ¶ New York Choral Society, Feb. 24. . . . ¶ Christa Ludwig, mezzo-soprano, Feb. 27. . . . ¶ André Watts, piano, March 3. . . . ¶ Little Orchestra Society, March 6. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7459): Leontyne Price, soprano, Feb. 10. . . . ¶ Cleveland Orchestra, Feb. 11, 13, and 18. . . . ¶ Janos Starker, cello, Feb. 16. . . . ¶ Maria Callas, soprano, and Giuseppe Di Stefano, tenor, Feb. 17. . . . ¶ Minnesota Orchestra, Feb. 20. . . . ¶ Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute, and Robert Veyron-Lacroix, harpsichord, Feb. 22. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Feb. 23. . . . ¶ Jorge Bolet, piano, Feb. 25. . . . ¶ Handel Society Orchestra and Chorus, Feb. 26. . . . ¶ Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, Feb. 27. . . . ¶ Opera Orchestra of New York, March 6. . . . ¶ Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano, March 10. . . . ALICE TULLY HALL (362-1911): Waverly Consort, Feb. 13. . . . ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Feb. 15 and 17 and March 1 and 3. . . . ¶ Bach Aria Group, Feb. 20. . . . ¶ Christopher Parkening, classical guitarist, Feb. 23. . . . ¶ Anthony Newman, harpsichord, Feb. 24. . . . ¶ Clarion Concert, Feb. 26. . . . ¶ Andrée Juliette Brun, piano, Feb. 27. . . . ¶ Agustin Anievas, piano, Feb. 28. . . . ¶ Nicanor Zabaleta, harp, March 9. . . . TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): A concert version of Strauss's "The Gypsy Baron," Feb. 10. . . . ¶ Music from Marlboro, Feb. 24. . . . ¶ "The Composer Speaks," Feb. 25. . . . HUNTER COLLEGE (535-5350): Abbey Simon, piano, Feb. 13. . . . ¶ Radu Lupu, piano, Feb. 16. . . . ¶ Alicia de Larrocha, piano, Feb. 23. . . . ¶ Speculum Musicae, with Peter Serkin, piano, Feb. 25. . . . ¶ Kyung-Wha Chung, violin, March 9. . . . GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Elly Ameling, soprano, and the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra, Feb. 23. . . . ¶ Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale, duo piano, Feb. 24. . . . ¶ New York Philomusica Chamber Ensemble, March 1. . . . ¶ Music from Marlboro, March 7. . . . ¶ Claudio Arrau, piano, March 9.

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS—Murray Louis Dance Company, at the Lyceum Theatre, Feb. 19-March 3. . . . ¶ Joffrey Ballet, at the City Center, March 6-31.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: Ron Milner's play "What the Wine Sellers Buy," a presentation of the New York Shakespeare Festival at Lincoln Center. . . . ¶ A musical, "Rainbow Jones," by Jill Williams, with Ruby Persson in the title role. . . . ¶ Kate Reid in "The Freedom of the City," a play by Brian Friel. . . . ¶ Noël Coward's "In Two Keys," a twin bill of his last one-act plays, starring Anne Baxter, Hume Cronyn, and Jessica Tandy. . . . ¶ Zero Mostel repeating the 1958 role he played Off Broadway in "Ulysses in Nighttown," a dramatization, by Marjorie Barkentin, of a segment of James Joyce's novel "Ulysses." . . . ¶ The revival of Leonard Bernstein's musical "Candide" (adapted from Voltaire's novel by Hugh Wheeler, with lyrics by Richard Wilbur, and additional lyrics by Stephen Sondheim and John Latouche), recently seen at the Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn, will reopen on Broadway. . . . ¶ A musical, "Over Here!," starring the Andrews Sisters. Richard M. and Robert B. Sherman wrote the music and lyrics, and the book is by Will Holt.

OTHER DATES—Lincoln's Birthday is Tuesday, Feb. 12. . . . ¶ National Antiques Show, at Madison Square Garden, Feb. 16-24. . . . ¶ Washington's Birthday will be observed on Monday, Feb. 18. . . . ¶ Ash Wednesday falls on Feb. 27. . . . ¶ Antiques Fair and Flower Show, at the Coliseum, March 9-17.

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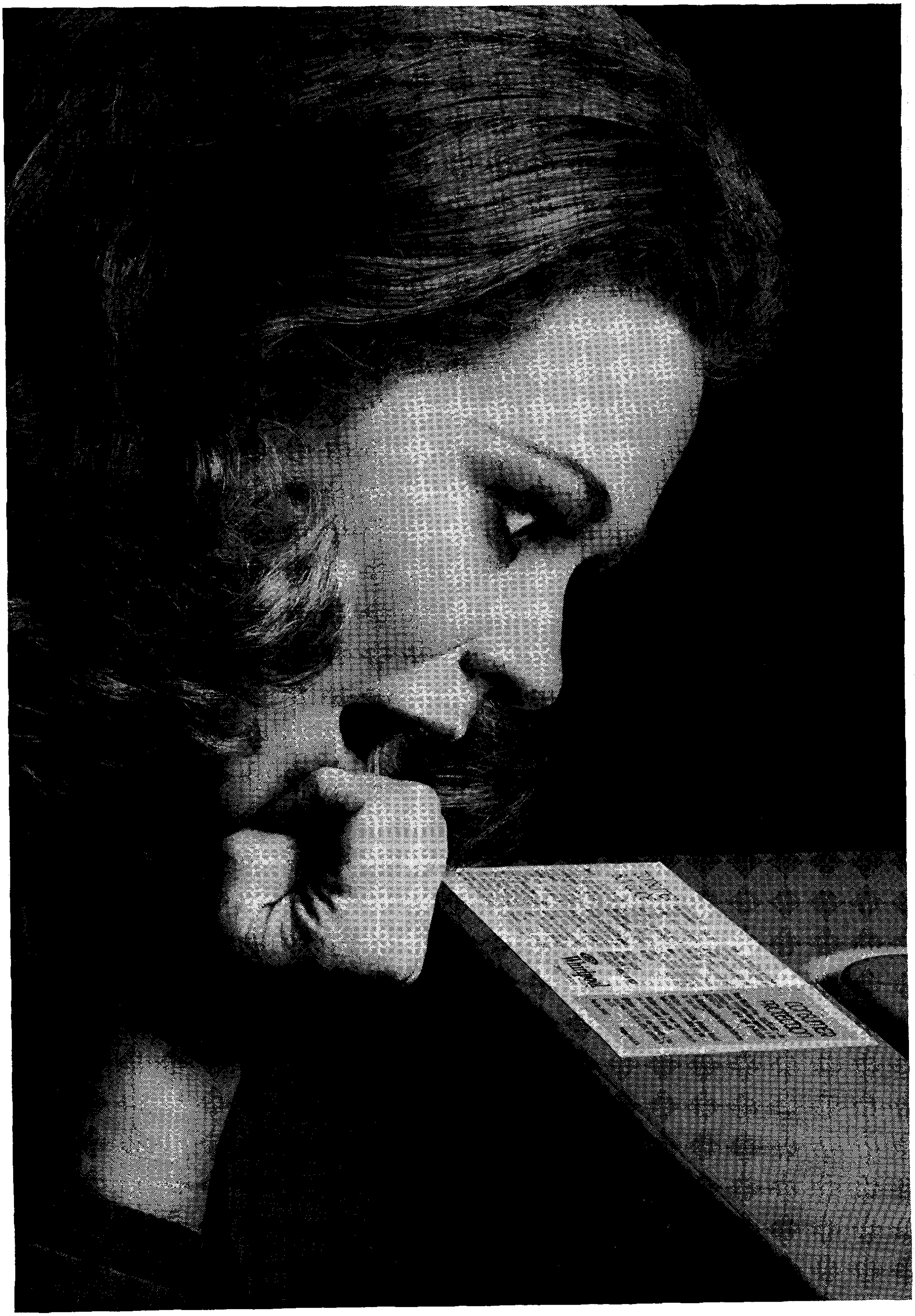

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			30	31	1	2
3	4	5	6	7		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

- **Art**, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
  - Through Feb. 3: "American Graffiti."
  - Feb. 4-5: "Luther" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
  - From Feb. 6: "Partner."
- **Theatre 80 St. Marks**, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
  - Through Feb. 2: "Cabin in the Sky" and "Hallelujah!"
  - Feb. 3-5: "One Night of Love" and "The King Steps Out."
  - From Feb. 6: "The Thin Man" and "After the Thin Man."
- **St. Marks Cinema**, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
  - Through Feb. 5: "Electra Glide in Blue" and "Fritz the Cat."
  - From Feb. 6: "Bang the Drum Slowly" and another feature, to be announced.
- **Cinema Village**, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
  - "Cry of the Wild."
- **Gramercy**, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
  - Through Jan. 31: "American Graffiti."
  - Feb. 1-3: "The Way We Were."
  - Feb. 4-5: "Luther" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
  - From Feb. 6: "A Touch of Class" and "Slither."
- **Murray Hill**, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
  - "The Sting."
- **34th St. East**, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
  - "Serpico."
- **Eastside Cinema**, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
  - "Vanishing Wilderness."
- **Sutton**, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
  - Through Feb. 5: "Don't Look Now."
  - Feb. 6: Theatre closed.
  - From Feb. 7: "Blazing Saddles."
- **Trans-Lux East**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
  - Through Feb. 5: "Jimi Hendrix."
  - From Feb. 6: "Zardoz."
- **Fine Arts**, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
  - Through Feb. 5: "Happy New Year."
  - From Feb. 6: "Don't Look Now."
- **Plaza**, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
  - Through Feb. 2: "Alfredo Alfredo."
  - From Feb. 3: "Road Movie."
- **Baronet**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
  - "Serpico."
- **Coronet**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
  - "Sleeper."
- **East 59th Street I**, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
  - "The Way We Were."
- **East 59th Street II**, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
  - "The Way We Were."
- **Ciné Malibu**, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
  - Through Feb. 3: "Cry of the Wild."
  - Feb. 4-6: "Luther" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
  - From Feb. 7: To be announced.
- **Cinema I**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
  - "The Exorcist."
- **Cinema II**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
  - "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe."
- **First Avenue Screening Room**, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
  - Jan. 30: "How Tasty Was My Little Frenchman."
  - Jan. 31-Feb. 6: "The Spider's Stratagem" and "The Merchant of Four Seasons."
  - From Feb. 7: "The Ceremony."
- **Columbia I**, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
  - "Cinderella Liberty."
- **Columbia II**, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
  - "American Graffiti."
- **Beekman**, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
  - "The Exorcist."
- **68th St. Playhouse**, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
  - "Fantastic Planet."
- **Loews Tower East**, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
  - "Papillon."
- **72nd Street East**, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
  - Through Feb. 3: "Bang the Drum Slowly."
  - Feb. 4-5: "Luther" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
  - From Feb. 6: To be announced.
- **Juliet I**, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
  - Through Feb. 5: "Jonathan Livingston Seagull."
  - From Feb. 6: To be announced.
- **Juliet 2**, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
  - Through Feb. 5: "O Lucky Man!"
  - From Feb. 6: To be announced.
- **Trans-Lux 85th St.**, Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
  - Through Feb. 3: "Vanishing Wilderness."
  - Feb. 4-5: "Luther" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
  - From Feb. 6: To be announced.
- **U. A. East**, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
  - Through Feb. 3: "The Seven-Ups."
  - Feb. 4-5: "Luther" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
  - From Feb. 6: "The Seven-Ups."
- **Loews Orpheum**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
  - "Papillon."
- **Loews Ciné**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
  - Through Feb. 3: "The Sting."
  - Feb. 4-5: "Luther" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
  - From Feb. 6: To be announced.
- **86th St. East**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
  - Through Feb. 5: "Magnum Force."
  - From Feb. 6: "McQ."
- **R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1**, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
  - Through Feb. 5: "Hell Up in Harlem."
  - From Feb. 6: "Sugar Hill."
- **R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2**, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
  - "Black Belt Jones."

WEST SIDE

- **Waverly**, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
  - Through Feb. 3: "The New Land" and "Bed and Board."
  - Feb. 4-5: "Luther" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
  - From Feb. 6: "The New Land" and "Bed and Board."
- **8th St. Playhouse**, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
  - Through Jan. 31: "Love" and "Memories of Underdevelopment."
  - From Feb. 1: "The Paper Chase."
- **5th Ave. Cinema**, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
  - "Mean Streets."
- **Greenwich**, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
  - Through Feb. 3: "The Laughing Policeman."
  - Feb. 4-5: "Luther" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
  - From Feb. 6: To be announced.
- **Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4**, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
  - Through Feb. 5 at one or another of the theatres: "O Lucky Man!" and "If . . ."/"Jonathan Livingston Seagull" and "A Doll's House."...¶ Through Jan. 31: "The Way We Were" and "Fat City"/"M*A*S*H" and "The Panic in Needle Park."...¶ From Feb. 1: "Magnum Force"/"Westworld" and "Soylent Green."
- **Elgin**, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
  - Jan. 30: "Fantasia."
  - Jan. 31-Feb. 4: "The Seventh Seal" and "Smiles of a Summer Night."
  - Feb. 5: "Cartouche" and "The Love Game."
  - Feb. 6: "Open City" and "The Easy Life."
  - From Feb. 7: "Jules and Jim" and "Two English Girls."
- **23rd St. Cinema**, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
  - Through Feb. 3: "The Way We Were" and "Oklahoma Crude."
  - Feb. 4-5: "Luther" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
  - From Feb. 6: To be announced.
- **Rivoli**, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
  - Through Feb. 3: "The Seven-Ups."
  - Feb. 4-5: "Luther" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
  - From Feb. 6: "The Seven-Ups."
- **Guild**, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
  - Through Feb. 3: "Vanishing Wilderness."
  - Feb. 4-6: "Luther" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
  - From Feb. 7: "Vanishing Wilderness."
- **Music Hall**, 6th Ave. at 50th. (246-4600)
  - Through Feb. 3: Art Deco objects, furniture, graphics, and jewelry on exhibition and for sale; also films of the thirties, shown at 3 and 7.
  - Feb. 4-5: Theatre closed.
  - Feb. 6, at 8: Joni Mitchell.
  - From Feb. 7: "Superdad."
- **Ziegfeld**, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
  - "The Day of the Dolphin."
- **Festival**, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
  - "Day for Night."
- **Playboy**, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
  - Through Feb. 3: "O Lucky Man!"
  - Feb. 4-5: "Luther" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
  - From Feb. 6: "O Lucky Man!"
- **Little Carnegie**, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
  - "Sleeper."
- **Carnegie Hall Cinema**, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
  - Through Jan. 31: "The Lady Eve" and "Trouble in Paradise."
  - Feb. 1-2: "Twentieth Century" and "His Girl Friday."
  - Feb. 3: "Around the World in 80 Days."
  - Feb. 4-5: "Teorema" and "The Gospel According to St. Matthew."
  - Feb. 6-7: "Lola Montès" and "Letter from an Unknown Woman."
- **Paris**, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
  - "The Exorcist."
- **Paramount**, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
  - "The Exorcist."
- **Cinema Studio**, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
  - "The Laughing Policeman."
- **Regency**, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
  - "Vanishing Wilderness."
- **Embassy 72nd St.**, B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
  - Through Feb. 5: "O Lucky Man!"
  - From Feb. 6: "The Way We Were" and "Butterflies Are Free."
- **Beacon**, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
  - Through Jan. 31: "Paper Moon" and "Save the Tiger."
  - From Feb. 1: "Westworld" and "Soylent Green."
- **Loews 83rd St.**, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
  - Through Feb. 3: "Jonathan Livingston Seagull."
  - Feb. 4-5: "Luther" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
  - From Feb. 6: To be announced.
- **New Yorker**, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
  - Jan. 30: "Playtime" and "Ten from Your Show of Shows."
  - Jan. 31-Feb. 3: "El Topo" and "Putney Swope."
  - Feb. 4-6: "Luther" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
  - From Feb. 7: "El Topo" and "Putney Swope."
- **Symphony**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
  - Through Jan. 31: "The Apartment" and "Some Like It Hot."
  - From Feb. 1: "Westworld" and "Soylent Green."
- **Thalia**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
  - Through Feb. 7: "Money, Money, Money" and "Le Boucher."
- **Olympia**, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
  - Through Jan. 31: "A Clockwork Orange" and "Death in Venice."
  - From Feb. 1: "The Long Goodbye" and "Where's Poppa?"

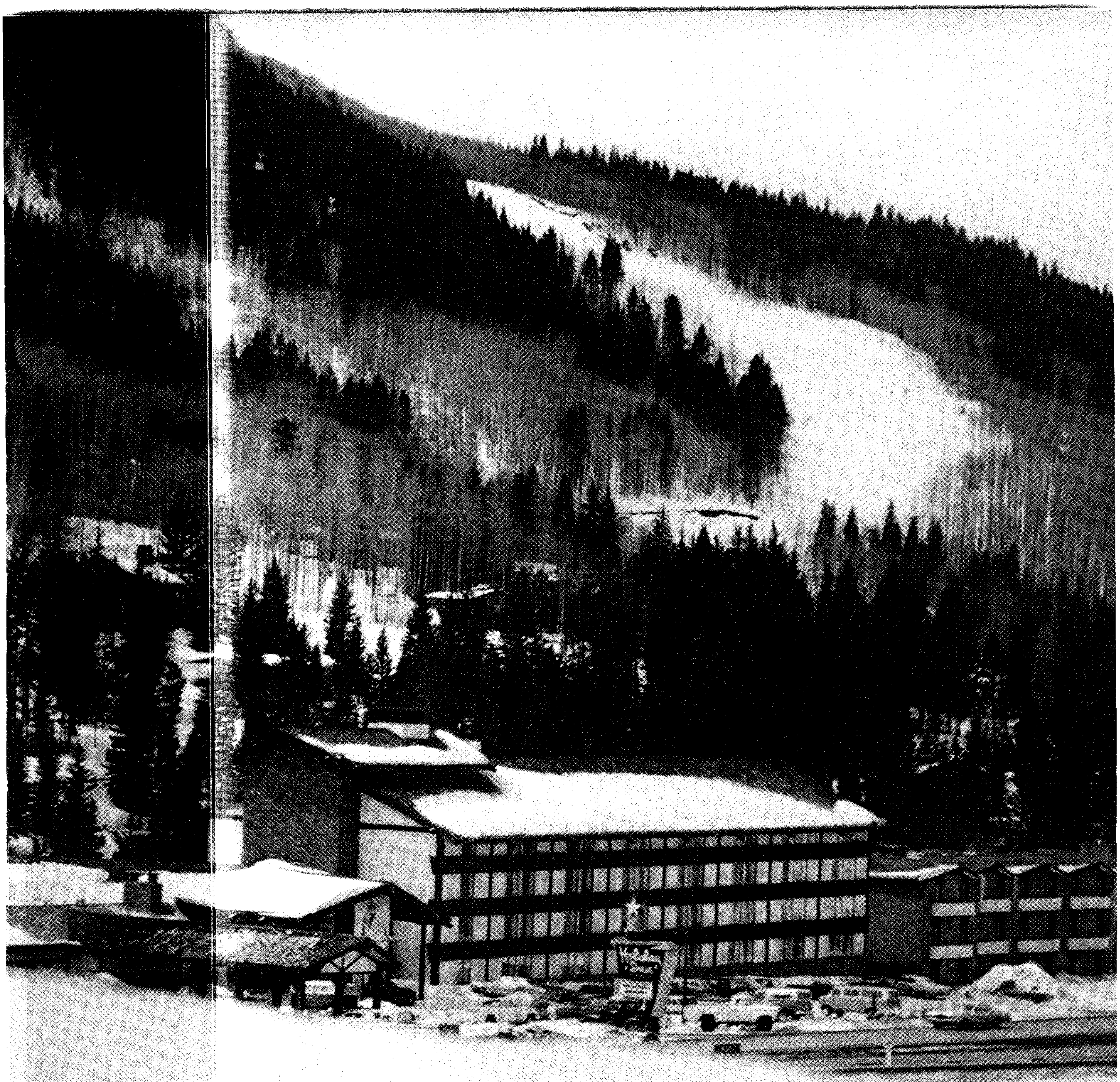
Note—A few specialist film houses—**BLEECKER ST. CINEMA**, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210): Movie musicals mostly, and only on weekends. Friday through Sunday, Feb. 1-3: "Meet Me in St. Louis" (1944; Judy Garland and Margaret O'Brien) and "Babes in Arms" (1939; Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney). . . . **FILM FORUM**, 256 W. 88th. (362-0503): Films made by independent *cinéastes*. At 8, Thursdays through Sundays. . . . **PAGODA**, 11 East Broadway. (964-1825): Chinese films, with English subtitles. Daily.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

After the Thin Man (1936)—The second in the "Thin Man" series, starring William Powell and Myrna Loy as Nick and Nora Charles, is moderately entertaining. In this one, mush-mouthed Elissa Landi is a lady in distress: she's lost her husband (Alan Marshall) to Penny Singleton. There are a couple of murders, and Asta's mate has puppies. The cast includes James Stewart, Joseph Calleia, Sam Levene, and Jessie Ralph. W. S. Van Dyke directed, and the screenplay is by Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Feb. 6.)

Alfredo Alfredo—Dubbed with a mellifluous Italian voice, Dustin Hoffman gives a warm and friendly performance as a shy young Italian bank clerk; the stranger's voice makes him seem like a silent comedian doing a routine. The novelty of seeing him without his own frightened, choked-up voice gives this rather conventional Pietro Germi comedy an



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

extra dimension. Stefania Sandrelli plays the flighty, extravagantly romantic girl Alfredo marries; his bride's exquisite features give her a look of mystery, but she's an imbecile sphinx, mysterious yet dumb as a cow. Carla Gravina plays the modern independent working woman who liberates him. Not up to Germi's "Divorce—Italian Style," but the first third stays at a fairly high level; after that the picture sags. In Italian. (Plaza; through Feb. 2.)

American Graffiti—The second feature film by the young George Lucas, about the teen-age world of 1962 in small-town northern California. We again inhabit the post-McCarthy, pre-Vietnam-protest land of drive-ins, old cars dangerously raced, Elvis haircuts, ritual necking. We live through a long night and dawn with the kids, but the next day comes up, and decisions have to be made about taking planes East to college and hiding homesickness. Flashy photography, perhaps more film knowledge than the film can use, but worth seeing. (Columbia II. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through Jan. 31. . . . ¶ Art; through Feb. 3.)

The Apartment (1960)—Billy Wilder directed this acrid story as if it were a comedy, which is a cheat, considering that it involves pimping and a suicide attempt and many shades of craven ethics. Jack Lemmon plays the hero, which is also a cheat, because Lemmon is funny and likable, and the character's behavior is neither. Only Wilder could possibly have got away with it as much as he does. Shirley MacLaine is the co-star. (Symphony; through Jan. 31.)

Around the World in 80 Days (1956)—Mike Todd's Cook's tour, derived from the fantasy by Jules Verne. Featuring David Niven, the Mexican comedian Cantinflas, Shirley MacLaine, and an all-star cast of fifty-seven. Directed by Michael Anderson. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 3.)

Bang the Drum Slowly—A fictional story with very good, offhand dialogue by Mark Harris (based on his own novel), about an ace pitcher locked in alliance to a dumb catcher, dying of Hodgkin's disease, whom he once hated for slow-wittedness. Directed by John Hancock, with Michael Moriarty as the pitcher, and Robert De Niro as the doomed catcher. (72nd Street East; through Feb. 3. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting Feb. 6.)

Bed and Board (1971)—About the married life of Truffaut's hero, Antoine Doinel (Jean-Pierre Léaud). Léaud appears to have developed a dogged resistance to acting, but Antoine's bride, Claude Jade, who looks like a less ethereal, more practical Catherine Deneuve, is lovely. The movie is cheerful, if conventionally "beguiling." In French. (Waverly. No performances Feb. 4-5.)

Black Belt Jones—With Jim Kelly and Gloria Hendry, directed by Robert Clouse. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Blazing Saddles—With Cleavon Little and Gene Wilder, directed by Mel Brooks. (Sutton; starting Feb. 7.)

Le Boucher (1969)—Another tone poem on a thriller theme by Claude Chabrol; he provides all the elements for a thriller except the zinger. This fluid, beautifully controlled, but very minor film was shot in a serene village in the Périgord and features the elegant Stéphane Audran, with Jean Yanne as the melancholy, frustrated butcher. In French. (Thalia; through Feb. 7.)

Butterflies Are Free (1972)—Based on the Broadway play, with Goldie Hawn, Eileen Heckart, and Edward Albert. Dim stuff from a dim original, full of the worst sort of show-biz perkiness. Directed by Milton Katselas. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Feb. 6.)

Cabin in the Sky (1943)—The first film Vincente Minnelli directed—a joyful, stylized treatment of *faux-naïf* Negro folklore. "Happiness Is Just a Thing Called Joe," sings Ethel Waters, in one of the best roles of her career. The terrific Lena Horne is here, and so are Eddie Anderson and Louis Armstrong and John Bubbles and Duke Ellington and his orchestra. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Feb. 2.)

Cartouche (1963)—Philippe de Broca's spoof of cape-and-sword romance almost makes up in high spirits and occasional beauty what it lacks in wit and apparent purpose. Jean-Paul Belmondo is admirable as the leader of a band of thieves in eighteenth-century Paris. In French. (Elgin; Feb. 5.)

The Ceremony (1971)—Directed by Nagisa Oshima. In Japanese. (First Avenue Screening Room; starting Feb. 7.)

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Cinderella Liberty—A sordid, messy affair between a Baptist sailor (James Caan) and a beat-out whore (Marsha Mason), combined with a high-minded interracial big-brother story. (Caan can't save Mason, but her little part-black son—Kirk Calloway—stirs his paternal impulses.) The Mark Rydell picture, taken from Darryl Ponicsan's novel, wants to jerk tears, but just doesn't have the knack. Some of the acting is fine, but the film is a soggy experience; you feel as if you're wading through it. (Columbia I.)

A Clockwork Orange (1971)—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (Olympia; through Jan. 31.)

Cry of the Wild—Wolves in the back country of Canada. (Cinema Village. . . . ¶ Ciné Malibu; through Feb. 3.)

Day for Night—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure, and apparently still do. He himself plays a director who is shooting an American-financed film called "Meet Pamela," with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jacqueline Bisset, and Valentina Cortese. "Day for Night," unfortunately conventional in its approach to character, is very childlike—filled with a deeply innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. There's not much to it, though it's graceful. In French. (Festival.)

The Day of the Dolphin—The most expensive Rin Tin Tin picture ever made, with a gimmick the Rin Tin Tin pictures never stooped to: the dolphins here are dubbed with plaintive, childish voices and speak in English. Mike Nichols directed this elaborate anthropomorphic exercise; the wretched plot is about an attempt to assassinate the President by using the dolphins as bomb carriers. George C. Scott is the godlike dolphin trainer. (Ziegfeld.)

Death in Venice (1971)—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carrying-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the purity of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though, especially in the rendering of Aschenbach's self-amused spinsterishness, in the look of the picture (photographed by Pasquale de Santis, with costumes by Piero Tosi), and in the larger feeling of history on the turn that Visconti can uniquely impart, as he did in "The Leopard" and "Senso." (Olympia; through Jan. 31.)

A Doll's House—Ibsen's play, sensibly adapted by Christopher Hampton without leaning on the women's-lib aspects of the play, which are built in, anyway. Directed by Patrick Garland. Claire Bloom is a ravishingly pretty Nora, taking shelter in the humiliating wheedles and flirtatiousness that finally make her slam the door on husband, children, and the Victorian ideal of femininity. Anthony Hopkins is her aptly torpid husband; Denholm Elliott is Krogstad, wearing pince-nez and mittens. He is a marvellous actor, and this is a memorable study in the savagery of weaklings. (Quad Cinema; through Feb. 5.)

Don't Look Now—A Daphne du Maurier story of the occult, treated in the intricate manner of Borges. Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland work together wonderfully as parents whose drowned daughter may or may not be sending them messages. The meanings are on a simple Hitchcock level, but it's the fanciest, most carefully assembled enigma yet put on the screen. Nicholas Roeg is a chillingly chic director; the picture represents the new high-fashion Gothic sensibility. (Sutton; through Feb. 5. . . . ¶ Fine Arts; starting Feb. 6.)

The Easy Life (1963)—Vittorio Gassman is the man-about-town, and Jean-Louis Trintignant is the academic he corrupts. Dino Risi directed this celebrated social comedy. In Italian. (Elgin; Feb. 6.)

Electra Glide in Blue—One of those youth movies about Americana in which the sky looks turquoise blue, though this is not to deride the generally fine photography of Conrad Hall. Story of a motorcycle cop in the West who is clobbered by the corruption and newfangled times around him. Robert Blake plays a Vietnam veteran who is psychologically wobbly but who helps to clinch the movie's veracity. The old tale of the do-gooder lawman in a preening new guise. Directed by James William Guercio. (St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 5.)

The Exorcist—The demonic possession of a child, treated with shallow seriousness. The picture is designed to scare people, and it does so by mechanical means: levitations, swivelling heads, vomit being spewed in priests' faces. A viewer can become glumly anesthetized by the brackish color and the senseless ugliness of the conception; neither the producer-writer, William Peter Blatty, nor the director, William Friedkin, shows any feeling for the little girl's helplessness and suffering, or for her mother's. It is religious people who should be most offended by this movie. (It would be sheer insanity to take children.) (Cinema I, Beekman, Paris, and Paramount.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (Stokowski and Stravinsky, among others), and the film—a grab bag of animated shorts—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. It failed commercially, and has been revived as a head film for Mickey Mouse heads. (Elgin; Jan. 30.)

Fantastic Planet—A French-Czech animated science-fiction feature, directed by René Laloux, with original art work by Roland Topor. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Fat City (1972)—A film about a boxer, though not about boxing, directed by John Huston from Leonard Gardner's novel. (Gardner wrote the script.) The hero, wonderfully played by Stacy Keach, is an out-of-training boxer who is just about to hit thirty: we see him staring at his life, and it seems to singe his eyeballs. The fat city of the title is the world of limitless booze and broads and money that men down on their luck plunder in their dreams. Tough, eloquent script, beautiful muted colors (mostly photographed in Stockton, California). Huston is back in the form that makes him interested in the violent and the cryptic. (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 31.)

Fritz the Cat (1972)—An X-rated cartoon, full of good humor, bad taste, randiness, benign ethnic jokes, and other staples of New York wit. The rating is a pity; everyone who is officially underage according to the rating system knows more about Robert Crumb's famous Fritz than his parents are likely to. The New York landscapes are drawn with great delicacy, and the New York animalized characters with purple amplitude; the voices are human. Directed and scripted by Ralph Bakshi. This is one of the few full-length cartoons with an ear as accurate as a good play's. (St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 5.)

The Gospel According to St. Matthew (1966)—Pasolini's interpretation features a rigid Jesus who demands obedience, as well as the rocky settings of southern Italy and an eclectic score. Some find the slow rhythm of the film fascinating, others think it punishing. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 4-5.)

Hallelujah! (1929)—The first all-talking, all-Negro film out of Hollywood, and inevitably highly controversial. The story, about a country man and a bad woman, involves church meetings and the singing of spirituals and a chase across a swamp, and the attitudes are certain to offend many, but King Vidor directed, and there are impressive sequences. With Daniel L. Haynes and Nina Mae McKinney; songs by Irving Berlin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Feb. 2.)

Happy New Year—With Lino Ventura and Françoise Fabian, directed by Claude Lelouch. In French. (Fine Arts; through Feb. 5.)

Hell Up in Harlem—With Fred Williamson, directed by Larry Cohen. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through Feb. 5.)

His Girl Friday (1940)—Rosalind Russell playing an indispensable caustic girl reporter, divorced by the hero and now wanted back. The conniving editor is Cary Grant. Corruption so fictionalized that it is quite undisturbing runs in the veins of these characters like printer's ink. A hectic remake of the famous Ben Hecht-Charles MacArthur "The Front Page," with a kind of terrific verbal knockabout that has vanished from current filmmaking. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 1-2.)

How Tasty Was My Little Frenchman—Directed by the Brazilian filmmaker Nelson Pereira Dos Santos. In Tupi, the Latin-American Indian language. (First Avenue Screening Room; Jan. 30.)

If . . . (1969)—Lindsay Anderson uses an English school for boys as a metaphor for a rotting traditional society. An attempted epic on student revolt, with too many muddy undercurrents. (Quad Cinema; through Feb. 5.)

Jimi Hendrix—A documentary. (Trans-Lux East; through Feb. 5.)

Jonathan Livingston Seagull—Based on the Richard Bach novel, directed by Hall Bartlett. (Loews 83rd St.; through Feb. 3. . . . ¶ Juliet 1, and Quad Cinema; through Feb. 5.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—One of the few French masterpieces of the sixties, François Truffaut's lyrical celebration of the lives of three bohemians (Henri Serre, Jeanne Moreau, and Oskar Werner) from the First World War to the Second. In French. (Elgin; starting Feb. 7.)

The King Steps Out (1936)—Those with merciful memories blocked this one out long ago. Josef von Sternberg asked that the film not be included in retrospectives of his work, but he really did make the damned thing. It's a monstrously overstaged version of Fritz Kreisler's operetta "Cissy," with Grace Moore and Franchot Tone struggling through the scenery playing Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria and the young Emperor Franz Josef. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 3-5.)

The Lady Eve (1941)—A frivolous masterpiece. Like "Bringing Up Baby," "The Lady Eve" is a mixture of visual and verbal slapstick, and of high artifice and pratfalls. Barbara Stanwyck keeps sticking out a sensational leg, and Henry Fonda keeps tripping over it. She's a cardsharp, and he's a millionaire scientist who knows more about snakes than about women; neither performer has ever been funnier. The film, with screenplay and direction by Preston Sturges, is full of classic moments and classic lines; it represents the dizzy high point of his comedy writing. With Charles Coburn, Eugene Pallette, William Demarest, and Eric Blore. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Jan. 31.)

The Laughing Policeman—Standard, gory imitation of "Dirty Harry," "The French Connection," and "Bullitt." There isn't much acting honor to be had from it, but Walter Matthau, playing a black-haired police detective, loses what little there is to Bruce Dern, who plays his partner. Matthau does the ancient obvious, but Dern's contentious, muffled manner is the latest in fey one-upmanship. The choppy film makes practically no sense; Stuart Rosenberg's direction features massacres, cadavers, and close inspection of wounds. (Cinema Studio. . . . ¶ Greenwich; through Feb. 3.)

Letter from an Unknown Woman (1948)—Joan Fontaine suffers and suffers, but so *exquisitely* in this romantic evocation of late-nineteenth-century Vienna that one doesn't know whether to clobber the poor, wronged creature or to give in and weep. Max Ophuls directed this handsome version of the Stefan Zweig tearjerker. Louis Jourdan plays the cad. With Mady Christians. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 6-7.)

Lola Montès (1955)—Max Ophuls' command of baroque style and of comic detail transforms the real-life story of a courtesan's decline into a circus trapeze artist—a story fairly trite in itself—into a work of amazing and moving density. With Martine Carroll, Anton Walbrook, Peter Ustinov. In French, and in its full form. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 6-7.)

The Long Goodbye—Robert Altman kisses off the private-eye form as gracefully as "Beat the Devil" finished off the cycle of the international-intrigue thriller. Less accidental than "Beat the Devil," it's just about as funny, though quicker-witted and dreamier, in soft, mellow color and volatile images. Based on Raymond Chandler's book, the picture stars Elliott Gould as Marlowe; thinner and lither, he gives his best performance yet, as a wryly forlorn man, still driving a 1948 Lincoln Continental and trying to behave like Bogart. With Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell. (Olympia; starting Feb. 1.)

Love—If you suggest going to a Hungarian film to almost anyone but a Hungarian, you are apt to face mutiny, but this film—by Károly Makk—is much recommended. Reviving and vivid about the true nature of aristocratism. In Hungarian. (8th St. Playhouse; through Jan. 31.)

The Love Game (1960)—Philippe de Broca's wayward, featherweight comedy, one of the rare carefree films that came out of the early French New Wave, and blessedly trivial. Geneviève Cluny is the girl who wants to get married; the whirling, dancing actor Jean-Pierre Cassel is the man trying to keep his freedom. Claude Chabrol plays a bit part. (This is the film that Godard used as the basis for "A Woman Is a Woman," but the original is far superior.) In French. (Elgin; Feb. 5.)

Luther—From John Osborne's play. The fifth presentation in the American Film Series (primarily subscription). With Stacy Keach, Hugh Griffith, and Robert Stephens; screenplay by Edward Anhalt, directed by Guy Green. The film will be shown on Feb. 4 and 5, at 2 and 8, at the Art, Gramercy, 72nd Street East, Trans-Lux 85th St., U. A. East, Loews Ciné, Waverly, Greenwich, 23rd St. Cinema, Rivoli, Playboy, and Loews 83rd St.; and Feb. 4-6, at 2 and 8, at the Ciné Malibu, Guild, and New Yorker. Some extra tickets may be available at certain theatres; for information, call 489-8820.

Magnum Force—The bloody, brutal sequel to "Dirty Harry." This time, Clint Eastwood doesn't speak for vigilante justice, and he slaughters those who do. But he's the same emotionless hero, who lives and kills as affectlessly as a psychopathic personality. The setting is San Francisco, but, as in the spaghetti Westerns, Eastwood's gun power makes him the hero of a totally nihilistic dream world. Ted Post's direction is mediocre; the script by John Milius and Michael Cimino is cheaply effective. (86th St. East; through Feb. 5. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Feb. 1.)

M*A*S*H (1970)—Robert Altman's loose, cheery, profane service comedy, about how a group of surgeons try to keep their sanity while patching up casualties in Korea. With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman. (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 31.)

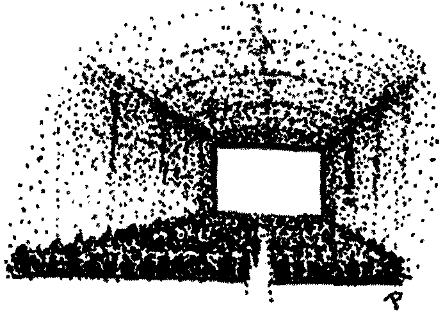
McQ—With John Wayne, directed by John Sturges. (86th St. East; starting Feb. 6.)

Mean Streets—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. What Martin Scorsese, who is thirty, has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil. He suggests an American Buñuel steeped in Verdi. With Harvey Keitel as Charlie, Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy, and Amy Robinson as Teresa. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

Memories of Underdevelopment—A beautifully complicated and subtle picture from Cuba, with an actor named Sergio Corrieri playing a thirty-eight-year-old writer whose sense of stasis must practically amount to counter-revolution in Castro's new society. The sophisticated flashes of happiness, yearning, and discontent that are expressed so freely in the picture are a political as well as a filmmaking wonder. The director, who would rank with the highest in Europe, is Tomás Gutiérrez Alea. He also wrote the screenplay, from a novel by Edmundo Desnoes. In Spanish. (8th St. Playhouse; through Jan. 31.)

The Merchant of Four Seasons—With Irm Hermann, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (First Avenue Screening Room; Jan. 31-Feb. 6.)

Money, Money, Money—Claude Lelouch's knockabout comedy concerning a set of farcical urban pirates whose most rewarding theft lies in kidnapping the Pope. The picture is not funny, funny, funny, but fairly. In French. (Thalia; through Feb. 7.)



The New Land—At the end of "The Emigrants," the viewer wanted to go on and discover if the survivors of the mid-nineteenth-century emigration from Sweden found what they had hoped for. In this second half, the master director Jan Troell shows what happened to them in Minnesota. Together, the two halves offer the pleasures of a rich, overflowing epic novel. Troell has a ravening appetite; it almost seems as if he loves nature so much that he wants to plunder it all; the viewer is the beneficiary. Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann have never been better—that's saying a lot. With Eddie Axberg and Monica Zetterlund. In Swedish. (Waverly. No performances Feb. 4-5.)

Oklahoma Crude—With George C. Scott, Faye Dunaway, John Mills, and Jack Palance, directed by Stanley Kramer. (23rd St. Cinema; through Feb. 3.)

O Lucky Man!—Malcolm McDowell in a three-hour film about ambition, optimism, and being pushed around in modern England. Directed by Lindsay Anderson—his most complicated and ambitious picture yet: a sort of mod "Pilgrim's Progress." Jocelyn Herbert is the unbeatable production designer ("The Loves of Isadora," among many others); the quiet style of the camera work is Miroslav Ondříček's ("If . . . ," "The White Bus," "Loves of a Blonde," "The Fireman's Ball," and so on). Written by David Sherwin with a real gift for the vernacular, though with no great sympathy for particular characters in dilemmas. (Playboy. No performances Feb. 4-5. . . . ¶ Juliet 2, Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.; through Feb. 5.)

One Night of Love (1934)—With Grace Moore, serving grand opera by the teaspoonful with her little finger crooked. She goes to all the great cities of Europe for the sake of music, backdrops, and so on, and eventually lands here at the Metropolitan, where her Italian music teacher bursts into tears in the prompter's box because he loffs her. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 3-5.)

Open City (1944)—A brutal melodrama about the Roman underground resistance to the German Occupation, famed for the extraordinary immediacy and the almost documentary look of Roberto Rossellini's direction, and for Anna Magnani's magnificent performance. In Italian. (Elgin; Feb. 6.)

The Panic in Needle Park (1971)—Boy (Al Pacino) meets girl (Kitty Winn), but he is a heroin addict and she becomes one. The movie doesn't tell you much you don't know. Worthy, but a drag. Directed by Jerry Schatzberg. (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 31.)

The Paper Chase—Timothy Bottoms as a first-year law student at Harvard, and John Houseman as the professor he idolizes. Bottoms meets the professor's daughter (Lindsay Wagner), who's derisive about everything, and he becomes confused about why he's studying. The picture, directed by James Bridges, tries to be thoughtful and provocative, but it has nothing to say. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Feb. 1.)

Paper Moon—Peter Bogdanovich directs a wet story about a chumming-up between Ryan O'Neal, as a con man who victimizes new widows, and an eleven-year-old tomboy, played by the actor's real-life daughter, Tatum O'Neal. (Beacon; through Jan. 31.)

Papillon—A pointlessly gruelling movie, in which Steve McQueen keeps trying to escape from Devil's Island and Dustin Hoffman keeps financing his attempts. The picture is so solemn that one would think it the story of a pope, at the very least. Directed by Franklin Schaffner. (Loews Tower East, and Loews Orpheum.)

Partner (1969)—Two years before "The Conformist," Bernardo Bertolucci made this inventive but bewildering political vaudeville—a modernization of Dostoevski's "The Double," in which a young drama teacher (Pierre Clémenti) has fantasies of extending the theatre of cruelty into political revolution. Clémenti doesn't convey enough intellectuality for an audience to understand the character, who seems to be a comic-strip Artaud. Visually extraordinary, and with original and daring tricks of style, but not easy to take. With Stefania Sandrelli and Tina Aumont. In Italian. (Art; starting Feb. 6.)

Playtime (1968)—Jacques Tati's most innovative work. M. Hulot is still here—high-belted trousers, short raincoat, loping walk, as if he were braced to smash a tennis volley—but his importance has receded, because Tati's view is that the hero of modern urban life is ev-

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erybody. He sees something comic in every character in the picture, without ridicule, and he says something acute and physically eloquent about movement. (New Yorker; Jan. 30.)

Putney Swope (1969)—A mostly funny, haywire farce by Robert Downey about an advertising agency called Truth & Soul, Inc. Putney Swope is a weary-looking black, hoisted into the chairman's seat by a bad accident of boardroom voting. Things thereupon explode. (New Yorker; starting Jan. 31. No performances Feb. 4-6.)

Road Movie—With Barry Bostwick, directed by Joseph Strick. (Plaza; starting Feb. 3.)

Save the Tiger (1973)—The picture asks us to weep for Harry the garment manufacturer (Jack Lemmon), who pimps for his customers so they'll give him their orders, and who plans to set fire to his warehouse so the insurance money will finance filling these orders. The picture is a moral hustle that says this high-living showoff is a victim of American materialism. Harry suffers and jabbers; the writer, Steve Shagan, appears to think he has created a modern tragic hero, and he's determined to puff the movie up with wit and wisdom. John G. Avildsen directed. (Beacon; through Jan. 31.)

Serpico—Al Pacino as Frank Serpico, the New York City policeman whose incorruptibility alienated him from his fellow-officers and turned him into a messianic hippie freak. The theme is richly comic, and the film is great fun, but it sacrifices Serpico's story—one of the rare hopeful stories of our time—for a cynical, downbeat finish. Norman Wexler (who wrote "Joe") is responsible for most of the rude, hip humor; Sidney Lumet directed, sloppily but effectively. (34th St. East, and Baronet.)

The Seventh Seal (1956)—The aura of magic, the modern erotic and psychological insights, and the ambiguities all contribute to the stature of Ingmar Bergman's medieval morality play about man in search of the meaning of life. Max von Sydow is the tormented knight who plays chess with death; during the game, the knight observes scenes of cruelty, rot, and suffering that suggest the tortures and iniquity Ivan Karamazov described to Alyosha. In Swedish. (Elgin; Jan. 31-Feb. 4.)

The Seven-Ups—With Roy Scheider, directed by Philip D'Antoni. (U. A. East, and Rivoli. No performances Feb. 4-5.)

Sleeper—A modern slapstick-comedy classic, directed by and starring Woody Allen. Set two hundred years in the future, it's the most stable and sustained of his films, and with a clean visual style and an elegant design. It's a very even work, with no thudding bad lines and no low stretches, but it doesn't have the loose, manic highs of some of his other films. You laugh all the way through and come out smiling and perfectly happy, but you're not driven crazy—not really turned on the way his messier movies can turn you on. With Diane Keaton. (Coronet, and Little Carnegie.)

Slither—The first feature by the advertising ace Howard Zieff is a suspense comedy with a prickly, fleahopping humor—a sort of fractured hipsterism. As the thick-witted hero looking for the fortune promised him by an embezzler, James Caan demonstrates some of the best double takes in modern movies. The plot is tired, and the picture never delivers on its promise, but the gags are sneaky and offbeat, and the cast is full of crazies. With Peter Boyle, Louise Lasser, Allen Garfield, Richard B. Shull, and Sally Kellerman, as a speed freak. From an original script by W. D. Richter. (Gramercy; starting Feb. 6.)

Smiles of a Summer Night (1955)—Ingmar Bergman's exquisite carnal comedy—a boudoir farce that becomes an elegy to transient love. With Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, Harriet Andersson, and Jarl Kulle. In Swedish. (Elgin; Jan. 31-Feb. 4.)

Some Like It Hot (1959)—A fifties comedy set in the Prohibition era, with transvestism, impotence, role confusion, and borderline inversion—and all hilariously innocent. Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon are the female impersonators who join a girls' band, and Marilyn Monroe and Joe E. Brown are their somewhat confused love partners. With George Raft, Pat O'Brien, and Nehemiah Persoff. Billy Wilder directed. (Symphony; through Jan. 31.)

Soylent Green—Priggish science fiction, directed by Richard Fleischer. A clodhopping movie nominally about the awfulness of monopolistic capitalism and the lack of birth control in New York City in 2022 A.D. Charlton Heston is a slow-thinking detective with a lot of hair on his chest, and the late, great Edward G. Robinson is exploited with supreme tastelessness. (Quad Cinema, Beacon, and Symphony; starting Feb. 1.)

The Spider's Stratagem (1970)—Before he made "The Conformist," Bernardo Bertolucci made this adaptation of Jorge Luis Borges's enigmatic "Theme of the Traitor and Hero" for Italian television. Shot in Sabbioneta, a miniature city between Mantua and Parma, with colonnades that suggest de Chirico, the film is mysteriously beautiful; it has heightened colors and evocative imagery. But Giulio Brogi, playing both the son and the hero-father whose death the son is investigating, is given no character as either, and he lacks energy. The film itself is enervated, and the themes are frustratingly elusive; it's all atmosphere and no strength. With Alida Valli, still splendidly handsome, and with that same secret look she had in "The Third Man." In Italian. (First Avenue Screening Room; Jan. 31-Feb. 6.)

The Sting—Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and director George Roy Hill trying to recapture the box-office glow of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." This time, the happy twosome are cardsharps and swindlers of the thirties; the mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before—the first blush of their romance has faded. It's a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people will probably consider it just that. With Robert Shaw as the stiff-necked menace. (Murray Hill. . . . ¶ Loews Ciné; through Feb. 3.)

Sugar Hill—With Marki Bey, directed by Paul Maslansky. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; starting Feb. 6.)

Superdad—From the Disney studios, with Bob Crane and Barbara Rush, directed by Vincent McEveety. (Music Hall; starting Feb. 7.)

The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe—French burlesque, inky-shadowed and funny, about an unlistenable-to musician (Pierre Richard) with hectic hair suggesting Colette's. The hero is in the middle of a farce about a mini-rivalry between an intelligence chief and his deputy. Written by Yves Robert and Francis Véber, directed by M. Robert. Recommended for true quixotry. In French. (Cinema II.)

Ten from Your Show of Shows (1973)—A sampling of the hundred and sixty ninety-minute weekly shows produced and directed by Max Liebman from 1950 to 1954, starring Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca, with Carl Reiner and Howard Morris. A few of the skits are classic, and if you saw Caesar when you were young enough, maybe he'll always be the greatest clown for you. (New Yorker; Jan. 30.)

Teorema (1969)—Some people break up on lines like "You came to destroy me" and "I was living in a void," and they find Pasolini's platitudes and riddles and the Is-this-man-Christ-or-a-devil game ludicrously pretentious. Others profess to find spiritual sustenance in this movie. With Terence Stamp and Silvana Mangano. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 4-5.)

The Thin Man (1934)—Directed by the whirlwind W. S. Van Dyke, the Dashiell Hammett novel took only sixteen days to film, and it turned out to be one of the most popular comedies ever made. However, new audiences aren't likely to enjoy it as much as the public in 1934 did, because new audiences aren't fed up, as that public was, with what the picture broke away from. It started a new cycle (as well as a "Thin Man" series) by demonstrating that a murder mystery could also be a sophisticated comedy, and that a married couple—Nick and Nora Charles (she was based on Lillian Hellman)—could drink together, exchange insolent remarks, and have a good time. William Powell and Myrna Loy were the pair, and they delighted the country. A married couple, Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich, wrote the script; James Wong Howe did the shooting. The cast includes Maureen O'Sullivan, Cesar Romero, Minna Gambell, Harold Huber, Edward Brophy, Nat Pendleton, Edward Ellis (in the title role), and a famous wirehaired terrier, called Asta here. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Feb. 6.)

El Topo (1971)—A spaghetti Western in the style of Luis Buñuel, and tinsel all the way. The writer-director-star, Alexandro Jodorowsky, plays with symbols and ideas and enigmas so promiscuously that the confusion may be mistaken for depth. He has some feeling for pace and for sadistic comedy, but the principal appeal of the movie is as a violent fantasy—like head comics. (New Yorker; starting Jan. 31. No performances Feb. 4-6.)

A Touch of Class—Directed by Melvin Frank, written by Mr. Frank and Jack Rose. Glenda Jackson is a young divorced English dress designer with a wit that flickers like an anteater's tongue and a capacity to be wounded that the film's throwback to forties love-comedies doesn't manage to transmit. George Segal, showing a matching gift for sophisticated comedy, plays a flappy American. Mild, muddled fun. (Gramercy; starting Feb. 6.)

Trouble in Paradise (1932)—Lubitsch's favorite picture of his invigorating career. Herbert Marshall is a polished crook, and his beloved is Miriam Hopkins, as a sweet-faced international pickpocket; both are trying to fleece a beautiful widow (Kay Francis). There is a lot of comedy in the moonstruck but practical style of Lubitsch's lovers, and in the cryptic way Edward Everett Horton suddenly remembers Marshall's identity, saying, "Tonsils! Positively tonsils!" (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Jan. 31.)

Twentieth Century (1934)—John Barrymore in one of his best comedy roles—as an egomaniac theatrical producer—and Carole Lombard in the giddy, glamorous role that established her as a comedienne. Howard Hawks directed this great hardboiled farce, from Hecht and MacArthur's adaptation of the Bruce Milholland play. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 1-2.)

Two English Girls (1972)—François Truffaut tries for gaiety and gentleness and charm in this adaptation of the only other novel by Henri-Pierre Roché, the author of "Jules and Jim," but everything is muffled, almost repressed. The story is about the messed-up lives of two English sisters who love the same man—a Frenchman (Jean-Pierre Léaud, badly miscast). The picture is uncomfortable and, when it's over, unresolved yet emotionally affecting. A bewilderingly sad movie. In French. (Elgin; starting Feb. 7.)

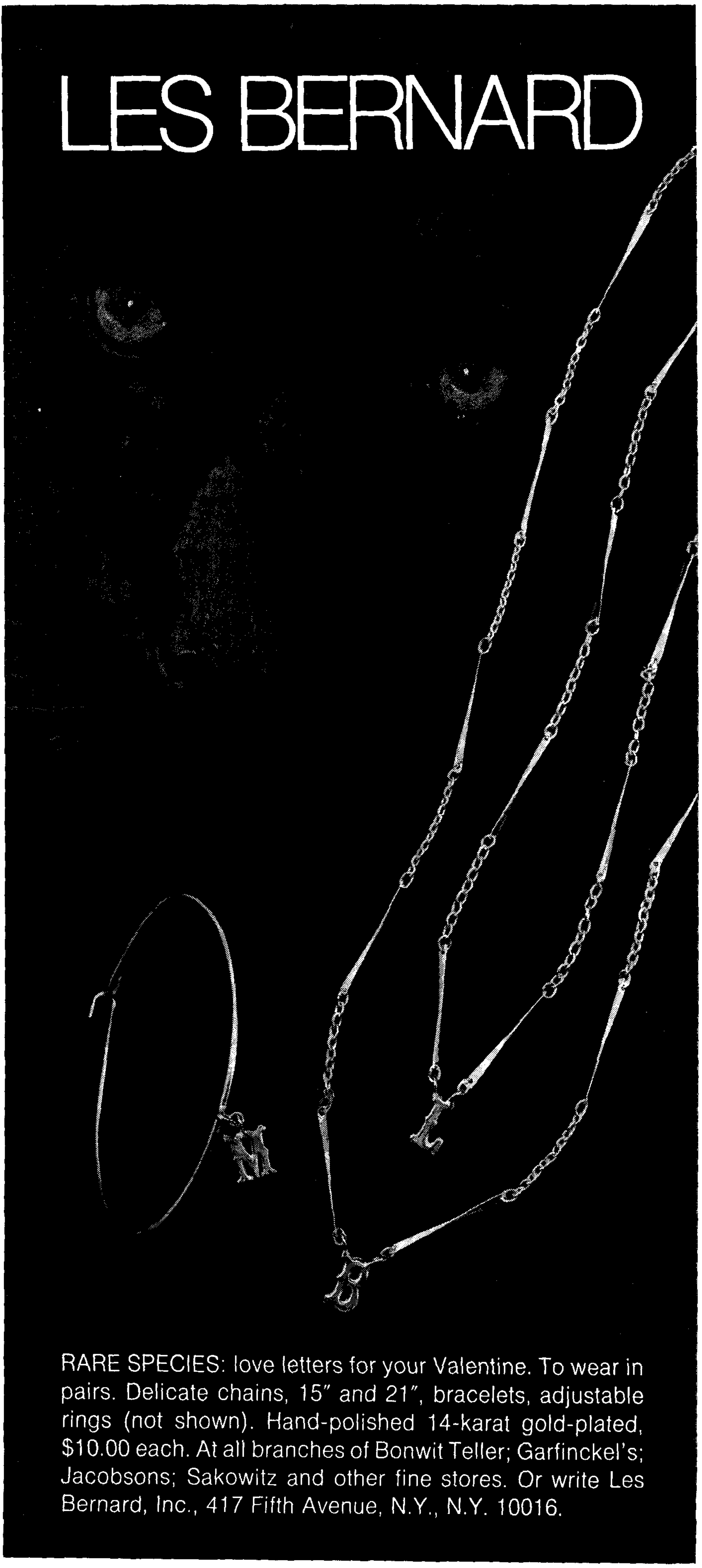
Vanishing Wilderness—A documentary. (Eastside Cinema, and Regency. . . . ¶ Guild. No performances Feb. 4-6. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Feb. 3.)

The Way We Were—Barbra Streisand plays a frizzy-haired Communist who's always sure she's right, and Robert Redford is a straw-haired jock from Virginia who wants to have a good time. The picture has some atrocious sequences set in Hollywood during the blacklisting troubles, but the romantic star chemistry of Streisand and Redford turns a half-terrible movie into hit entertainment—maybe even memorable entertainment. Sydney Pollack directed; from Arthur Laurents' novel. (East 59th Street I, and East 59th Street II. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Jan. 31. . . . ¶ 23rd St. Cinema; through Feb. 3. . . . ¶ Gramercy; Feb. 1-3. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting Feb. 6.)

Westworld—Michael Crichton wrote and directed this sci-fi movie; it's set in Delos, a Disneyland for adults, where vacationers can play out their movie-fed fantasies by living in total environments that simulate past ages—ancient Rome, the medieval world, or the West of the eighteen-eighties. Computer-programmed humanoids satisfy the guests' vanity and lust and aggression. The idea is ingenious, and the film might have been marvellous; it isn't (the movie has the skimped TV-movie look of a too-tight budget), but it's moderately entertaining, and the leads (Richard Benjamin and Yul Brynner) are far superior to the actors in the usual sci-fi films. With James Brolin. (Quad Cinema, Beacon, and Symphony; starting Feb. 1.)

Where's Poppa? (1970)—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose from his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't completely work—maybe because the mother has been made into a senile psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the satirical point gets confused. But it has so much energy and inventiveness that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and a charming ingénue, Trish Van Devere. (Olympia; starting Feb. 1.)

Zardoz—With Sean Connery, directed by John Boorman. (Trans-Lux East; starting Feb. 6.)


LES BERNARD

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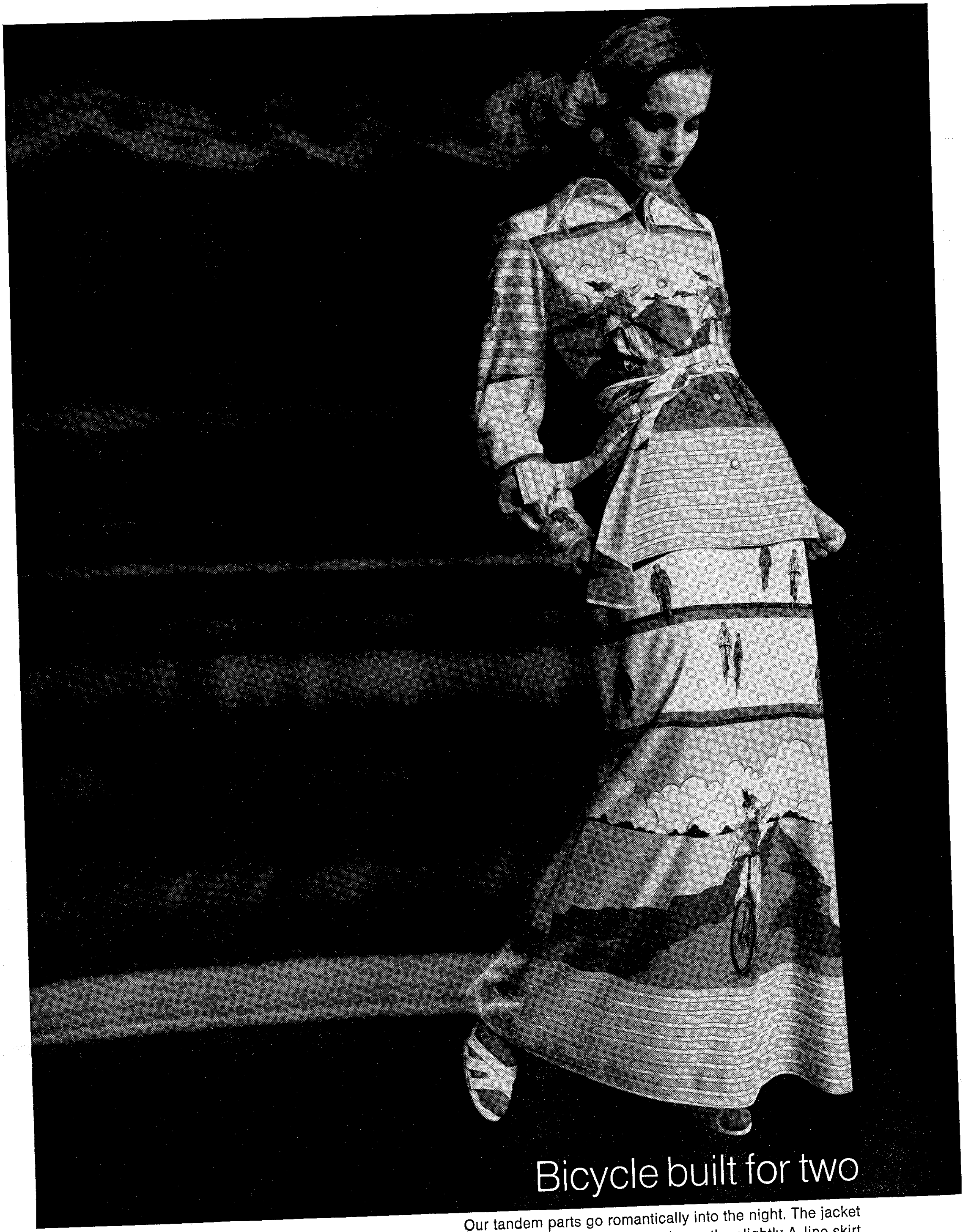


Our tandem parts go romantically into the night. The jacket is softly belted over the slightly A-line skirt. And the old fashioned cycles run in multicolors on white acetate jersey. For 6 to 16 sizes, $65. Blouse Collections. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores.

Saks Fifth Avenue

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

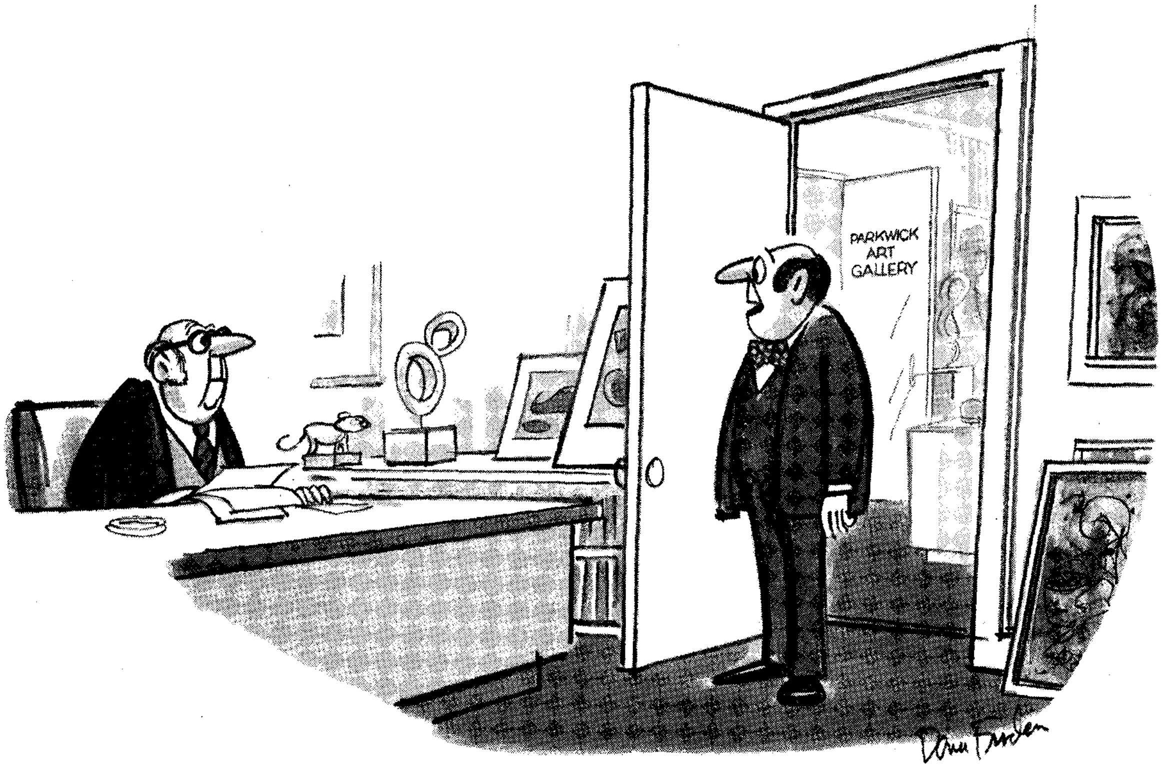
TO anyone who happens to be interested in the varieties of facts and alleged facts, the White House scandals have turned out to be an inexhaustible source of new and striking specimens. There have been "offensives," "operations," and other military maneuvers carried out by means of facts; there have been facts that disintegrated as soon as they were looked at; and there have been facts that broke down like cars on the road and became inoperative. Last week, we all had our first introduction to still another species of fact—the Unrevealed Fact. Senator Hugh Scott said on television that he knew of facts that would "exculpate" the President. But Scott wasn't saying what the facts were. The distinguishing mark of the Unrevealed Fact is that it is launched into the world in an incorporeal state. Two days later, Vice-President Ford picked up Scott's theme. He, too, knew of the amazing facts. But Ford, unlike Scott, had not himself inspected them. "I haven't had time to read the information," he explained. Ordinary facts are straightforward things. An Unrevealed Fact acts upon the world circuitously. It is known only to a few initiates, who then bring the rest of us the good or bad news. Ordinary facts are brash. Unrevealed Facts are shy and mysterious. But they can be powerful. They can permeate the atmosphere with their occult influence. The ones that Senator Scott has seen are alleged to have the power to move a mountain of wrongdoing and release the whole nation from its torment. They could do for our President what almost a year of information in the public realm has been unable to do. The facts on the record betray him, but the Unrevealed Facts exculpate him, and he stands blameless in their miraculous, forgiving glow.

On the Street

VINCENT TAYLOR, a native of Trinidad who came to New York seven years ago, is a street musician who can attract a crowd just by unpacking his instrument. Taylor is a virtuoso on the double tenor steel piano pans, which are often mistakenly referred to as "steel drums." The mistake is understandable, since the pans are made from the steel tops of empty oil drums (which are numerous these days). The instrument is played with wooden mallets, and it is actually much closer to the marimba, or even to the glockenspiel, than to the snare drum or the bass drum. Steel instruments of this type originated in the West Indies after the Second World War. Most West Indian musicians—even those from other islands—agree that the first man to make beautiful music with the tops of empty oil drums was a Trinidadian named Ellie Mannette, who created his first instrument in 1947. Within a few years, there were "steel bands" all over the island, and the sound quickly spread throughout the Caribbean.

Vincent Taylor, who was born in 1944, grew up with the new music. In his early teens, he apprenticed himself to a professional bandleader, who taught him not only how to play steel instruments but also how to make them. The tenor pans that Taylor trundles around Manhattan in a big black case took him about six weeks to make. This is how he did it: First, he drove out to New Jersey and bought a couple of brand-new steel barrels (the fifty-five-gallon size). Then he cut off the tops with an electric saw, leaving a five-inch rim all around. Then he took a hammer and a metal punch (a kind of chisel with a blunt end) and laboriously pounded each steel top until it bellied down into a smooth, bowllike curve, about five inches deep in the center. When a concave metal surface like this is suspended in the air and struck with a wooden mallet, different areas reverberate at different frequencies. For "fine tuning," Taylor wielded the hammer and punch with greater precision, forming a pattern of dents and bumps that divided the surface into particular "notes." When he was finished, the double tenor pans could reproduce three octaves of the piano keyboard. Taylor also made his own mallets—wooden dowels nine inches long with fat rubber bands wound tightly around the striking ends.

One day last week, just before noon, Taylor unpacked his instrument on the north side of Forty-second Street, opposite Bryant Park. A crowd of about twenty people gathered to watch as he suspended each steel pan between a pair of chromium cymbal stands (the only part of his gear that he did not make himself). Then he put an empty tissue box on top of his carrying case, picked



"That Japanese consortium is on the phone. They want to know if we'd like to buy some of it back."

• •

up a mallet in each hand, and started to play.

Taylor has a varied repertoire, which runs from the classical (Chopin's "Bolero" and Tchaikovsky's "None but the Lonely Heart"), through standard calypso ("Yellow Bird" and "Marianne"), to Broadway show tunes ("Maria" and "The Impossible Dream"). He also plays his own compositions, which he is in the process of copyrighting. But no matter what he plays the tone is always bright and gay—an irresistible blend of rinky-tink piano, harpsichord, and harp. Passers-by stop in mid-stride and look around to see where the strange music is coming from. Some people push to the front of the crowd, stare at Taylor in disbelief, and push their way out again. But most remain for five or ten minutes, and there is always a hard core of admirers who (like the wedding guest in "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner") seem to have forgotten completely about the important errands they were on. From time to time, someone in the audience steps forward and drops money into the tissue box—a couple of nickels, a quarter, a dollar bill or two.

After playing non-stop for nearly an hour, Taylor took a brief break, and we asked him how much money he makes during a good day on the street. He said, "About twenty-five dollars. Maybe thirty on a *very* good day."

A very good day for a street musician means warm, sunny weather and no trouble with the police. While there is no law against playing music on the street, there *is* a law against obstructing traffic. Taylor has been arrested *only once* (the judge dismissed the case), but he is periodically told to pack up his instrument and move on. When this happens, he usually moves to one of his other favorite spots around town, such as the northwest corner of Fortieth Street and Fifth Avenue or the plaza in front of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Like most street musicians, Taylor would just as soon be playing indoors in a sold-out hall. He has done a few club dates and concerts, and a couple of television commercials, and he entertains at private parties (for twenty-five dollars an hour) when he gets the chance. In lean times, he supports himself by driving a cab or a limousine. He keeps hoping that his constant exposure on the street will lead to a "big break" of some kind. In the meantime, he feels that he is doing his part—along with a handful of fellow West Indians who play steel instruments on the street—to acquaint a whole new audience with the music of his native island. (How many New Yorkers know that the legendary Ellie Mannette, the father of the steel band, lives on the lower East Side and still makes instruments, for other musicians and for schools across the country?)

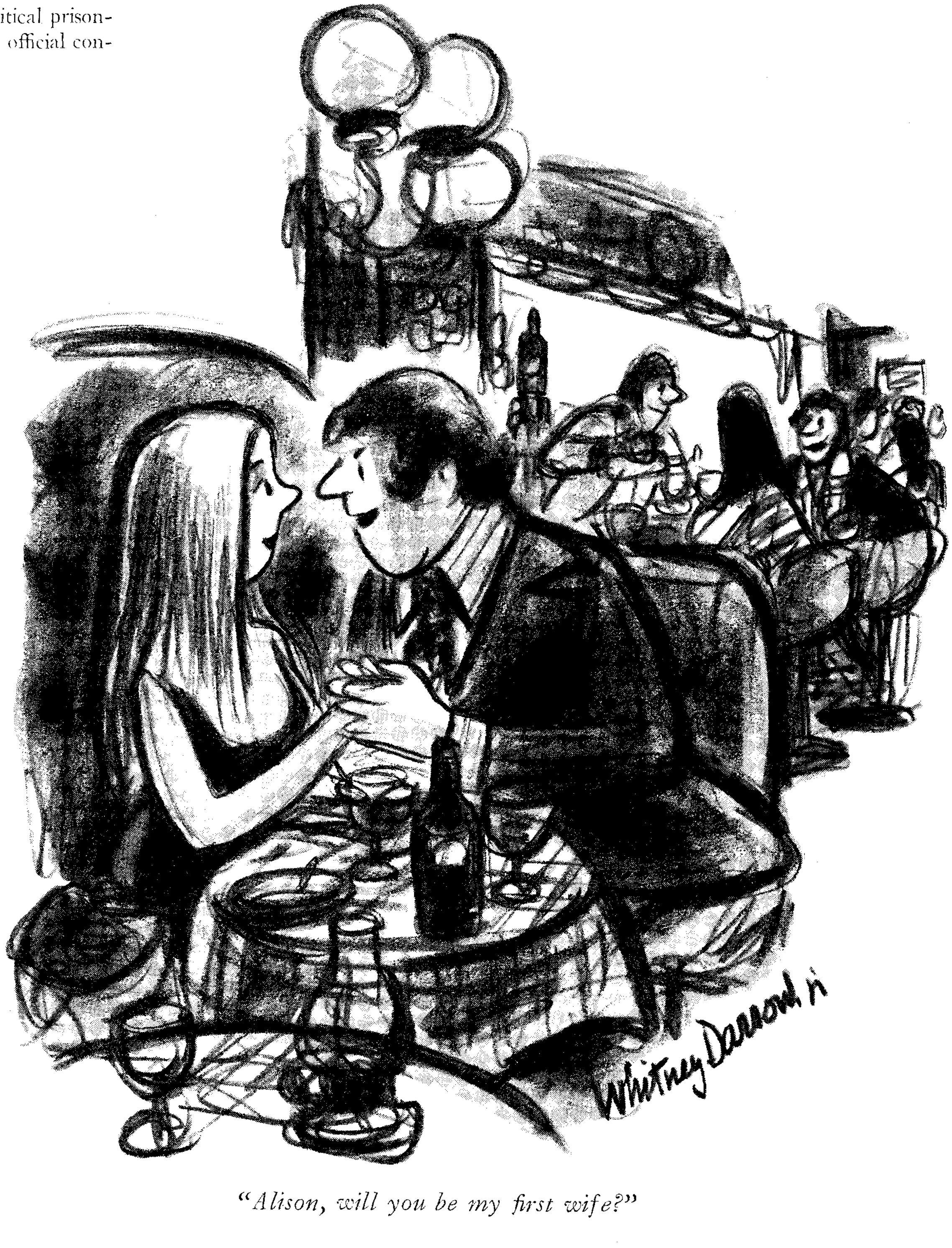
Taylor is also convinced that playing on the street is making him "a better player." "Some artists *couldn't* perform on the street," he says. "They don't have the social confidence. The whole atmosphere on the street is different. It's a much harder audience. In the theatre, people come just to hear you; they're all ready to be pleased. On the street, you have to be exquisite enough to make them stop and listen."

An Arrest

OUR friend Maris Cakars committed an act of civil disobedience some weeks ago and got arrested for it. Normally, that wouldn't be anything to make a fuss over, since Mr. Cakars is a radical pacifist who gets arrested for acts of civil disobedience with some regularity. What makes this a man-bites-dog story is that he was in the Soviet Union at the time. He was arrested for distributing leaflets at GUM, the big Moscow department store, and the cops involved were from the K.G.B., not from the F.B.I. or the N.Y.P.D. Cakars gave us a rundown on his Moscow adventures when we had lunch with him the other day, and we'll get to that in a moment. First, some background on the teller of the tale. Maris Cakars was born in Latvia in 1942, spent a couple of years in displaced-persons camps in Germany, and moved to Long Island with his parents after the war. Then came some ups and downs, the latter including a bout with heroin, from which he was saved by the stabilizing influences of the peace movement and of Susan Kent, now Susan Cakars. (Their son, Janis, is almost two.) Cakars is the editor of *Win*, a magazine that is loosely affiliated with the War Resisters League. He changed *Win* from a thirty-five-cent biweekly, published on the lower East Side, to a twenty-cent weekly, published out of a barn in Rifton, New York, near New Paltz. *Win* survived the nineteen-sixties in good health (its circulation is now six thousand, an all-time high), because, unlike many other radical publications, it never lost its love of fun and it resisted the craze for romantic violence and Maoist doublethink. Mr. Cakars has long dark-blond hair and a full beard. He has a broad, humorous Slavic face, with small, faintly Mongol eyes, and his body is shaped like a can of beer.

Cakars was in Moscow because the Russians were holding one of their periodic World Peace Congresses and had decided, in the spirit of détente, to include a few non-Communist Party types among the three thousand or so delegates. Cakars and Grace Paley, the short-story writer, represented the War Resisters League. They went in order to put in a word on behalf of Soviet dissidents and political prisoners, which, in the course of official congress meetings, they did. We'll let Cakars take it from there.

"I had picked up this stack of leaflets—they were Russian translations of an ad that ran in the *Times* during Brezhnev's visit—at the W.R.L. office in New York on the way to the plane, and I didn't think twice about it, because I figured they'd be seized by customs in Moscow and that would be the end of that. But no, it didn't work out that way. They didn't search us; they just waved us through customs. I didn't think much about the leaflets for the duration of the congress, but toward the end I decided that the worst thing I could do would be just to leave them in my hotel room, because then I'd go down on a blacklist without accomplishing anything at all.



"Alison, will you be my first wife?"

"Now, in Moscow, GUM is the place to be. The crowds there are terrific. It's like Macy's and the Essex Street Market combined. All these little stalls off to the sides—it looks like private enterprise. Only it's not, of course. There's a terrible shortage of political material in the Soviet Union. At the congress, if anybody ever showed up with any kind of leaflets to give out he was mobbed—just the opposite of the way it is in the U.S., where you try to avoid all these people with the latest correct line on everything.

"I didn't want to get arrested, and I was too chicken to hand the leaflets out one by one. My plan was to put them in men's rooms. I stuffed my jacket pockets full of leaflets and put my overcoat on, and waddled out of the hotel and over to GUM. I looked like a very fat person. So I'm wandering around GUM with my overcoat buttoned up, looking for a men's room. I'd researched how you write 'toilet' in Cyrillic. I'm wandering and wandering, and I can't find a goddam men's room. Then I decided I'd just leave the leaflets discreetly here and there in bunches, and split. I left one bunch on a staircase, while I was there alone for a moment, and another on a counter. I got rid of most of them, but I still had a few left, and I saw an ideal spot. It was a box with a fire hose in it, just beneath a wall display of commemorative buttons. I wait, but there's always somebody around, and I'm sure there are thousands of eyes on me.

"Finally, I say the hell with it, and I start walking out the exit, which is right nearby. Suddenly, another door opens and three men come out in a big hurry. Uh-oh. I just keep walking, but they yell 'Stop!' at me in Russian. I don't know how you say 'stop' in Russian, but I got their meaning. I made it through the first set of doors, but before I got to the outside doors there was a hand on my shoulder. I thought, This is it, and suddenly I stopped being nervous and a sort of transcendental peace came over me, the way it always does when I'm in the hands of the authorities."

"Maybe you'd have got into trouble if you'd handed out leaflets in a department store in this country, too," we said.

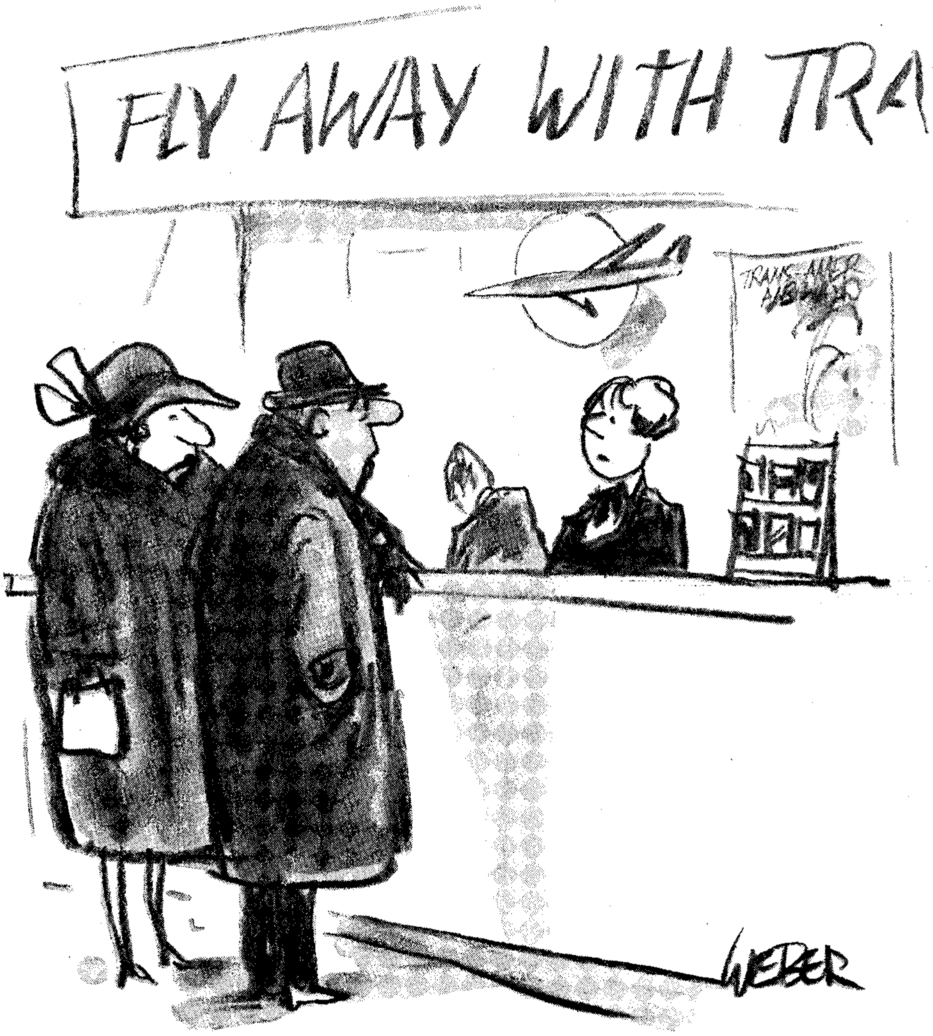
"Maybe, but I didn't think those distinctions applied," Cakars said. "Over there, it's illegal to hand out leaflets denouncing the state no matter where you do it, so I went for the biggest crowds. Anyway, these guys took me to a little office that they had right there in the building. I had my I.D. from the congress, but none of them spoke any English, and I speak half a dozen words of Russian. They didn't speak Latvian, either; I tried. They made a couple of phone calls, and then they heaved me up and pushed me and pulled me through the people at GUM, who must have thought I'd been caught stealing a TV or something. They hustled me through the store, out the door, and through the snow and the mud to a conveniently located police station across the street. I relaxed when I saw the police station, because it was just like home. There was a drunk tank in the corner, with a couple of guys sleeping it off, and there were all these miserable people trying to get information out of bored cops who couldn't care less.

"They took me into an office, and we sat there for forty-five minutes waiting for someone to show up who could deal with a problem of this magnitude. They didn't have handcuffs; they just held my wrists very firmly at all times. There was one guy who spoke a little German, and we passed the time in small talk—'Are you married? Any kids? What ages?' There was only one tense moment. I asked for a drink, and this guy pours a glass of water and comes up to me, and just as he gets to me he makes a little detour and pours it into the flowerpot. I thought, O.K., rubber hoses are next, but he relented and got me a drink. I was prepared at that moment to spend a month or two in prison. It would have been kind of foolish of them to do it, but it seemed possible. I was also a little worried about my Latvian birth. I thought they might decide I was one of their own and entitled to the real punishment. For a Soviet citizen, what I did would be good for maybe five years in a labor camp. Siberia I *wasn't* ready for.

"Two very sharp-looking young guys who spoke English showed up and chased everybody else out. They were obviously a better class of policeman—upper-class, in fact. The guys that arrested me were working-class guys with fat hands. These sharp-looking guys started asking me questions about where I'd left the leaflets, and they had me draw a map of the store to show where I'd left them. I was completely coöperative, because I figured I'd really cook my goose if I left anything out. I embarked on my dumb act, where you say things like 'Oh, *I* didn't know there was a law against that. Gee! I certainly wouldn't want to offend the Soviet state!' They weren't writing anything down. Maybe they were taping it, but it seemed kind of informal. The main thing they spent a lot of time on was counting the leaflets. Both guys had to count them—each one twice. There were seventy-one.

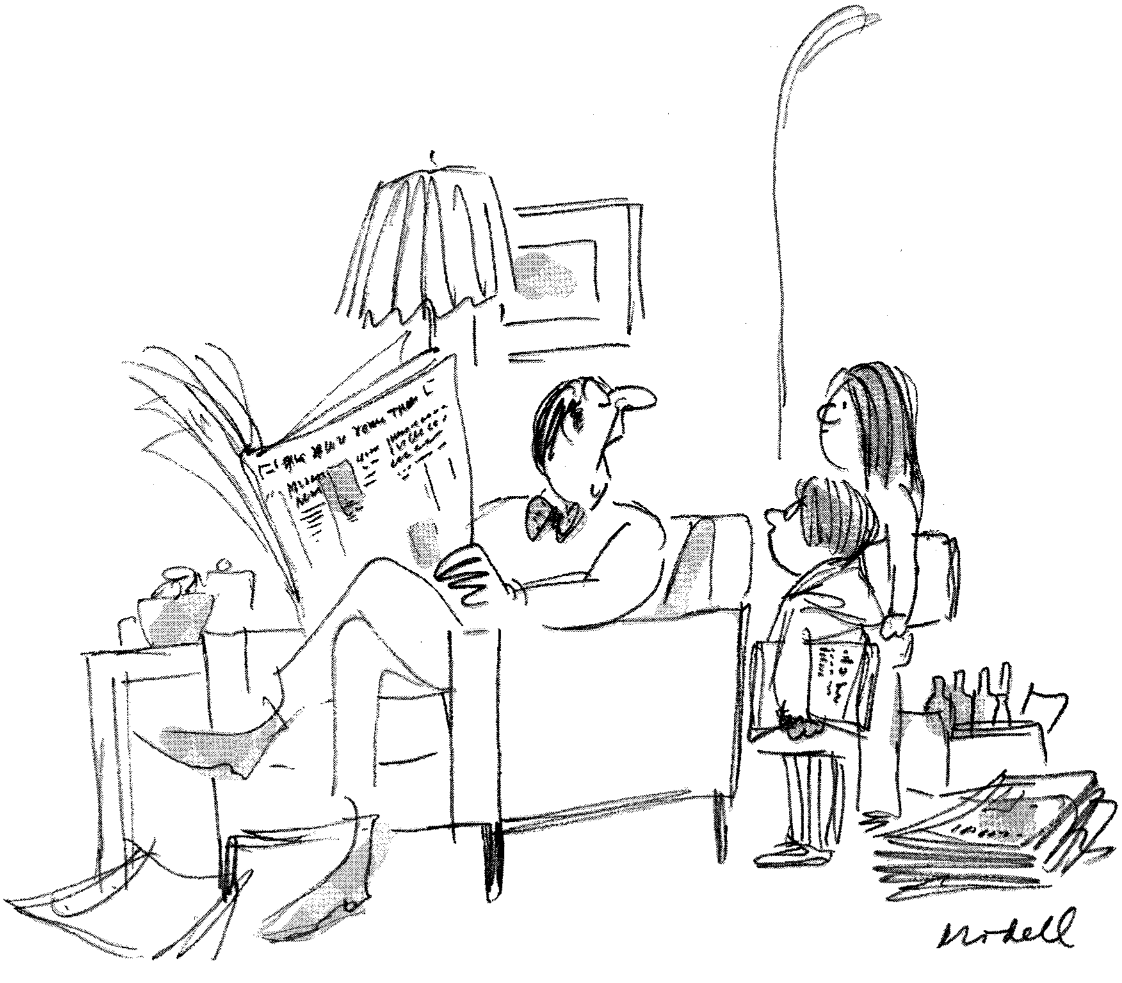
"Then all sorts of others started arriving. It was a fairly small room, and it started filling up with important people with important things to say. The phones start ringing, and everybody's talking away in Russian, and I'm just sitting there in the corner, completely forgotten. I asked them if they were policemen or just concerned citizens, but I never did find out precisely who they were. Finally, they threw me out of the room, because I was taking up too much space. They put me across the hall with the guy who had poured the water into the flowerpot. He was friendly by then, though.

"Finally, a select collection of heavies, including the Russian liaison man with our W.R.L. delegation, showed up, and we started working on a statement for me to sign. We worked on it for a long time, getting the addresses of all the police officials involved and a lot of other such information that struck me as completely irrelevant. Then we got to the part where we had to mention the leaflet. The title of the



"We've tried sun, surf, and sand. Do you have anything in the way of darkness, dankness, and despair?"

leaflet was 'On the Occasion of Brezhnev's Visit—American Dissenters Demand Amnesty for Dissenters in Communist Countries.' We must have spent fifteen or twenty minutes worrying over that one. The problem was that they didn't want to sully Brezhnev's name by having it part of the statement. The solution was to call the leaflet 'Reprinted from the New York *Times* of June 24, 1973.' That was a little line of type across the top. I kept waiting for us to get to the meat of the statement, where I recant and confess my right-opportunist revisionist tendencies, but it never came. The whole thing was very factual. It was just a question of my admitting that I had voluntarily turned over seventy-one leaflets to the authorities. I signed the statement, and that was it. They said, 'Here's your passport. Go home.' Some of the police officers were obviously angry at me, but as far as the official response was concerned, I can't complain. If I were treated that way every time I got arrested in this country, it would be fine with me. And I probably *would* be treated that way if I were a visiting Soviet dignitary."


"I'm still reading it. When I'm finished, *then* you can recycle it."

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OVERHEARD at the Metropolitan Museum's current exhibition of historic dresses by great designers like Chanel, Poiret, and Vionnet, one almost-twenty-year-old girl in blue-jeans to another: "Now I understand what my mother must mean when she says, 'Why don't you get yourself some *clothes*?' "

La Dolce Vita

THE Rainbow Room, God bless it, is the only room left in New York that looks like the night clubs in all the old movies. Maybe it *is* an old movie. We dusted up there in the soup-and-fish last week for the Opening Night Gala of Italian Fortnight II (which is going to last a fortnight plus twelve, of course), and found ourself consuming *antipasti freddi e caldi* in the company of an old curmudgeon and a couple of gilded grapes from out West.

The gilded young man said, "You just can't swim in the Mediterranean anymore, and only fifteen years ago it was as pure as pure."

The gilded young woman said, "We're talking about a mutual friend who lost ten million in the market last week."

The curmudgeon said, "I thought anyone could do that these days."

Giuseppe, our captain, introduced himself and deftly uncorked a bottle of Orvieto. He is one of nine Italian Line waiter captains who have been flown in for the Fortnight. There was one captain for every three tables. There was also an agreeable plenitude of waiters and busboys—lighting cigarettes, replacing ashtrays, and always quietly at one's elbow.

The gilded young woman said, "Whenever we went in to dinner on that round-the-world cruise, Mumsie always said, 'It's all been paid for. *Eat!*' But I was fifteen, and all I wanted was one lamb chop and some peas."

The gilded young man asked the old curmudgeon what he did with his weekends.

"I'm a Seventh Day Atheist" was the reply.

During the *tenerello di bove, cantachiaro*, et seq., Ambassador Angier Biddle Duke, the city's new official greeter, presented a key to the city to Dino De Laurentiis, the producer of "Serpico;" a baritone from La Scala sang several numbers; and the Gruppo Folkloristico Scialapopolo from Capri did a brightly colored production number. "From 'The Buttered Bride,' I think," said the curmudgeon, ordering a couple of brandies Alexander.

We walked to the front of the room to look over the crowd and to inspect an altarpiece that featured a sassy sugar swan, a chocolate tree trunk and two chocolate axes, and a Roman temple with architraves made of sugar cubes. The temple was stuffed with bonbons. The crowd was a large and dressy group, and we heard a great deal of Roman being spoken.

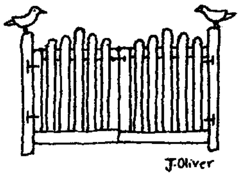
Returning to our table, we found the gilded grapes deep in a discussion of the Oberoi chain of hotels in India. The curmudgeon polished off his second brandy Alexander and then polished off the youngsters. "Shall we all unmask?" he asked them.

HANKA

THIS trip made little sense from the start. First, it didn't pay financially to leave New York and my work for two and a half months to go to Argentina for a lecture tour; second, I should have taken an airplane instead of wasting my time on a ship for eighteen days. But I had signed the contract and accepted a first-class round-trip ticket on La Plata from my impresario, Chazkel Poliva. That summer, the heat lasted into October. On the day I embarked, the thermometer registered ninety degrees. I was always assailed by premonitions and phobias before a trip: I would get sick; the ship would sink; some other calamity would occur. An inner voice warned me, Don't go! However, if I had made a practice of acting on these premonitions, I would not have come to America but would have perished in Nazi-occupied Poland.

As it happened, I was provided with all possible comforts. My cabin looked like a salon, with two square windows, a sofa, a desk, and pictures on the walls. The bathroom had both a tub and a shower stall. The number of passengers was small, mostly Latin Americans, and the service staff was large. In the dining room I had a special wine steward, who promptly filled my glass each time I took a sip of wine. A band of five musicians played at lunch and dinner. Every second day the captain gave a cocktail party. But for some reason I could not make any acquaintances on this ship. The few passengers who spoke English kept to themselves. The men, all young six-foot giants, played shuffleboard and cavorted in the swimming pool. The women were too tall and too athletic for my taste. In the evening, they all danced or sat at the bar, drinking and smoking. I made up my mind that I would remain isolated, and it seemed that others sensed my decision. No one spoke a word to me. I began to wonder if by some magic I had become one who sees and is not seen. After a while, I stopped attending the cocktail parties and I asked that my meals be served in my cabin. In Trinidad and in Brazil, where the ship stopped for a day, I walked around alone. I had taken little to read with me, because I was sure that the ship would have a library. But it consisted of a single glass-doored bookcase with some fifty or so volumes in Spanish and perhaps a dozen in English—all moldy travel books printed a hundred years ago. This bookcase was kept locked, and each time I wanted to exchange a book there was a commotion about who had the key; I would be sent from one member of the staff to the other. Eventually, an officer with epaulets would write down my name, the number of my stateroom, the titles and authors of my books. This took him at least fifteen minutes.

When the ship approached the equator, I stopped going out on deck in the daytime. The sun burned like a flame. The days had shortened and night came swiftly. One moment it was light, the next it was dark. The sun did not set but fell into the water like a meteor. Late in the evening when I went out briefly, a hot wind slapped my face. From the ocean came a roar of passions that seemed to have broken through all barriers: "We must procreate and multiply! We must exhaust all the powers of lust!" The waves glowed like lava, and I imagined I could see multitudes of living beings—algae, whales, sea monsters—revelling in an orgy, from the surface to the bottom of the sea. Immortality was the law here. The whole planet raged with animation. At times, I heard my name in the clamor: the spirits of the abyss calling me to join them in their nocturnal dance.



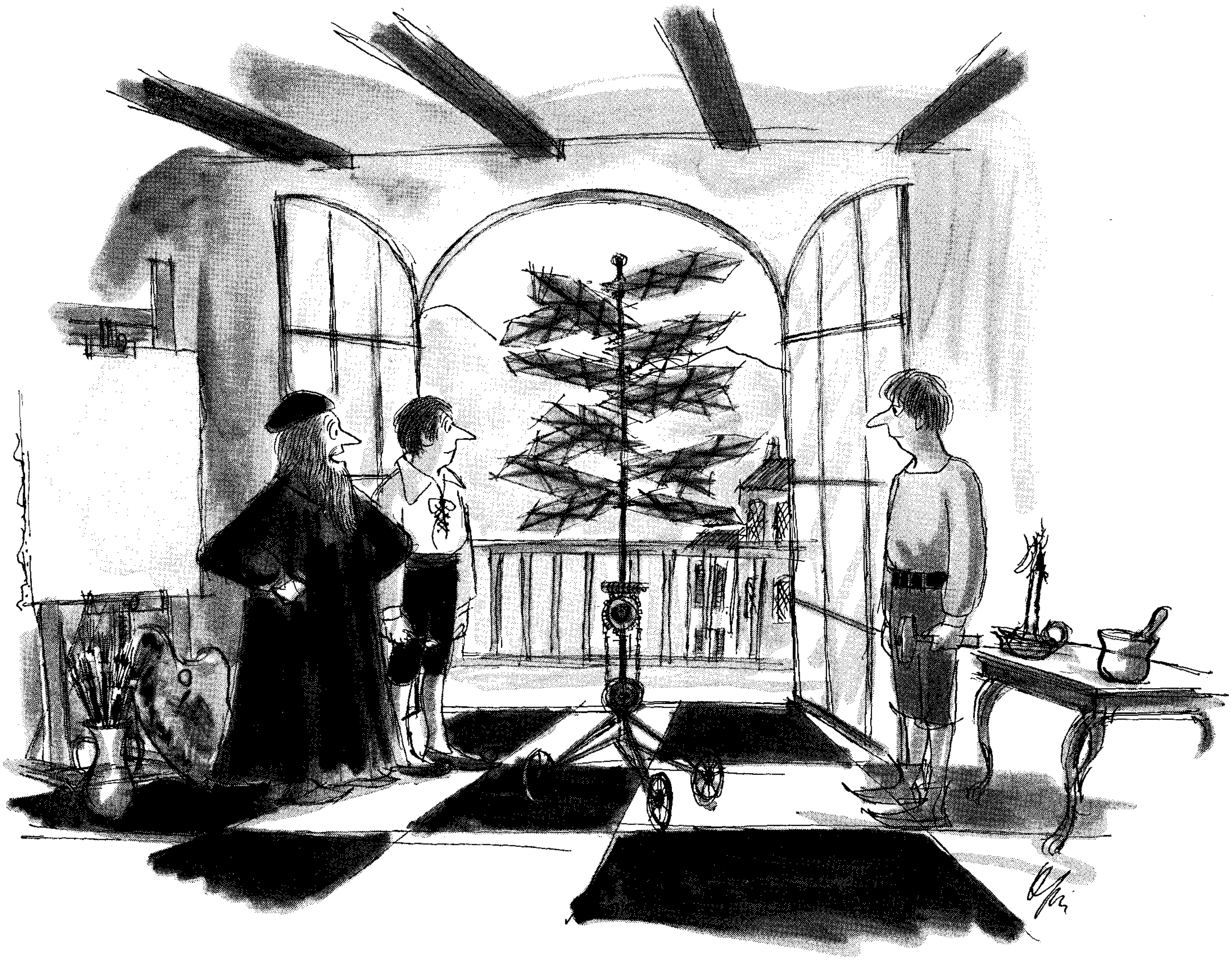
In Buenos Aires I was met by Chazkel Poliva—a short, round person—and a young woman who introduced herself as my relative. Her name was Hanka and she was, she said, a great-granddaughter of my Aunt Yentel from her first husband. Actually Hanka was not my relative, because my Uncle Aaron was Yentel's third husband. Hanka was petite, lean, and had a head of pitch-black hair, full lips, and eyes as black as onyx. She wore a dark dress and a black, broad-brimmed hat. She could have been thirty or thirty-five. Hanka immediately told me that in Warsaw someone had hidden her on the Aryan side—the way she was saved from the Nazis. She was a dancer, she said, but even before she told me I saw it in the muscles of her calves. I asked her where she danced and she replied, "At Jewish affairs and at my own troubles."

Chazkel Poliva took us in his car to the Hotel Cosmopolitan on Junín Street, which was once famous as the main street of the red-light district. Poliva said that the neighborhood had been cleaned up and all the literati now stayed in this hotel. The three of us ate supper in a restaurant on Corrientes Avenue, and Chazkel Poliva handed me a schedule covering my four weeks in Argentina. I was to lecture in Buenos Aires at the Théâtre Soleil and at the Jewish Community Center, and also I was to go to Rosario, Mar del Plata, and to the Jewish colonies in Moisés Ville and in Entre Ríos. The Warsaw Society, the Yiddish section of the P.E.N. Club, the journalists of the newspaper that published my articles, and a number of Yiddish schools were all preparing receptions.

When Poliva was alone with me for a moment, he asked, "Who is this woman? She says that she dances at Jewish affairs, but I've never seen her anywhere. While we were waiting for you, I suggested that she give me her address and telephone number in case I needed to get in touch with her, but she refused. Who is she?"

"I really don't know."

Chazkel Poliva had another engagement that evening and left us after dinner. I wanted to pay the bill—why should he pay for a woman who was supposed to be my relative?—but he would not permit it. I noticed that Hanka ate nothing—she had only a glass of wine. She accompanied me back to the hotel. It was not long after Perón had been ousted, and Argentina was in the midst of a political and perhaps economic crisis. Buenos Aires, it seemed, was short of electricity. The streets were dimly lit. Here and there a gendarme patrolled, carrying a machine gun. Hanka took my arm and we walked through Corrientes Avenue. I couldn't see any physical resemblance in her to my Aunt Yentel, but she had her style of talking: she jumped from one subject to another, confused names, places, dates. She asked me, "Is this your first visit to Argentina? Here the climate is crazy and so are the people. In Warsaw there was spring fever; here one fevers all year round. When it's hot, you melt from the heat. When the rains begin, the cold eats into your bones. It is actually one big jungle. The cities are oases in the pampas. For years, the pimps and whores controlled the Jewish immigrants. Later, they were excommunicated and had to build a synagogue and acquire a cemetery of their own. The Jews who came here after the Holocaust are lost creatures. How is it that they don't translate you into Spanish? When did you last see my great-grandmother Yentel? I didn't know her, but she left me as an inheritance a chain with a locket that was perhaps two hundred years old. I sold it for bread. Here is your hotel. If you're not tired, I'll go up with you for a while."



"*Well, let's toss it out the window and see if it flies.*"

• •

We took the elevator to the sixth floor. From childhood, I have had a liking for balconies; there was one outside my room and we went there directly. There were few high constructions in Buenos Aires, so we could see a part of the city. I brought out two chairs and we sat down. Hanka was saying, "You must wonder why I came to meet you. As long as I had near relatives—a father, a mother, a brother, a sister—I did not appreciate them. Now that they are all ashes I am yearning for relatives, no matter how distant. I read the Yiddish press. You often mention your Aunt Yentel in your stories. Did she really tell you all those weird tales? You probably make them up. In my own life, things happened that cannot possibly be told. I am alone, completely alone."

"A young woman does not have to be alone."

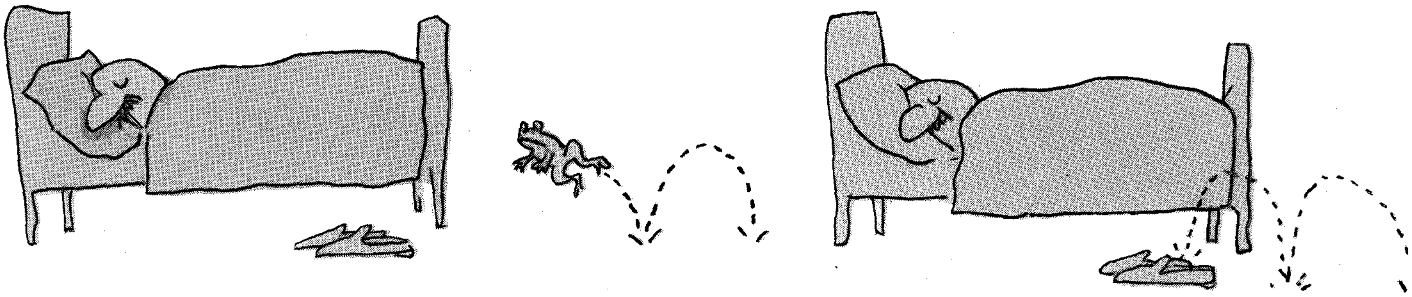
"Just words. There are circumstances when you are torn away like a leaf from a tree and no power can attach you again. The wind carries you from your roots. There's a name for it in Hebrew, but I've forgotten."

"*Na-v'nad*—a fugitive and a wanderer."

"That's it."

I EXPECTED that I would have a short affair with Hanka. But when I tried to embrace her she seemed to shrink in my arms. I kissed her and her lips were cold. She said, "I can understand you—you are a man. You will find plenty of women here if you look for them. You will find them even if you don't look. But you are a normal person, not a necrophile. I belong to an exterminated tribe and we are not material for sex."

My lecture at the Théâtre Soleil having been postponed for some days, Hanka promised to return the next evening. I asked for her telephone number and she said that her telephone was out of order. In Buenos Aires, when something is broken you can wait months until it is repaired. Before she left, Hanka told me almost casually that while she was looking for relatives in Buenos Aires she had found a second cousin of mine—Jechiel, who had changed his name to Julio. Jechiel was the son of my granduncle Avigdor. I had met Jechiel twice—once in the village of Tishewitz, and the second time in Warsaw, where he came for medical treatment. Jechiel was about ten years older than I—tall, darkish, and emaciated. I remembered that he suffered from tuberculosis and that Uncle Avigdor had brought him to Warsaw to see a lung specialist. I had felt sure that Jechiel did not survive the Holocaust, and now I heard that he was alive and in Argentina. Hanka gave me some details. He came to Argentina with a wife and a daughter, but he divorced his wife and married a Frampol girl whom he met in a concentration camp. He became a peddler—a knocker, as they were called in Buenos Aires. His new wife was illiterate and was afraid to go out of the house by herself. She hadn't learned a word of Spanish. When she needed to go to the grocery for a loaf of bread or for potatoes, Jechiel had to accompany her. Lately, Jechiel had been



suffering from asthma and had to give up his peddling. He was living on a pension—what kind of a pension Hanka did not know: perhaps from the city or from some charitable society.

I was tired after the long day, and the moment Hanka left I fell onto the bed in my clothes and slept. After a few hours, I awoke and went out onto the balcony. It was strange to be in a country thousands of miles from my present home. In America fall was approaching; in Argentina it was spring. It had rained while I slept, and Junín Street glistened. Old houses lined the street; its stalls were shuttered with iron bars. I could see the rooftops and parts of the brick walls of buildings in adjoining streets. Here and there a reddish light glimmered in a window. Was someone sick? Had someone died? In Warsaw, when I was a boy, I often heard gruesome tales about Buenos Aires: a pimp would carry a poor girl, an orphan, away to this wicked city and try to seduce her with baubles and promises, and, if she did not give in, with blows, tearing her hair and sticking pins into her fingers. Our neighbor Basha used to talk about this with my sister Hinda. Basha would say, "What could the girl do? They took her away on a ship and kept her in chains. She had already lost her innocence. She was sold into a brothel and she had to do what she was told. Sooner or later she got a little worm in her blood, and with this she could not live long. After seven years of disgrace, her hair and teeth fell out, her nose rotted away, and the play was over. Since she was defiled, they buried her behind the fence." I remember my sister's asking, "Alive?"

Now Warsaw was destroyed and I found myself in Buenos Aires, in the neighborhood where misfortunes like this were supposed to have taken place. Basha and my sister Hinda were both dead, and I was not a small boy but a middle-aged writer who had come to Argentina to spread culture.

It rained all the next day. Perhaps for the same reason that there was a shortage of electricity, the telephones didn't work properly—a man would be speaking to me in Yiddish when suddenly I was listening to a female laughing and screaming in Spanish. In the evening Hanka came. We could not go out into the street, so I ordered supper from room service. I asked Hanka what she wanted to eat and she said, "Nothing."

"What do you mean by nothing?"

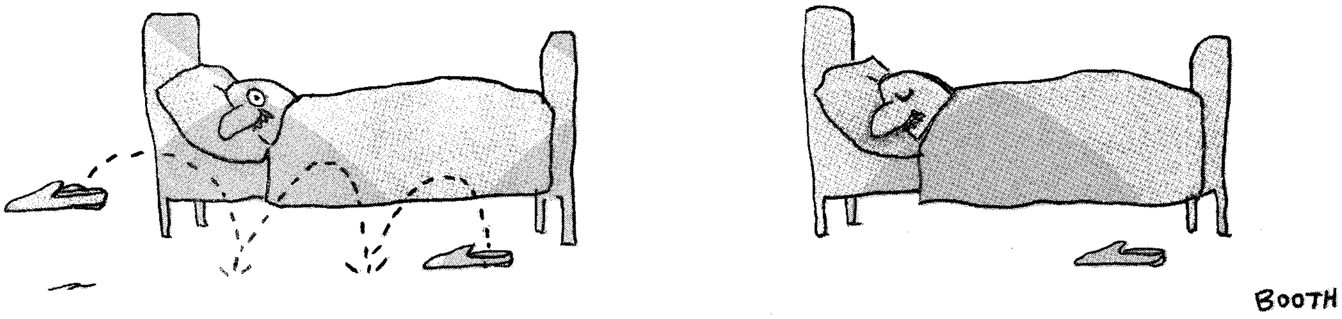
"A glass of tea."

I didn't listen to her and I ordered a meat supper for her and a vegetarian platter for myself. I ate everything; Hanka barely touched the food on her plate. Like Aunt Yentel, she spewed forth stories.

"They knew in the whole house that he was hiding a Jewish girl. The tenants certainly knew. The Aryan side teemed with *szmalcownicy*—this is what they were called—who extorted the last penny from Jews to protect them and then denounced them to the Nazis. My Gentile—Andrzej was his name—had no money. Any minute, someone could have notified the Gestapo and we would have all been shot—I, Andrzej, Stasiek, his son, and Maria, his wife. What am I saying? Shooting was considered light punishment. We would have been tortured. All the tenants would have paid with their lives for that crime. I often told him, 'Andrzej, my dear, you have done enough. I don't want to bring disaster on all of you.' But he said, 'Don't go, don't go. I cannot send you away to your death. Perhaps there is a God after all.' I was hidden in an alcove without a window, and they put a clothes closet at the door to conceal the entrance. They removed a board from the back of the closet and through it they passed my food and, forgive me, they took out the chamber pot. When I extinguished the little lamp I had, it became dark like in a grave. He came to me, and both of them knew about it—his wife and their son. Maria had a female sickness. Their son was sick, too. When he was a child he developed scrofula or some gland illness and the boy did not need a woman. I don't think he even grew a beard. He had one passion—reading newspapers. He read all the Warsaw papers, including the advertisements. Did Andrzej satisfy me? I did not look for satisfaction. I was glad that he was relieved. From too much reading, my eyesight dimmed. I became so constipated that only castor oil would help me. Yes, I lay in my grave. But if you lie in a grave long enough, you get accustomed to it and you don't want to part from it. He had given me a pill of cyanide. He and his wife and their son also carried such pills. We all lived with death, and I want you to know that one can fall in love with death. Whoever has loved death cannot love anything else anymore. When the liberation came and they told me to leave, I didn't want to go. I clung to the threshold like an ox being dragged to the slaughter.

"How I came to Argentina and what happened between me and José is a story for another time. I did not deceive him. I told him, 'José, if your wife is not lively enough, what do you need a corpse for?' But men do not believe me. When they see a woman who is young, not ugly, and can dance besides, how can she be dead? Also, I had no strength to go to work in a factory with the Spanish women. He bought me a house and this became my second grave—a fancy grave, with flowerpots, bric-a-brac, a piano. He told me to dance and I danced. In what way is it worse than to knit sweaters or to sew on buttons? All day long I sat alone and waited for him. In the evening he came, drunk and angry. One day he spoke to me and told me stories; the next day he would be mute. I knew that sooner or later he would stop talking to me altogether. When it happened I was not surprised, and I didn't try to make him talk, because I knew it was fated. He maintained his silence for over a year. Finally I told him, 'José, go.' He kissed my forehead and he left. I never saw him again."

THE plans for my lecture tour began to go awry. The engagement in Rosario was called off because the president of the organization suffered a heart attack. The board of directors of the Jewish Community Center in



Buenos Aires had a falling out over political differences, and the subsidy that they were to give to the colonies for my lectures there was withheld. In Mar del Plata, the hall I was to speak in suddenly became unavailable. In addition to the problems of the tour, the weather in Buenos Aires worsened from day to day. There was lightning, thunder, and from the provinces came news of windstorms and floods. The mail system didn't seem to be functioning. Proofs of a new book were supposed to come by airmail from New York, but they did not arrive and I worried that the book might be published without my final corrections. Once, I was stuck in an elevator between the fourth and fifth floors and it took almost two hours before I got free. In New York I had been assured that I would not have hay fever in Buenos Aires, because it was spring there. But I suffered from attacks of sneezing, my eyes watered, my throat constricted—and I didn't even have my antihistamines with me. Chazkel Poliva stopped calling, and I suspected that he was about to cancel the whole tour. I was ready to return to New York—but how could I get information about a ship when the telephone did not work and I didn't know a word of Spanish?

Hanka came to my room every evening, always at the same time—I even imagined at the same minute. She entered noiselessly. I looked up and there she was, standing in the dusk—an image surrounded by shadows. I ordered dinner and Hanka would begin her soliloquy in the quiet monotone that reminded me of my Aunt Yentel. One night, Hanka spoke about her childhood in Warsaw. They lived on Hoza Street in a Gentile neighborhood. Her father, a manufacturer, was always in debt—on the edge of bankruptcy. Her mother bought her dresses in Paris. In the summer they vacationed in Sopot, in the winter in Zakopane. Hanka's brother Zdzislaw studied in a private high school. Her older sister, Edzia, loved to dance, but their mother insisted it was Hanka who must become another Pavlova or Isadora Duncan. The dance teacher was a sadist. Even though she was ugly and a cripple herself, she demanded perfection from her pupils. She had the eyes of a hawk, she hissed like a snake. She taunted Hanka about her Jewishness. Hanka was saying, "My parents had one remedy for all our troubles—assimilation. We had to be one-hundred-per-cent Poles. But what kind of Poles could we be when my grandfather Asher, your Aunt Yentel's son, could not even speak Polish? Whenever he visited us, we almost died from shame. My maternal grandfather, Yudel, spoke a broken Polish. He once told me that we were descended from Spanish Jews. They had been driven from Spain in the fifteenth century, and our ancestors wandered first to Germany and then, in the Hundred Years' War, to Poland. I felt the Jewishness in my blood. Edzia and Zdzislaw were both blond and had blue eyes, but I was dark. I began at an early age to ponder the eternal questions: Why is one born? Why must one die? What does God want? Why so much suffering? My mother insisted that I read the Polish and French popular novels, but I stealthily looked into the Bible. In the Book of Proverbs I read the words 'Charm is deceitful, and beauty is vain,' and I fell in love with that book. Perhaps because I was forced to make an idol of my body, I developed a hatred for the flesh. My mother and my sister were fascinated by the beauty of movie actresses. In the dancing school the talk was always of hips, thighs, legs, breasts. When a girl gained as much as a quarter of a pound, the teacher created a scene. All this seemed petty and vulgar to me. From too much dancing, we developed bunions and bulging muscles. I was often complimented for my dancing, but I was possessed by the dybbuk of an old Talmudist, one of those whitebeards who used to come to us to ask for alms and were chased away by our maid. My dybbuk would ask, 'For whom are you going to dance—for the Nazis?' Shortly before the war, when Polish students chased the Jews through the Saxony Gardens and my brother Zdzislaw had to stand up at the lectures in the university because he refused to sit on the ghetto benches, he became a Zionist. But I realized that the worldly Jews in Palestine were also eager to imitate the Gentiles. My brother played football. He belonged to the Maccabee sports club. He lifted weights to develop his muscles. How tragic that all my family who loved life so much had to die in the concentration camps, while fate brought me to Argentina.

"I learned Spanish quickly—the words seemed to flow back into me. I tried to dance at Jewish affairs, but everything here is rootless. Here they believe that the Jewish State will end our misfortunes once and forever. This is sheer optimism. We are surrounded there by hordes of enemies whose aim is the same as Hitler's—to exterminate us. Ten times they may not succeed—but the eleventh, catastrophe. I see the Jews being driven into the sea. I hear the wailing of the women and the children. Why is suicide considered such a sin? My own feeling is that the greatest virtue would be to abandon the body and all its iniquities."

That night, when Hanka left I did not ask her when she would return. My lecture in the Théâtre Soleil had been advertised for the next day, and I expected her to attend. I had slept little the night before, and I went to bed and fell asleep immediately. I wakened with a feeling that someone was whispering in my ear. I tried to light the lamp by my bed, but it did not go on. I groped for the wall switch, but I could not locate it. I had hung my jacket containing my passport and traveller's checks on a chair; the chair was gone. Had I been robbed? I felt my way around the room like a blind man, tripping and bruising my knee. After a while, I stumbled into the chair. No one had taken my passport or my traveller's checks. But my gloom did not lessen. I knew that I'd had a bad dream, and I stood in the dark trying to recollect it. The second I closed my eyes, I was with the dead. They did things words cannot express. They spoke madness. "I will not let her into my room again," I murmured. "This Hanka is my angel of death."

I sat down on the edge of the bed, draped the covers over my shoulders, and took calculation of my soul. This trip had stirred up all my anxieties. I had not prepared any notes for my lecture, "Literature and the Supernatural," and I was apprehensive that I might suddenly become speechless; I foresaw a bloody revolution in Argentina, an atomic war between the United States and Russia; I would become desperately sick. Wild absurdities invaded my mind: What would happen if I got into bed and found a crocodile there? What would happen if the earth were to split into two parts and my part were to fly off to another constellation? What if my going to Argentina had actually been a departure into the next world? I had an uncanny feeling of Hanka's presence. In the left corner of the room I saw a silhouette, a dense whorl that stood apart from the surrounding darkness and took on the shadowy form of a body—shoulders, head, hair. Though I could not make out its face, I sensed in the lurking phantom the mocking of my cowardices. God in heaven, this trip was wakening all the fears of my cheder days, when I dared not sleep alone because monsters slithered around my bed, tore at my sidelocks, screeching at me with terrifying voices. In my fright, I began to pray to God to keep me from falling into the hands of the Evil Ones. It seems that my prayer was heard, for suddenly the lamp went on. I saw my face in the mirror—white as after a sickness. I went to the door to make sure it was locked. Then I limped back to the bed.

The next day, I spoke in the Théâtre Soleil. The hall was filled with people in spite of the heavy rain outside. I saw so many familiar faces in the audience that I could scarcely believe my eyes. True, I did not remember their names, but they reminded me of friends and acquaintances from Bilgoray, Lublin, Warsaw. Was it possible that so many had been saved from the Nazis and come to my lecture? As a rule, when I spoke about the supernatural there were interruptions from the audience—even protest. But here, when I concluded, there was ominous silence. I wanted to go down into the audience and greet these resurrected images of my past; instead, Chazkel Poliva led me behind the stage, and by the time I made my way to the auditorium the overhead lights were extinguished and the seats empty. I said, "Shall I speak now to the spirits?"

As if he were reading my mind, Poliva asked, "Where is your so-called cousin? I didn't see her in the hall."

"No, she did not come."

"I don't want to mix into your private affairs, but do me a favor and get rid of her. It's not good for you that she should trail after you."

"No. But why do you say this?"

Chazkel Poliva hesitated. "She frightens me. She will bring you bad luck."

"Do you believe in such things?"

"When you have been an impresario for thirty years, you have to believe in them."

I HAD dozed off and evening had fallen. Was it the day after my lecture or a few days later? I opened my eyes and Hanka stood at my bedside. I saw embarrassment in her eyes, as if she knew my plight and felt guilty. She said, "We are supposed to go to your cousin Julio this evening."

I had prepared myself to say to her, "I cannot see you again," but I asked, "Where does Julio live?"

"It's not too far. You said that you like to walk."

Ordinarily, I would have invited her to dinner, but I had no intention of dallying with her late into the night. Perhaps Julio would offer us something to eat. Half asleep, I got up and we walked out onto Corrientes. Only an occasional street light was lit, and armed soldiers were patrolling the streets. All the stores were closed. There was an air of curfew and Black Sabbath. We walked in silence, like a pair who have quarrelled yet must still go visiting together. Corrientes is one of the longest boulevards in the world. We walked for an hour. Each time I asked if we were nearing our destination Hanka replied that we had some distance to go yet. After a while, we turned off Corrientes. It seemed that Julio lived in a suburb. We passed factories with smokeless chimneys and barred windows, dark garages, warehouses with their windows sealed, empty lots overgrown with weeds. The few private homes we saw looked old, their patios enclosed by fences. I was tense and glanced sideways at Hanka. I could not distinguish her face—just two dark eyes. Unseen dogs were barking; unseen cats mewed and yowled. I was not hungry but unsavory fluids filled my mouth. Suspicions fell on me like locusts: Is this my final walk? Is she leading me into a cave of murderers? Perhaps she is a she-devil and will soon reveal her goose feet and pig's snout?

As if Hanka grasped that her silence made me uneasy, she became talkative. We were passing a sprawling house, with no windows, the remnants of a fence, and a lone cactus tree in front. Hanka began, "This is where the old Spanish Gentiles live. There is no heat in these houses—the ovens are for cooking, not for heating. When the rains come, they freeze. They have a drink that they call maté. They cover themselves with ragged clothes, sip maté, and lay out cards. They are Catholics, but the churches here are half empty even on Sunday. The men don't go, only the women. They are witches who pray to the Devil, not to God. Time has stopped for them—they are a throwback to the era

LETTER FROM AN INSTITUTION

The ward beds float like ghost ships
in the darkness, the night light
above my bed I pretend is a lighthouse
with a little man inside who wears
a sailor cap and tells good old stories
of the sea.   The little man is me.
Perhaps I have a dog called Old Salt
who laps my hand and runs endlessly
down the circular stairs.
Perhaps we live in sin.
I dream of ships smashing the reefs,
their bottoms gutting out,
the crews' disembodied voices screaming
"Help us help us help somebody please"
and there is no one there at all
not even me.   I wake up nervous,
Old Salt eating my flesh.   I wake up nervous,
the canvas bedstraps biting my groin.
The night nurse, making the rounds,
says I bellow in sleep like a foghorn.

—MICHAEL RYAN

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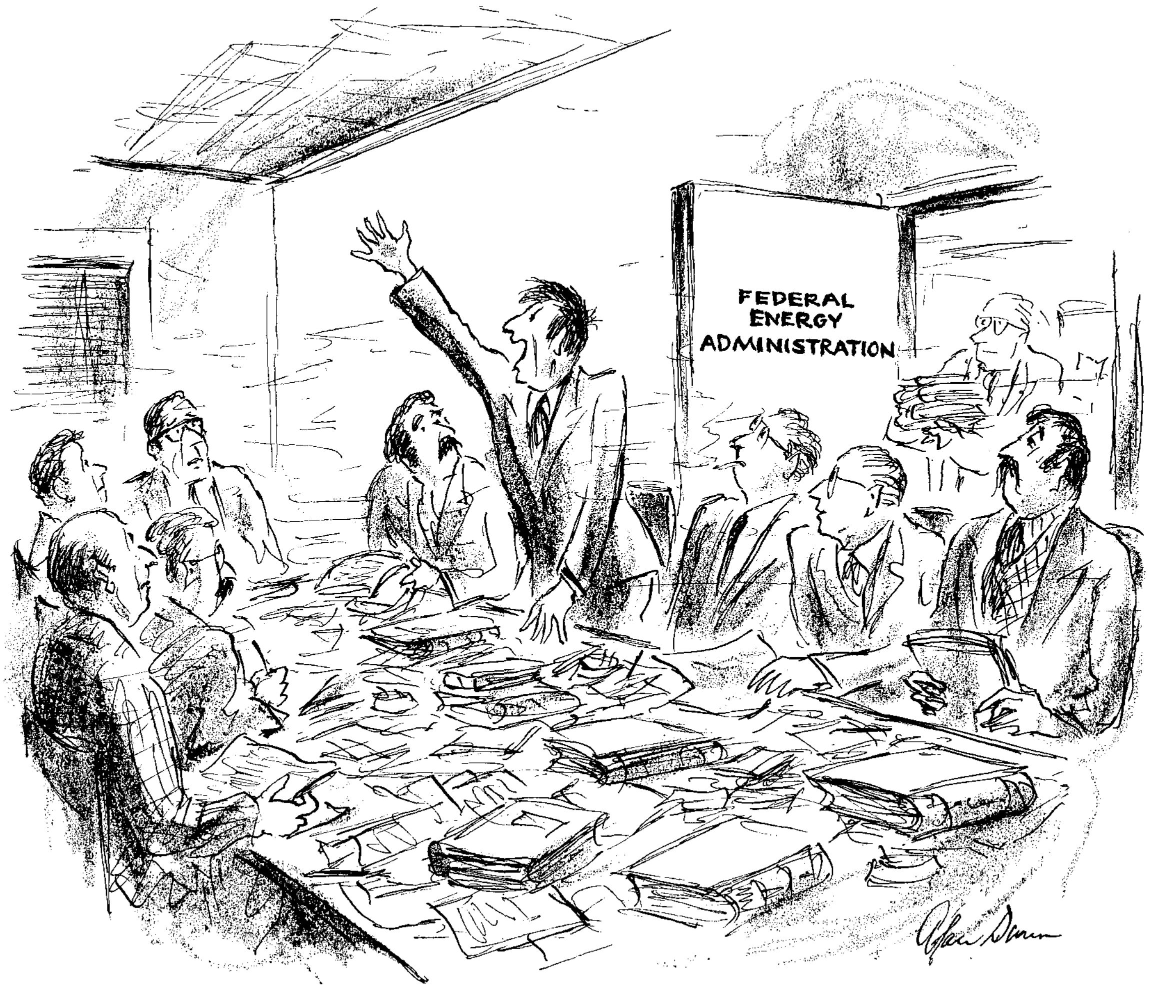


"Eureka—elbow grease!"

• •

of Queen Isabella and Torquemada. José left me many books, and since I stopped dancing and have no friends I keep reading. I know Argentina. Sometimes I think I have lived here in a former incarnation. The men still dream of Inquisitions and autos-da-fé. The women mutter incantations and cast spells on their enemies. At forty they are wrinkled and wilted. The husbands find mistresses, who immediately begin to spawn children, and after a few years they are as jealous, bitter, and shabby as the wives. They may not know it, but many of them descend from the marranos. Somewhere in the faraway provinces there are sects that light candles Friday evening and keep a few other Jewish customs. Here we are."

We entered an alley that was under construction. There was no pavement, no sidewalks. We made our way between piles of boards and heaps of bricks and cement. A few unfinished houses stood without roofs, without panes in the windows. The house where Julio lived was narrow and low. Hanka knocked, but no one answered. She pushed the door open, and we went through a tiny foyer into a dimly lit room furnished only with two chairs and a chest. On one chair sat Jechiel. I recognized him only because I knew that it was he. He looked ancient, but from behind his aged face, as if from behind a mask, the Jechiel of former times showed. His skull was bald, with a few wisps of side hair that were neither gray nor black but colorless. He had sunken cheeks, a pointed chin, the throat of a plucked rooster, and the pimpled nose of an alcoholic. Half of his forehead and one cheek were stained with a red rash. Jechiel did not lift his eyelids when we entered. I never saw his eyes that evening. On the other chair sat a squat, wide-girthed woman with ash-colored, dishevelled hair; she was wearing a shabby housecoat. Her face was round and pasty, her eyes blank and watery, like the eyes one sees in asylums for the mentally sick. It was hard to determine whether she was forty or sixty. She did not budge. She reminded me of a stuffed doll.

From the way Hanka had spoken, I presumed that she was well acquainted with them and that she had told them of me. But she seemed to be meeting them for the first time.

I said, "Jechiel, I am your cousin Isaac, the son of Bathsheba. We met once in Tishewitz and later in Warsaw."

"*Sí.*"

"Do you recognize me?"

"*Sí.*"

"You have forgotten Yiddish?" I asked.

"No."

No, he had not forgotten Yiddish, but it seemed that he had forgotten how to speak. He dozed and yawned. I had to drag conversation from him. To all my questions he answered either, "*Sí*," "*No*," or "*Bueno.*" Neither he nor his wife made an effort to bring something for us to sit on or a glass of tea. Even though I am not tall, my head almost touched the ceiling. Hanka leaned against the wall in silence. Her face had lost all expression. I walked over to Jechiel's wife and asked, "Do you have someone left in Frampol?"

For what seemed a very long time there came no answer; then she said, "Nobody."

"What was your father's name?"

She pondered as if she had to remind herself. "Avram Itcha."

"What did he do?"

Again a long pause. "A shoemaker."

After a half hour, I wearied of drawing answers from this numb couple. There was an air of fatigue about them that baffled me. Each time I addressed Jechiel, he started as if I had wakened him.

"If you have any interest in me, you can call the Hotel Cosmopolitan," I said at last.

"*Sí.*"

Jechiel's wife did not utter a sound when I said good night to her. Jechiel mumbled something I could not understand and collapsed into his chair. I thought I heard him snore. Outside, I said to Hanka, "If this is possible, anything is possible."

"We shouldn't have visited them at night," Hanka said. "They're both sick. He suffers from asthma and she has a bad heart. I told you, they became acquainted in Auschwitz. Didn't you notice the numbers on their arms?"

"No."

"Those who stood at the threshold of death remain dead."

I had heard these words from Hanka and from other refugees before, but in this dark alley they made me shudder. I said, "Whatever you are, be so good as to get me a taxi."

"*Sí.*"

Hanka embraced me. She leaned against me and clung to me. I did not stir. We stood silent in the alley, and a needlelike rain began to fall on us. Someone extinguished the light in Julio's house and it became as dark around us as in Tishewitz.

THE sun was shining, the sky had cleared, it shone blue and summery. The air smelled of the sea, of mango and orange trees. Blossoms fell from their branches. The breezes reminded me of the Vistula and of Warsaw. Like the weather, my lecture tour had also cleared up. All kinds of institutions invited me to speak and gave banquets for me. Schoolchildren honored me with dancing and songs. It was bewildering that such a fuss should be made about a writer, but Argentina is isolated and when they get a guest they receive him with exaggerated friendliness.

Chazkel Poliva said, "It's all because you freed yourself of Hanka."

I had not freed myself. I was searching for her. Since the night we visited Julio, Hanka had not come to see me. And there was no way I could get in touch with her. I did not know where she lived; I didn't even know her surname. I had asked for her address more than once, but she had always avoided answering. Neither did I hear from Julio. No matter how I tried to describe his little alley, no one could identify it for me. I looked in the telephone book—Julio's name was not listed.

I went up to my room late. Going onto the balcony at night had become a habit with me. A cool wind was blowing, bringing me greetings from the Antarctic and the South Pole. I raised my eyes and saw different stars, different constellations. Some groups of stars reminded me of consonants, vowels, and the musical notations I had studied in cheder—an *aleph*, a *hai*, a *shuruk*, a *segul*, a *tsairai*, a *chain*. The sickle of the moon seemed to hang reversed, ready to harvest the heavenly fields backward. Over the roofs of Junín Street, the southern sky stretched, strangely near and divinely distant, a cosmic illumination of a volume without a beginning and without an end—to be read and judged by the Author himself. I was calling to Hanka, "Why did you run away? Wherever you are, come back. There can be no world without you. You are an eternal letter in God's scroll."

In Mar del Plata, the hall had become available, and I went there with Chazkel Poliva. On the train he said to me, "You may think it crazy, but here in Argentina Communism is a game for the rich. A poor man cannot become a member of the Communist Party. Don't ask me any questions. So it is. The rich Jews who have villas in Mar del Plata and will come tonight to your lecture are all leftists. Do me a favor and don't speak about mysticism to them. They don't believe in it. They babble constantly about the social revolution, although when the revolution comes they will be its first victims."

"This in itself is a mystery."

"Yes. But we want your lecture to be a success."

I did what Poliva told me to do. I didn't mention the hidden powers. After the lecture, I read a humorous sketch. When I finished and the question-and-answer period began, an old man rose and asked me about my inclination toward the supernatural. Soon, questions on this subject came from all sides. That night, the rich Jews in Mar del Plata showed great interest in telepathy, clairvoyance, dybbuks, premonitions, reincarnation: "If there is life after death, why don't the slaughtered Jews take revenge on the Nazis?" "If there is telepathy, why do we need the telephone?" "If it is possible that thought influences inanimate objects, how does it come that the bank in the casino makes high profits just because it has one chance more than its clients?" I answered that if the existence of God, the Soul, the Hereafter, Special Providence, and everything that has to do with metaphysics were scientifically proven, man would lose the highest gift bestowed upon him—free choice.

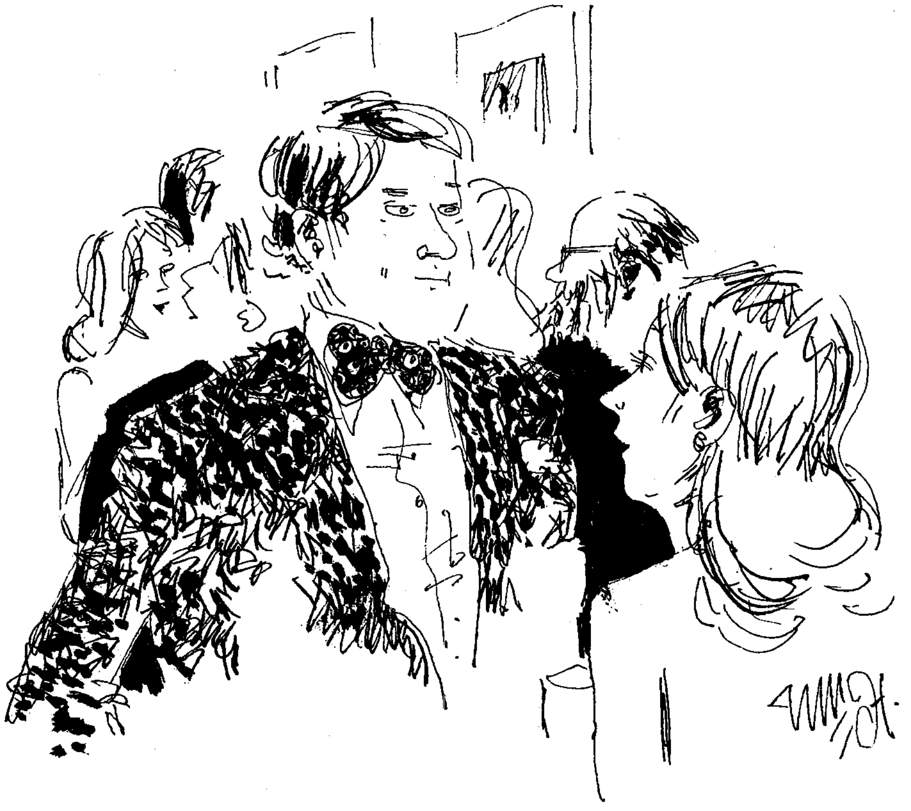
The chairman announced that the next question would be the last one, and a young man got up and asked, "Have you had personal experience of that sort? Have you ever seen a spirit?"

I answered, "All my experiences have been ambiguous. None of them could serve for evidence. Just the same, my belief in spirits becomes ever stronger."

There was applause. As I bowed and thanked them, I saw Hanka. She was sitting in the audience, clapping her hands. She wore the same black hat and black dress she had worn at all our meetings. She smiled at me and winked. I was stunned. Had she travelled after me to Mar del Plata? I looked again and she had vanished. No, it had been a hallucination. It lasted only one instant. But I will brood about this instant for the rest of my life.

—ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

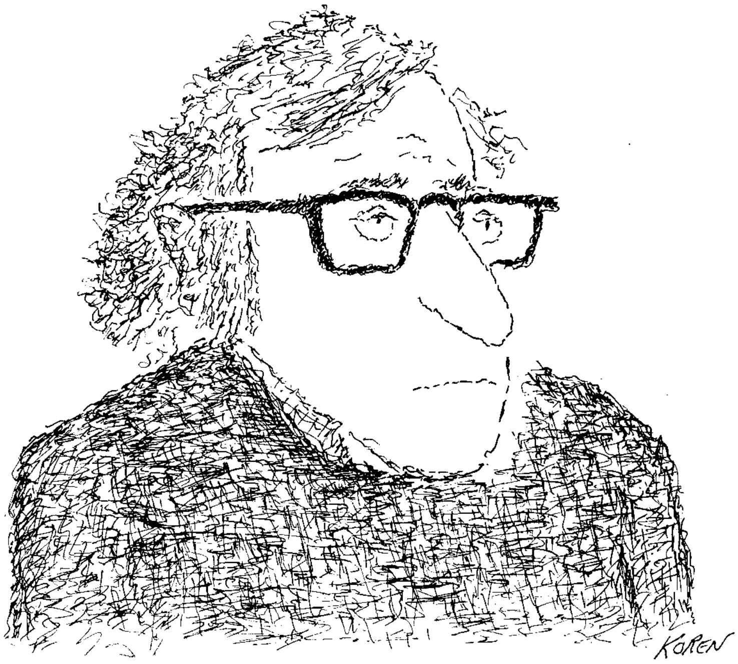
(Translated, from the Yiddish, by the author and Blanche and Joseph Nevel.)



"With all this coping, it's hard to believe there's ever going to be any more fun."

PROFILES

GUILTY, WITH AN EXPLANATION



WOODY ALLEN lay down in a commando position with a BB gun on one of his New York East Side terraces, outside a pair of French windows, and took potshots at some pigeons that fondly think he wants them there and that he emphatically does not. Feathery things seem to bother him: dowagers' fussy hats, bouffant hairdos, pigeons most of all. His penthouse duplex is a pigeon heaven, and nothing he tries seems to turn it into a purgatory for them. In his usual mood of seriousness about jokes, he once went to a Manhattan novelty shop and bought some coiled rubber snakes to frighten the pigeons off, but they treated the snakes as a welcome. Then he got some patent stuff to slather onto his terraces. It was supposed to rid one of pigeons. By "rid," he thought vaguely, the manufacturers meant that the pigeons would take umbrage at the smell. He went to bed. Next morning, he told me, he came down and the terraces were littered with pigeons stuck in the stuff. "I didn't know what to do," he said. "I was all alone. They were struggling. In the end, I had to *prize* them off, *one by one*, with a *spatula*." His brown eyes looked larger and more appalled than ever behind his black spectacles, which are like the headlamps of a beautiful prewar car and give him an authority that he feels obliged, being an honest recorder, to undermine.

He wears saddle shoes, nice checked shirts with indescribable jeans, and, outdoors, a khaki fishing hat and a khaki battle jacket. "I have a tendency to wear clothes that don't match," he said mildly to me. The same day, when we had gone a long time without eating—the prospect of eating not being something that draws him much—his mind wandered to hospitality. "There's some chocolate pudding," he said, sitting on the floor in his drawing room, and then, lowering his voice like a spy, "I don't know how good it is." He paused, and whispered with restraint, "I hate the maid."

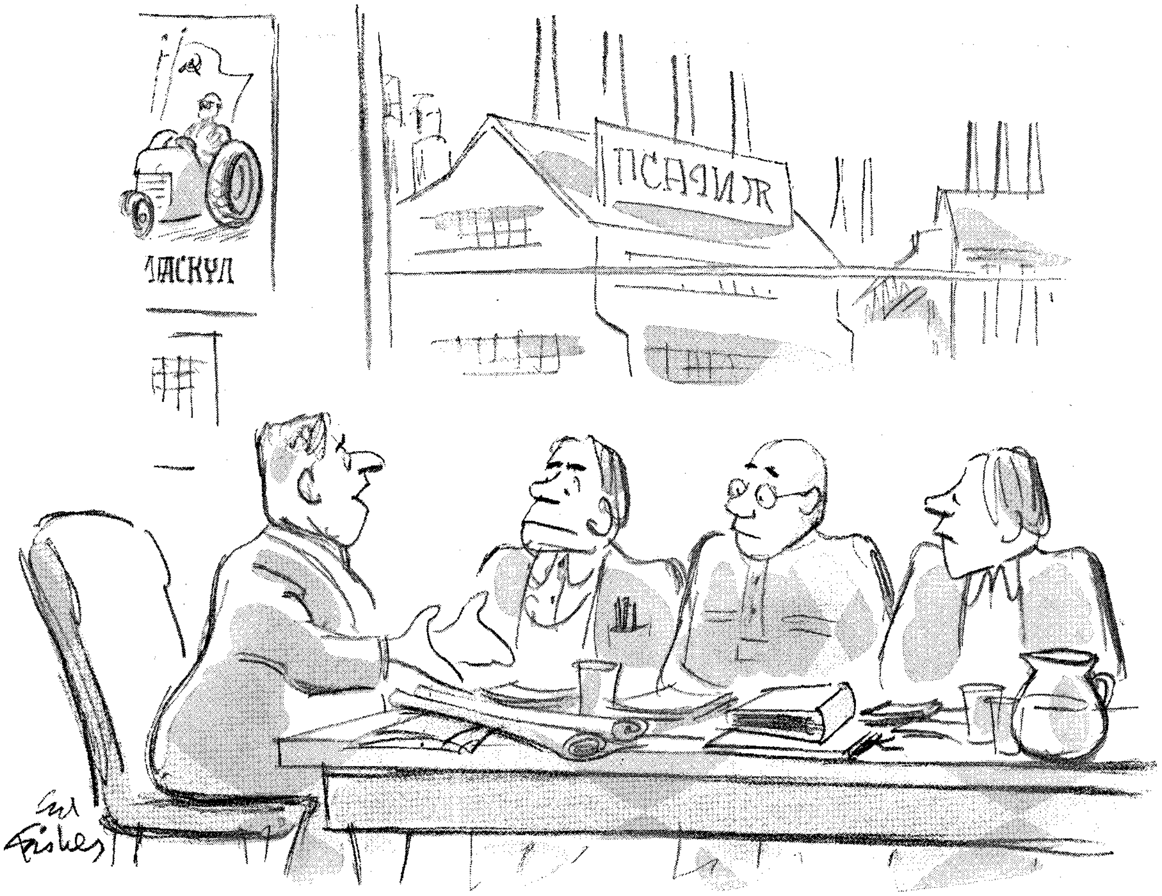
This maid, now gone, must be about the only person who has ever riled him. He said to me meticulously one day, speaking with his usual obvious truthfulness, "I don't get angry with people. Only with machines." His red hair is a false clue as far as any sign of flaring temper is concerned, as it often is in redheads. (Jean Renoir, for instance, who was a redhead before his hair turned white, is the mildest of men.) This self-despairing, hardworking stoic, who is one of the funniest men in the West—difficult to speak fairly for comedy in China, though there was recently a high-level International Conference on Humor held in South Korea—gets maniacal only with things like secretarial and kitchen gadgets. "I used to rent electric typewriters," he told me, "and then I demolished them somehow, and the people used to demand that I replace them. My ineptitude is the reason for my not being able to cook. I always wreck a kitchen. I smash things up." The mood to wreck doesn't sound at all like a temper fit: more like melancholy, as though mankind had deserted him, leaving him alone with a lot of cogs and things that whir. When he mentioned anger with people, he stood quite still. But when he talked about machines he shifted his feet all the time and moved his arms like the wings of one of his bogged-down pigeons.

Denigrating oneself is often taken to be a disguised way of denigrating other people. Woody Allen is one of the clear exceptions to this truism, which may arise from the reign of psychoanalysis in the Republic. Allen himself has been in analysis for fifteen years, with a woman. You feel that he regards the process as Sisyphean: a brave endeavor on her part to hold together a spirit impelled to scatter by centrifugal force. Analysis is one of his cluster of earnest undertakings. At the end of a day's shooting of "Sleeper" in California, he said, "I have an analyst's session by telephone, and then I have to practice my clarinet or else I'd lose my lip, and then I have French."

"Why French, on top of everything else?" I asked.

"I only had eight hours a day in pre-production," he said, "so I thought, Why don't I learn French? And now I feel guilty if I don't do it."

Daily life for this brilliant, courteous man seems to be a matter of endlessly fending off guilt, which settles on the balconies of his intellect like the pigeons on the terraces of his apartment. His films reflect his suspicion that he is a fraud, and thus indubitably, hopelessly guilty. In "What's Up, Tiger Lily?," through the use of soberly inappropriate English dialogue, he dubs his own worries and crevices of self-doubt onto a Japanese melodrama. The film speaks for the lack of confidence that he knows so precisely how to use without begging for pity. "The last time I made love was on the Titanic. Unfortunately, we never finished," and "I can't break the door down because of my bursitis." (He washes his hands of himself physically. Having no idea how nice he looks, he jerks himself into spasms of self-repair: he plays tennis, for instance, though he says he is a hopeless athlete. "I'm fairly good at Ping-Pong," he once told me, trying to be accurate about himself, as usual.) His view of himself gives him an innate sympathy, in his writing and his films, for the rundown and the out-of-step, and especially for people who bring bravado to their straits. The hero of his "Take the Money and Run" holds up a bank with shy lack of technique ("Abt natural. I am pointing a gub at



"I'm afraid, gentlemen, that what this industry needs is a—how shall I put it?—czar."

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you," he writes to a teller), and then argues courageously with pedants in the bank who deride this inscriber of unreadable demand notes for being a rotten speller. In the middle of some perilous adventure on a ship in "What's Up, Tiger Lily?," Allen dubs a villainous Japanese toughie—who is actually giving grim directions to his nerveless gang—with queasy reminders of naval-training films warning pupils of how easy it is to sink.

Woody Allen sees even the human face as questionable. The nose strikes him as a particularly doubtful feature, hovering always on the edge of farce, and possibly more acceptable when flattened out by a steamroller into a large piece of leather, as it is in "Sleeper." Defiance sustains him, though it is always summoned up with difficulty, as if a waif were lifting dumbbells. In "Bananas," he calls himself Fielding Mellish: "Fielding, meaning strong, or with strength." In "Take the Money and Run," a commentator following the collapsible career of Virgil Starkwell (Woody Allen) shows him taking to crime at an early age and says, "He is an immediate failure." When he is trying to get into the Navy, he disappoints some psychiatric examiners by seeing an ink splodge in a Rorschach test as an elephant making love to a men's glee club.

Woody Allen's analyst must be fond of him—of his painstaking approach to her work, of his punctuality (which applies to everything), and of his devoted, apologetic way of delivering his obdurate bag of bones to her doorstep as faithfully as a dog bringing a sausage to lay beside your fevered head on the pillow when you are poorly. Fidelity in an analysand is little enough but as much as this one can offer, his manner says. Woody's temperament makes him admiring of all talent, haplessly determined in extremity, and technically fastidious (though he obviously sees himself as brash and all thumbs). One feels that this frail man suspects himself of weighing two hundred and forty pounds and of treading on everyone and every piece of outlying furniture. The suspicion has nothing to do with his real weight, which can't be more than a worried hundred and fifteen pounds or so. His long red hair, which hangs around his neck like a setter's ears, frames punctilious anxiety.

He is in awe of any comparably good comedian. Another eye, another universe. He said, registering relief, "It's a reward to be able to see the world through someone else now and again. W. C. Fields, for instance." He has an original and resolute mind that soars off into studious idiocy, but he characteristically seems to look on it as being in need of overhaul—of dry cleaning, and perhaps starching, with any possibly beneficent chemical additives. "I have a *slight* intellectual component," he said to me gravely, and went on to tell me that he wished he had eyes like Chaplin's ("deep sockets"). He worships Chaplin, and Groucho. Even Harpo is nearly up to Groucho for him. "Harpo's a lowdown comic with brainy instincts. It's a fine combination." Of himself he says, more than half seriously, "I have an intense desire to return to the womb. Anybody's." His life, which looks so gifted and rewarded from the outside, seems to strike him as misbegotten and beset.

WE went to Trader Vic's in Los Angeles. Typically, the staff flattered him. But typically, also, they insisted that he wear a conventional jacket instead of his own (the khaki one, which looks as if he had just struggled to Camp II on Everest). "They always do that," he said to me quietly. "They don't *mean* to humiliate you." He thanked the donor and politely shrank inside the hideous lent jacket, which had shoulders reaching to his elbows and made him look like the flyweight youngest son of a poor family that handed down to him the clothes of five older heavyweights. Places other than his New York homeland and, especially, other than Hollywood—that forcing house of orthodoxy, with its tenets about the pursuit of virtue, godliness, slimness, and faultless digestive tracts which its fads pour out—would be friendlier to Woody Allen's singularity. On the other hand, no place but America would be so receptive to his fascinated and benign view of modern civilization's phenomenal oddities. It is no surprise that he responds eagerly to

Jacques Tati, who has the same startled but benevolent acceptance of the sophisticated lunacies that have crept up unnoticed on most of the world. Woody Allen has a perfect command of the language of TV, of drugstore orders, of psychoanalytic banalities, of the enviable American comic genius for going too far, of the kind of bombastic and hopeful flirting with ironclad girls which dates back even farther than Groucho's with Margaret Dumont. He hates and fears mechanical jokery almost more than he hates and fears kitchen gadgets. He started to write gags when he was fifteen—in high school, where he unconvincingly describes himself as having varied from "below average to way below average." At Trader Vic's, as he seemed sometimes to be sinking unheard inside the horrible lent jacket, he had a rum punch without rum, because he doesn't drink (or smoke), and had zealous discussions about funniness and films. The seriousness probably has a lot to do with his funniness. It certainly has everything to do with his imperturbable tenacity, and his easy temper when he is directing the films he writes. I had just watched him acting all day on a sound stage, editing in his head as he went along. He had been encased in an armored headpiece that horribly augured uses for steel two hundred years hence. His whitened, slapstick face—"Sleeper" revives a great film tradition—was steaming under the makeup. His only relief had been a Hershey bar, but his equanimity remained unstirred and the atmosphere had spread. "Tati and Jack Benny want actors to be good," he said once. So does Woody Allen.

" 'City Lights' and 'The Gold Rush' and 'The Navigator' and 'The General' are the four great comedies, aren't they?" he asked, as if anyone else would know better than he would. "They have a resonance because they're serious. Tati is serious." He had a think, looking eager but doleful. "Comedy is such hard work, isn't it? And maybe it isn't *that* important. Not enough to make a fuss about. Not like drama. Drama has romance."

"Hasn't comedy? Keaton?"

"Yes, but drama . . . I worship drama. Beckett . . . His rhythm, too."

"Keaton once told me that he and Chaplin missed the sound of the cameras cranking after they stopped making silent films. Because of the rhythm," I said.

We talked about that for a bit.

"Beckett is a beautiful comedian, of course," he said. "Never frenetic. The exact opposite of 'It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World.' 'Mad World' wasn't *about* anything. Well, though, as we were saying, comedy is such difficult work. You'll see people on a comedy with long faces, wondering where the laughs'll come, how to get them, how to get the rhythm right. It can make for a terrible atmosphere. When I was writing for the Sid Caesar shows, they were a mass of hostilities and jealousies. On the other hand, someone told me that on the set of a heavy Ingmar Bergman religious drama people are kidding all the time."

"That would be partly the repertory-company mood? Everyone knowing everyone else?"

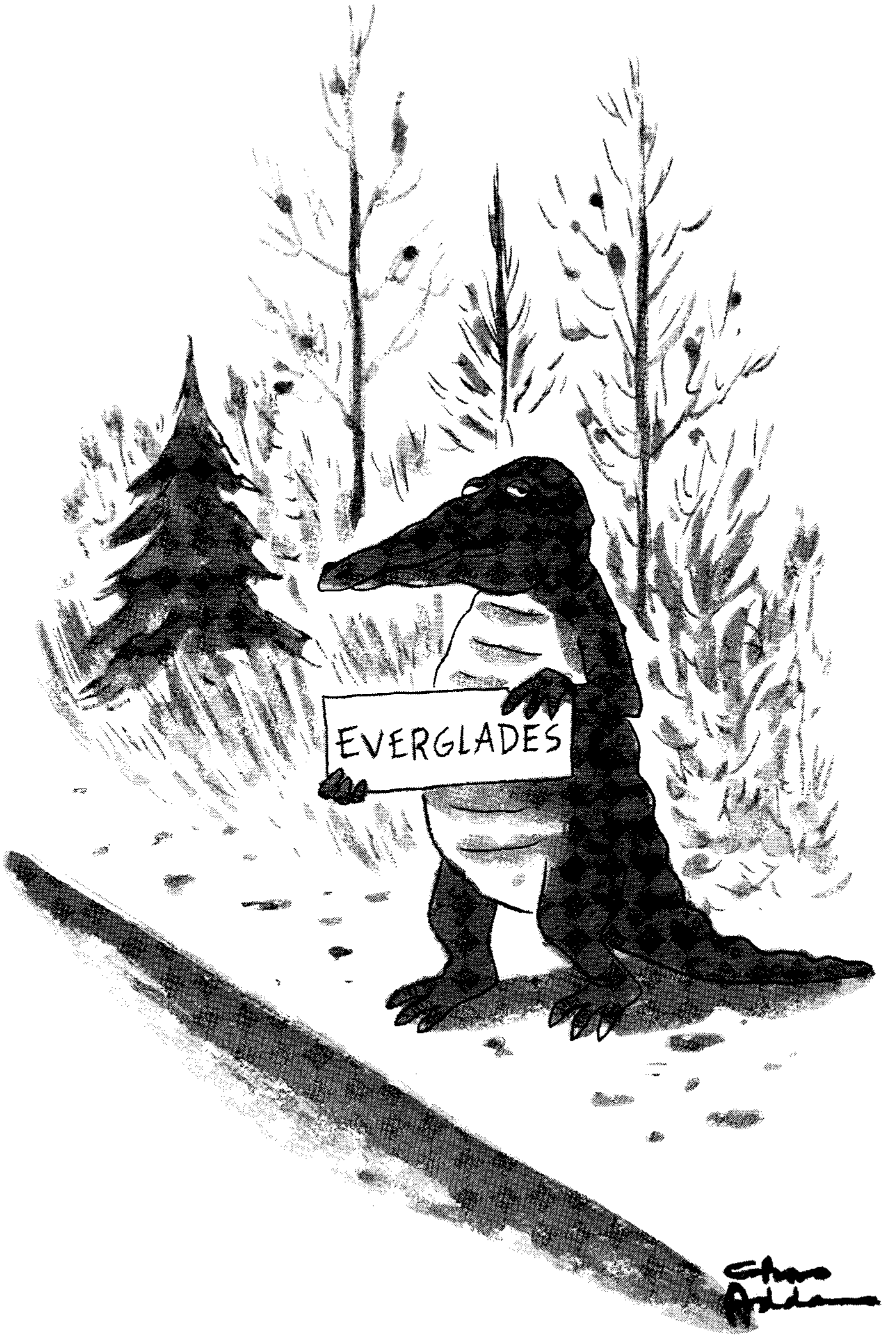
"It's all very hard work." He sighed. "I like work. I'm going to be out of a job soon, when this film's finished, and I don't know what I'm going to do."

"Write your one-act play? The last of the three that go together? The ones you're going to direct?"

"Yes." He cheered up and had some egg rolls. "It's a question of technique, isn't it?"

"Someone first-rate once said that all artistic problems are really technical."

"I think that's right." He always looks as if he were taking a watch apart when he is thinking about an idea or dismembering the works of a joke, which he does devotedly, as if he had a magnifying glass screwed into his eye. "Fellini is perhaps the great technician. His camera movements." When Woody is talking about camera movements, he will swivel two fingers of his right hand like a pair of compasses in geometry. And when he is planning a cut in production on the set, he unconsciously moves his fingers apart as if they made a sling



with a stone in it that a small boy is about to shoot off.

“Fellini, now,” he said. He made a slow movement with the two divided fingers of both hands without noticing what he was doing. “People will go around and the camera will pan and the circle will be complete. But comedy’s different. In comedy it’s very difficult to do *anything* filmically. Everything has to be spare and quick and precise. The match has to be struck and the flare has to go up. None of the things that really good directors like. It’s best in comedy to work directly on behavior, like Mike Nichols. Not on effects. You can’t afford to have any of those Kazan travelling spots and shadows.”

“Why do you think there are so few funny women?”

“I have to admit I don’t adore comediennes. Is that because one has preconceived ideas of what women should be like?”

“Fragile? But Keaton was fragile, wasn’t he? And M. Hulot?” I said.

“Yes, I’m wrong. I don’t know. Elaine May I like very much, and Barbara Harris. I think it’s because they don’t seem at all technical. With Fellini, I’m afraid it’s a little like listening to people playing a perfect scale. It’s very beautiful, but it’s only a scale . . . With Antonioni, now, though I suppose he might be called a bit precious, it’s all in the rhythm, and that comes out of the material.” He made his editing movement again with the fingers of both hands. “*He’s* serious. And he moves around things. I hear he once did a play and he couldn’t bear the way he couldn’t get the audience’s eyes to see from behind.”

Eating Chinese spareribs and lifting the shoulders of his lent coat loftily, he said, “I used to look wonderful smoking.” But smoking took time. One’s impression is that he gives up anything that takes time from work. He has a Hammond organ in his New York apartment which is practically untouched. Like many good jazz musicians, he can’t read music, but he can pick out any tune on his clarinet from a hum. Again, one has the feeling that he is happiest when he is doing something he can shape by hard work, although he cherishes the rawness of Dixieland jazz (which he plays), and the accidents or chance happenings in his films. He works in the cutting room for hours to preserve the accidents that came up during shooting. “If people only knew how little control you have over films. You’re constantly dealing with catastrophes. I like them. Of course, the mishaps of editing add to them. Editing ‘Play It Again, Sam,’ I would suddenly get hysterical with laughter, and the other people in the place wouldn’t know why. It would often be when I’d put half of a scene at the end and half at the beginning. That can sometimes work wonderfully. It’s one of the good accidents in life. Most accidents are negative. But in entertainment and—er—*art* there’s something about a serrated edge.”

THE WINTER OF THE SEPARATION

Where I grew up everything snowed:
from inches to feet of silence, falling
out of the ceiling, onto my bed.
When I came down with the chicken pox,
the field was mica under the phone wires
out the bathroom window. There was no shadow,
not any morning, save in the depth
of my bootprints. I was snowed in,
season on season—size six-and-a-half
in my ski boots, out under weighted pines
with my pheasant tracks and the rabbit stains.
Mothers didn’t have skis in that ice-age,
my father was always away, and there
never was wind where I drifted, up
to my waist in igloos. Once, through small snow,
my mother came out in her own new flurry
to call me home; she held out the back
of a black kid glove to let one crystal settle.
She explained, she tried to explain, each side.
When her hand barely touched me, I melted.

—PHILIP BOOTH

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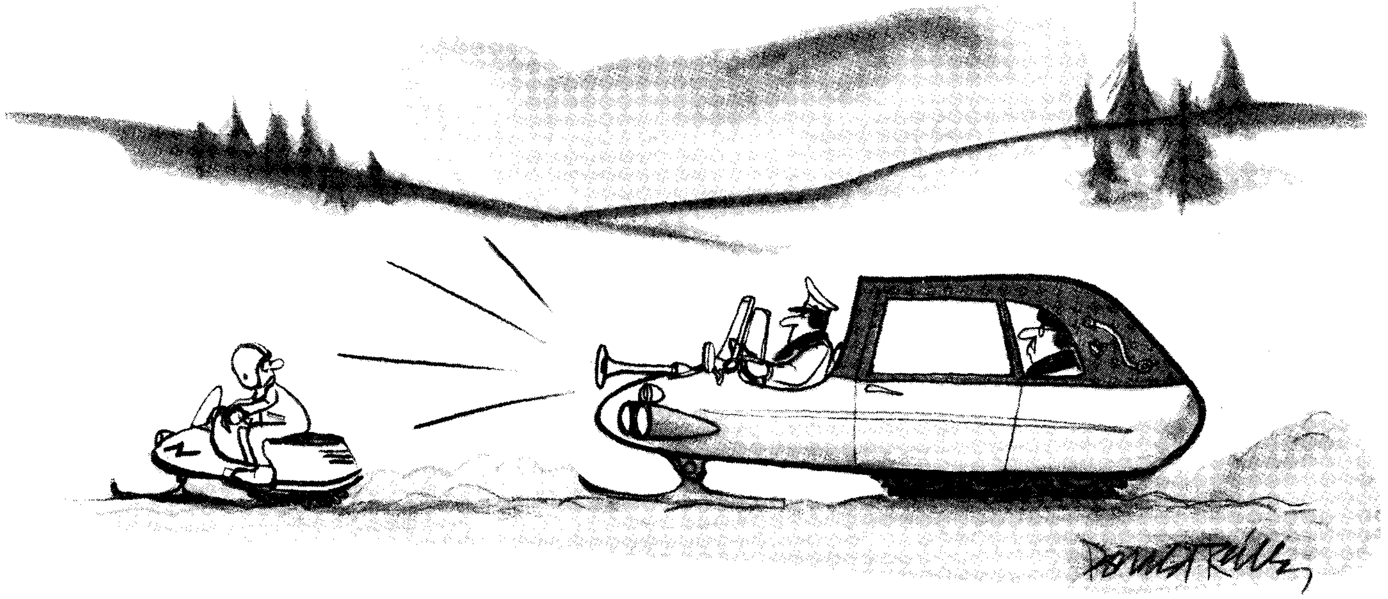
WHILE he was sitting skulled in his mock-steel on the steps of his caravan, he had said, “I always think the next thing I do will be fun. Then when I do it I don’t like it at all.” He said much the same thing later, while he was in New York, editing and mixing “Sleeper” for hour after hour without a sign of impatience about the long business of splicing and putting together cuts, and with a perfect memory for the rhythm of a scene. “Eisenstein is my god,” he said to me once, pulling down his fishing hat and obviously wondering whether he planned his pictures carefully enough. The only thing he does to while away the anxious time in the cutting room is to shuffle cards, without playing with them. They get agreeably dirtier day by day. He patiently showed me how to shuffle like a poker player. Shuffling one day, he told me that he had spent his poker winnings long ago on drawings, which he still has. One of them is a Kokoschka. Otherwise, apart from things like a beautiful big Edwardian hat that he bought for his beautiful chum and acting partner—an endearing and luscious comic with a mockingly beady eye for her lusciousness and an unusual leaning to slapstick, who was in “Play It Again, Sam” and “Sleeper”—he hasn’t much feeling for possessions, though he has a lot of feeling for New York. “I hate Los Angeles,” he said in Hollywood, in a Mata Hari whisper. In New York he looks different, though striding about in the same saddle shoes—busting through puddles and hailstorms, troubled maybe by thoughts of the pigeons collecting while he is out, but a free man. “I hate fussing with luggage. *Things*,” he said. “Los Angeles isn’t a place for intellectuals. Not for genuine intellectuals. Nichols and May are genuine intellectuals. So was Benchley.” He has a great addiction to Robert Benchley and his straight-faced theorems about The Blind Explanation: “There is no such place as Budapest.” Not that he is averse to sending up false highbrows in public. He has a likable disrespect for lofty religiosity and opaque innuendos in art. He once wrote a parody of Bergman’s “The Seventh Seal”: the heavy-laden spiritual game was not chess but gin rummy. “Great humor is intellectual without trying to be. You can teach people a little math or a few chess



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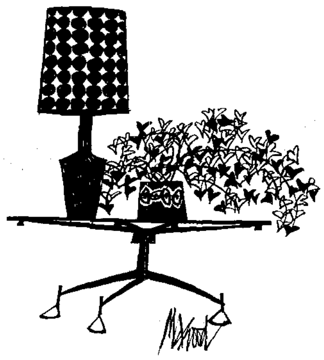
openings but not how to write jokes. It's a bizarre talent. Reduction to economical essentials. It has something to do with logic and something to do with literature." We discussed holding the name "Kierkegaard" up to a mirror to see whether it read as weightily backward: Kierkegaard intrigues him, and often comes up in his films and essays. "Something also to do with the mind of a chess master. That leap. I'm scared of dead patches."

Woody Allen works all the time. "I've got a workroom with a typewriter and all that stuff, but I only *copy* onto a typewriter," he said in his New York place. "I really write in the bedroom. I sometimes wonder if I'd be less depressed in a two-room apartment, like the one I lived in when I was married the first time" (his second marriage was to Louise Lasser, who was in "What's New Pussycat?," "Take the Money and Run," "Bananas," and "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex but Were Afraid to Ask"), "or in a nine- or eleven-room apartment like this, whichever it is." He looked round it absently. "I come down from the bedroom for a snack or something, but mostly I like the bedroom." He cheered up and said, in a mock-confidential voice, "I think I can say, though this is not for publication, that I have the most beautiful apartment in New York." It is, he explains carefully, two apartments knocked into one. It has two kitchens. Only one is used. His apartment is hung with the beautiful drawings that he bought when he won at poker long ago. The drawings were an Incentive. They definitely don't count as Possessions, or Clutter. Nor does a book someone gave him about Walt Disney, whom he adores. He was gravely interested in the fact that I liked Minnie Mouse's feet. "That's very rare," he said, and he pondered it for a while.

Allen was born Allen Stewart Konigsberg in 1935 in Flatbush, where his father did "a million little short-lived jobs" and his mother kept the account books in a flower shop. He says that he didn't make his parents laugh. "I don't make anyone laugh. Not offstage," he said, wondering solicitously whether he was being a disappointment. "Do you mind? I'm just not funny in private." He is, but he is also a beautiful audience. "I don't say this facetiously or modestly. I'm preoccupied with problems and work, and I'm certainly not the delight of any party. There seem to be a couple of different types of comedian. Some perform at the drop of a hat. I know I'm not always on. About Keaton and Chaplin: I think Chaplin is funnier but Keaton is more uncompromising. Keaton's films are Spartan. They're clean and clear and very American. Chaplin is more of a goof-off. The way 'City Lights' just pulls itself up short of sentimentality every time is something I idolize. It says a lot about love. Once I've done a script of my own I try not to read it again, because it becomes a little bit less funny. I don't rehearse a film. I never know where I'm going to put the camera. Funniness is organic, like sitting around with a lot of people when something loopy happens. What you write is not what you shoot at all. I've shot the middle of a movie again and again and eventually put it somewhere else. I love annihilating film when we're cutting it. Getting it down from a hundred and twenty-four minutes to eighty-nine. I think eighty-nine minutes may be the perfect length for something funny, don't you?"

If he sometimes sounds disorganized, which is probably a manner to encourage other people in a muddle, he actually knows exactly what he is doing. He even knows where the stamps are kept at home, which is more than can be said for most people as rich and busy as he is. (Not that he doesn't know that he's blessed with fortune at the moment, though he disbelieves in luck. For all his lack of superstition, he plays fortune-telling idly with his pack of cards in the editing room while a film cut is being spliced, and once turned up a significant-looking card for me. "That's the money card," he said, meaning to brace. "Unfortunately, there's nothing to it.") One Sunday in New York, as he was seeing me to the elevator, he gave the elevator man a stamped, handwritten letter to mail to the House of Representatives. It held a signed form protesting about Nixon. You could imagine him filling it in and signing it: "Woody Allen." Then "WOODY ALLEN," in case no one could make out the writing or no one had heard of him. He reads the *Times* carefully, though he had missed an item about policemen's wives' being worried about the influx of policewomen who spend eight hours a day with their husbands in patrol cars ("I can see that this is a matter for serious concern," he said), and he has a theory that the *New York Review of Books* has to be read at once, "or else it piles up and becomes a matter of guilt." For him, guilt seems to come in the realm of failed chocolate pudding. He is delighted to find someone who doesn't feel guilty, and is buoyed up by anyone relatively free of depression. "That's wonderful," he said when I was laughing at something. "I'm sorry about having a cold today. I hate not being well." He shook himself like a pony shaking off flies in hot weather, and attended as closely to what he was saying as to filmmaking or writing. "I just happen to be able to write dialogue. Being a dramatist and being able to write sketches aren't the same thing at all." It comes down, perhaps, to the rhythm that he troubles about so much in speech and film editing and writing. When he collaborates, as he has often done in the cinema—especially with his friend Mickey Rose, and with Marshall Brickman on "Sleeper"—you have the sense that he works like a conductor. He is as organized and solemn about humor as he is, for instance, about keeping an appointment to have a health checkup for the sake of his accountant—which he takes seriously because it's the man's job. He has respect for jobs and loves efficiency. While the throwing-together of his two apartments made them rubble, he lived without grumbling at Delmonico's. Though no cook himself, and sore about rotten ones, he adores Julia Child. "I'd love to use her in a film one day. The beautiful way she chops onions. She's funny because she's engrossed in what she's doing. One understands, of course, that one's very lucky to be paid to do one's hobby. When I go on vacation, which is almost never, I always end up writing."



He made some coffee for us, and we talked about shiny dark coffee beans, the romantic big hat (three dollars) waiting upstairs for his girl friend, silly presents, drawings (he has an American primitive painting that looks a little like a Matisse), music, whistling ("I was a fine whistler long before I could play the clarinet"), hating holidays, liking work. He goes mute in the presence of jokesters. "When I was very young, I wanted to go to Las Vegas and play the big hotels with the best jokes I could manage, not those terrible drunk jokes and wife jokes."

It is typical of his assiduity that he gets his clarinet overhauled every year. He has been playing it since he was sixteen. It stays in his car—even when he is in Hollywood—next to a copy of the *Times*. Though he is political-minded, he would probably think it a piece of showing off to reveal that. He tends to hide his instinct for political inquiry, as if it were a lot less important than, say, his instinct for tidiness. He once wrote "A Brief, Yet Helpful, Guide to Civil Disobedience" for the *Times:* "The Russian Revolution, which simmered for years . . . suddenly erupted when the serfs finally realized that the Czar and the Tsar were the same person." He has a parodist's perfect ear for literary styles. There was lately a piece of his in this magazine which exquisitely mixed the styles of Kafka's notebooks and of the diaries of an introverted Bloomsbury diarist: "Should I marry W.? Not if she won't tell me the other letters in her name." The first piece he remembers writing, also published in this magazine, was a chess contest conducted by testy correspondence.

Some of the factual things written about him sound as if he must have produced them himself. A grave entry in "Current Biography" of 1966 explains that he is a standup comedian: "That is, a performer who confronts the audience in a standing position and tells jokes." He had already been playing the Blue Angel and the Bitter End in New York and the hungry i in California, among a lot of other famous places. But I don't think the memory of Flatbush, poverty, the two-room apartment, and his tumultuously unhappy first marriage has ever left him; or the feeling of being a schoolboy in the subway writing gags for attribution to people in gossip columns, as he once did. His time off with the clarinet—performing on Monday evenings at Michael's Pub, on East Fifty-fifth Street—is something that he seems to treat almost as if he were playing truant from Latin, though he takes his Mondays very earnestly. He likes using his band's Dixieland music in his films. At home, he practices to records. He enjoys it more than analysis, to which he is loyal but which he compares, after all these years, to vitamins: "It doesn't make any difference if I go or if I don't." When he is playing, he has the same sense of rhythm that he responds to so much in film, and the same instinct for improvisation. Plunge in. O.K., march tempo. B-flat. He always wants the band to be cruder. The serrated edge again.

He works like the devil on the later physical stages of a film, so as not to be overexplanatory. He has a technical passion, in writing as in film editing, for finding the startling cutout point. He often seems glum at work, like a lot of comics, but never lost. He is supremely educated in his sense of punctuation and other means of stopping short. It is an instinct that he morosely supposes to be peculiar to him; he is surprised when you laugh at something on the Moviola while he is sitting there looking expressionlessly at what he has done. When he caught me laughing at things on the Moviola, he said, "That's *very positive* of you. People *never* laugh in an editing room." And next he will pick up a ringing telephone—he always answers the thing himself—and cheer someone up or make a date, walking about, because the phone has a long cord. ("Pacing time.") Then he will hang up and come back to the Moviola. "Well, it's a matter of playing the blues and having a go."

"I ALWAYS see myself as a Jewish uncle at some event. Not the hero, you understand. Militarily speaking, too, I am definitely 4-P," he said at his place one day.

"If I hadn't been a writer, I'd be very poor," I said.

"Would you, too? Ah. You *could* have been a meter maid or an actress, but, as I wouldn't want to be an actor in a play, I don't suppose you'd have wanted to be an actress. Writers aren't good actors. Speaking somebody else's words all the time. Embalmed if you're in a long run and out of work if you're in a short run. But rehearsing is terrific. You know something? The nuisance when you're alone is that you start thinking about the poor luck everybody has. Because the worst thing that could happen to anyone is getting older. It's like drawing the ace of spades. And everyone gets it. Though being very young isn't always great, either. It can be like living in a concentration camp. A bum's life or a comedian's life is liberty, on the other hand. Like being just the right age all the time. If I hadn't had this ridiculous capacity for being funny, I'd have been a bum. Or a messenger boy. Coming uptown with an envelope. Your day's your own. That's freedom."

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

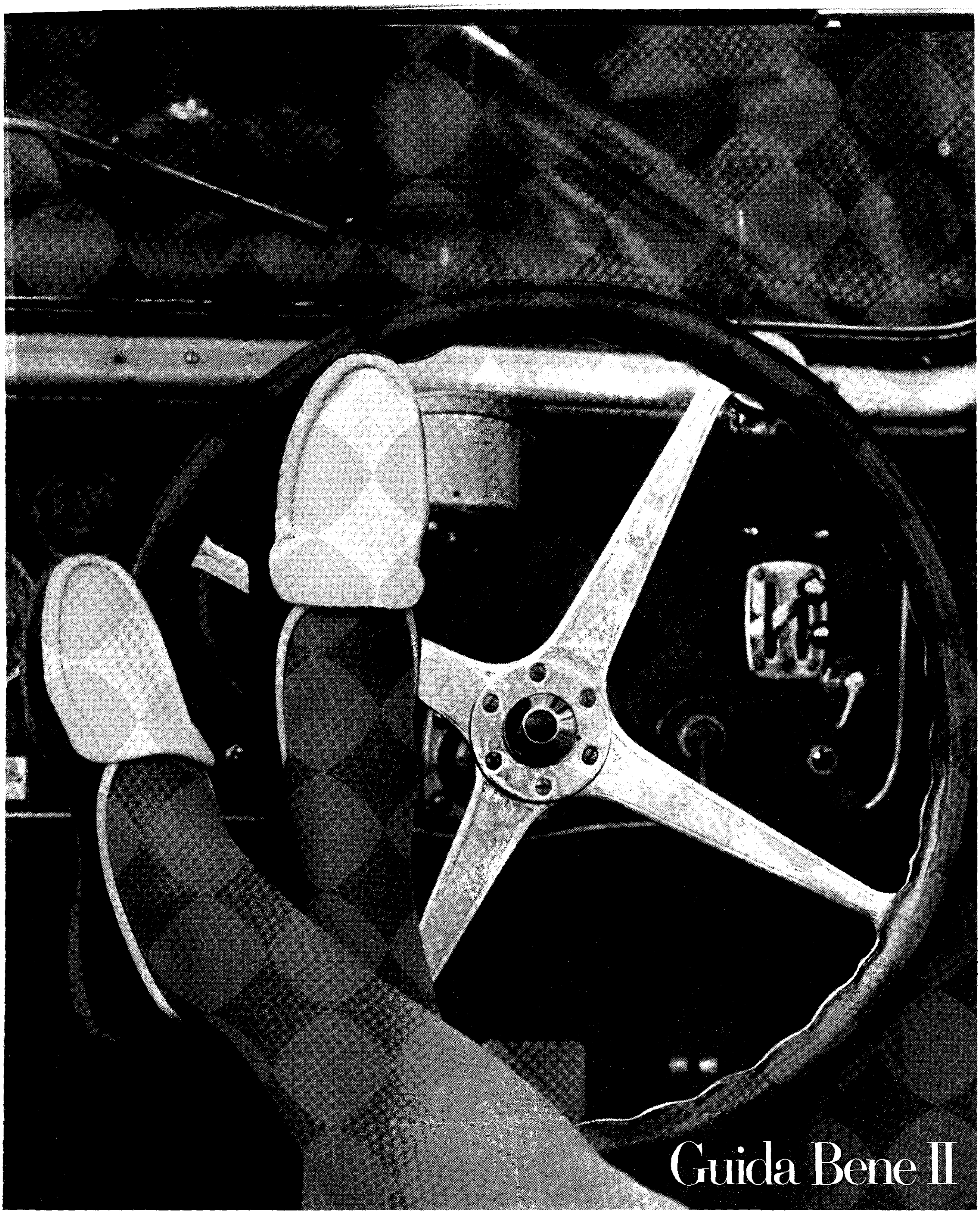
•

Both men also told the select Senate committee, which is investigating the Watergate burglary, other political scandals and fund-raising, that they thought they had no option but to give.

Mr. Wild said he feared his company could "be on a blacklist, low man on the telephone pole" if he did not respond.

—*The Times.*

You know—one of those I.T.T. poles.



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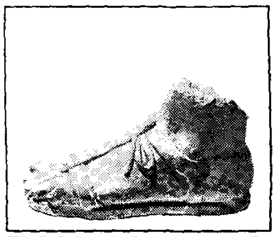


BERNARDO

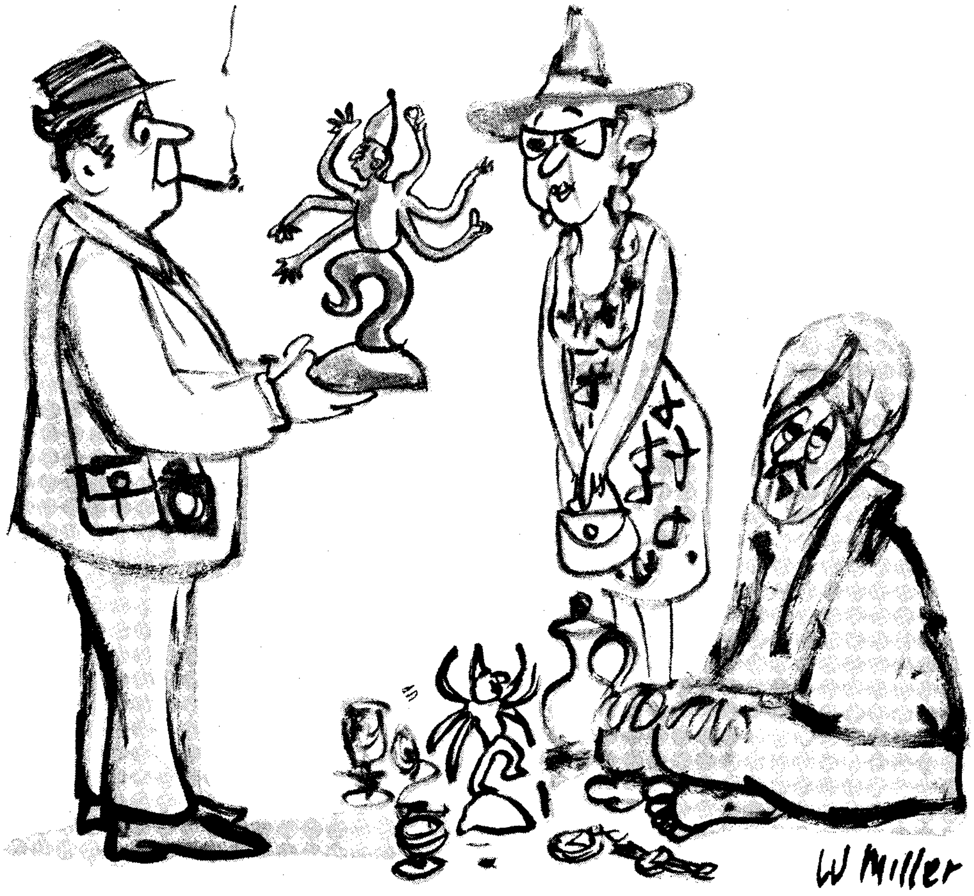
THE THEATRE

MOURNING BECOMES LORELEI

BACK in 1949, a musical called "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" opened here and was turned into a dazzling success by the presence in the starring role of what was then a comparatively novel apparition among us, Miss Carol Channing. She played the dumb-seeming but ever-calculating young gold-digger Lorelei Lee with an energy that might well have served to scoop out the Grand Canyon, and her most popular song, "Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend," has long since passed into the language, along with "Hey, There" and the Gettysburg Address. Miss Channing opened last Sunday evening at the Palace in a show called "Lorelei," which turned out to be a shameless plundering of whatever the producers thought was still usable from the original work, twisted askew and placed in a new and repellent context. The result is a botch of a particularly unpleasant sort, in which poor Miss Channing first appears as a middle-aged widow in deep mourning and then plunges back into the remembered happy days when she and the century were still in their twenties. It was heartless of whoever stands behind this production to have urged Miss Channing to play in what amounts to a ghost story; twenty-five years is a very long time indeed, not only in terms of changing styles of musical comedy but also in terms of human life. Miss Channing continues to be an impressive national resource, all the more precious to us when so many other sources of energy are running low, but how unwelcome a compliment we pay her in saying that her imitation of herself in youth is a remarkable one!

Miss Channing is what is known as a superstar, and superstars are in constant jeopardy of being unwisely exploited. "Lorelei" has been on the road for almost a year; the reasoning behind that long period of travel appears to have been that the show could be hammered and patched together as it moved from city to city, taking in enough money along the way, thanks to Miss Channing, to retrieve much of its capital outlay before it had to face the supreme gamble of Broadway. Given the current cost of transportation and other business factors, that premise has probably proved faulty; as far as the quality of the show is concerned, I find it hard to believe that it has not lost along the way whatever little freshness it may once have possessed.

For the record: The pleasant, if historically premature, Art Deco sets are by John Conklin, the lighting is by John Gleason, Miss Channing's costumes are by Ray Aghayan and Bob Mackie, and the rest of the costumes are by Alvin Colt. The music, both new and old, is by Jule Styne. The old lyrics are by Leo Robin, and a few new lyrics have been contributed by Betty Comden and Adolph Green. The old book is credited to Anita Loos and Joseph Fields, and the new book to Kenny Solms and Gail Parent, who are said to be young folk but who crack jokes withered and rickety with age. (Reaching for the surefire laugh that any Yiddishism provokes in New York, Miss Channing is obliged to pronounce "*touchée*" as "tushy.") Among the performers who assist Miss Channing are Tamara Long, Peter Palmer, Lee Roy Reams, and Dody Goodman. The exceptionally boring choreography is by Ernest O. Flatt, and the production is directed by Robert Moore. Like all musicals nowadays, "Lorelei" is maddeningly over-miked. Do sound engineers never listen to the consequences of their damnable fiddling and twiddling? —BRENDAN GILL



"That one's one hundred bucks with the curse exorcised, or seventy-five as is."

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ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From the Miami Herald*]

Walter Blum, president of the Jockeys' Guild, should know a good filly when he rides one.

Last July 29 at Monmouth Park, 20 years after he rode his first winner in 1953, Blum rode the 4,000th winner of his career. . . .

Blum apparently thinks so highly of a filly named I Understand that he cut short a hunting trip in Pennsylvania, gave up three weeks of his vacation and flew into Miami at noon Wednesday to ride her.

After taking the lead turning for home in Calder's eighth race, I Understand finished fifth behind Little Jen ($9).

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① **APR. 23** **SPRING ADVENTURE CRUISE**
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or from San Francisco, Cal., Apr. 8.
From New York, visits Western Europe in Spring blossom time. Calls at: Azores; Spain; France; Holland; England; Ireland; Wales; Scotland. Cruise terminates in New York.

② **APR. 24** **GREEK ISLANDS, MEDITERRANEAN, ADRIATIC** • GRIPSHOLM • 47 Days, 23 Ports. Also from Port Everglades, Fla., Apr. 19, or from Los Angeles, Cal., Apr. 9.
From New York to: Madeira; Morocco; Malta; Turkey; Greece and the Greek Islands; Yugoslavia; Italy; Spain; Portugal; Azores. Cruise terminates in New York.

③ **MAY 30** **SCANDINAVIA, BALTIC, SCOTLAND**
KUNGSHOLM • 27 Days, 7 Ports.
From New York, visits Scandinavia and the Baltic in Springtime. Calls at: Norway and fjords; Poland; Sweden (with optional trip to Leningrad and Moscow, Russia); Denmark; Scotland. Cruise terminates in New York.

④ **JUNE 11** **RIVIERAS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN**
GRIPSHOLM • 44 Days, 23 Ports.
From New York, visits popular "playgrounds" of Mediterranean and Adriatic. Visits Madeira; Spain; Morocco; Malta; Greece; Yugoslavia; Italy; France; Portugal; Azores. Cruise terminates in New York.

⑤ **JUNE 27** **NORTH CAPE, VIKING LANDS, EUROPE**
KUNGSHOLM • 47 Days, 23 Ports.
From New York to: Iceland; North Cape; Fjords of Norway; Sweden; Denmark; Finland; Russia (with optional side-trip to Moscow); Germany; Holland; England; Ireland. Cruise terminates in New York.

⑥ **JULY 26** **SCANDINAVIA, RUSSIA, WESTERN EUROPE** • GRIPSHOLM • 39 Days, 13 Ports.
From New York to: Norway; Denmark; Sweden; Finland; Russia (with optional side-trip to Moscow); Germany; Holland; Belgium; France (with tours to Normandy or Paris). Cruise terminates in New York.

⑦ **AUG. 29** **GREEK ISLANDS, MEDITERRANEAN, ADRIATIC** • KUNGSHOLM • 42 Days, 23 Ports.
From New York, a beautiful autumn cruise to: Madeira; Spain; Italy; Greece and the Greek Islands; Yugoslavia; Malta; France; Portugal; Azores. Cruise terminates in New York.

⑧ **SEPT. 5** **AUTUMN ODYSSEY TO WESTERN EUROPE, SCANDINAVIA** • GRIPSHOLM
35 Days, 7 Ports.
From New York to: Azores; Spain; France (with tours to Normandy or Paris); Holland; Sweden. From here, a choice of 9-day, all-inclusive shore trips to the Scandinavian capitals, Finland, Russia, the Rhineland, Vienna or England (some included in cruise fare, others at an extra cost). Cruise continues home to New York.

⑨ **OCT. 11** **AROUND SOUTH AMERICA CRUISE**
KUNGSHOLM • 45 Days, 14 Ports.
Also from Port Everglades, Fla., Oct. 13.
From New York, a classic cruise around South America, calling at: Port Everglades; San Blas Islands; Canal Zone; Peru; Chile; Argentina; Brazil; Barbados; U.S. Virgin Islands. Cruise terminates in Port Everglades or N.Y.

⑩ **OCT. 11** **EUROPE, AFRICA, WEST INDIES**
GRIPSHOLM • 34 Days, 9 Ports.
Also from Port Everglades, Fla., Oct. 14.
A new and refreshing Fall cruise, from New York to: Port Everglades; Azores; Portugal; Spain; Morocco; Madeira; Canary Islands; Senegal; Barbados. Cruise terminates in Port Everglades.

⑪ **DEC. 18** **BRAZIL AND WEST INDIES**
GRIPSHOLM • 33 Days, 9 Ports
From Port Everglades, Fla., a delightful holiday cruise to: Jamaica; Curacao; Brazil; Barbados; Martinique; U.S. Virgin Islands. Cruise terminates in Port Everglades, Fla.

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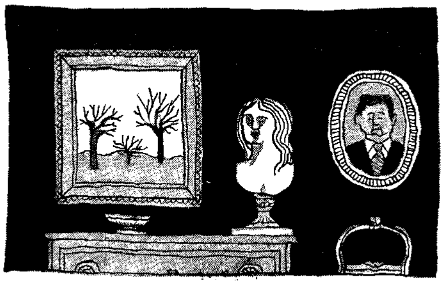
REFLECTIONS

THE AMERICAN CONDITION—III

As I wrote on another occasion, a newspaper account a few years ago recorded the angered dismay of the citizenry of Kennebunk, Maine, when they arose one morning to find that the town's centennial plot—a remnant of the original village green—had been "removed by state-highway crews to make way for new traffic islands." Outrage provoked an inquiry, which established that the removal was pursuant to a state-highway project approved not very long before by the town's citizens themselves. The green was the most important and visible link with the Kennebunk past, having been enjoyed and admired by many generations. It was maintained by a special trust fund, established in 1922, and in recent years a display of flowers there had been continually renewed by the town museum, pursuant to a nostalgic bequest by the late Colonel Harry A. Mapes. The centennial plot was gone before anyone even noticed. However, the paper told us, the decision of the town selectmen to request "grass-over islands rather than the hard-topped type" was expected to "ease the situation—if the grass plots are approved by the state Highway Commission."

Who destroyed the centennial plot? Not the highway crew. They only followed instructions. Most of them weren't even from Kennebunk. Not the voters of Kennebunk. They merely approved a recommendation for a new road to ease the obviously congested traffic on its way to other parts of Maine. The engineering plans were on file in the engineer's office in the state capital of Augusta, about eighty miles away, but they did not appear on any ballot. Nor could many voters have understood them if they had. In any event, the subsequent protest clearly proves that the citizens would have rejected the design if they had been aware of its consequence. The State Highway Commission was not responsible. It was only carrying out its assigned task of drawing up plans for new roads that, according to conclusive studies, would benefit the entire area. Having submitted recommendations, it thereafter acted as the faithful agent of the expressed popular will. Moreover, since the engineers involved were working in Augusta, they could hardly have been expected to know of the passion and nostalgia attached to that one plot of grass, so like a thousand others on their surveys. The construction of this particular highway was stimulated and assisted by federal funds flowing from the vast and visionary federal highway program initiated by President Eisenhower. Without those funds, it would never have been built. Was it, then, President Eisenhower who destroyed Kennebunk's centennial plot? It seems unduly harsh to blame a man who may never even have heard of Kennebunk, and whose program, moreover, was the only logical response to the enormous postwar boom in automotive transportation. (Statistics reveal that, if it wants to, the entire American population can fit into the front seats of its automobiles.) Perhaps we are now getting closer. There would have been no highway program without all the cars, and thus—as radical theory has predicted—the villains must be General Motors, Ford, and Chrysler. The managers of these companies, however, would immediately counter any such accusation by pointing out that they built cars only because people wanted to buy them—that they were acting as the admittedly well-paid economic servants of a free people making a free choice. The argument is unanswerable. Yet common sense tells us that the millions of people who, year after year, drove their new acquisitions from dealers' lots did not want to destroy the centennial plot. Clearly, they didn't mean to. Had a poll been taken, and the issue explained, a majority would probably have supported the plot's preservation. Yet when they put their signatures on the bills of sale they helped initiate events that ultimately evoked the futile anger of a Maine town. It was that movement of circumstances known as "the system" which forever erased the fine old Kennebunk centennial plot.

The words "economy" and "economic order" are categories of convenience which tempt us to regard the plexus of activities and events that they categorize as a self-contained system, an organic entity. If we succumb, then we must also accept, often unknowingly, the relationships of interest and the ideas that are not contained by those categories but that support and interfuse the economic structure. The language of economics contains words that seem to describe facts—objective phenomena—but that really express the ruling forces of our cultural process. There are general terms like "wealth," "prosperity," and "growth," and the narrower, more technical symbols—"market value," "exchange," "Gross National Product." "Prosperity" and "growth" tell us little of what is happening to the lives of individuals in a society—only how well the present structure is doing according to its own intrinsic scale of measurement. I am not referring to the obvious opposition of the economic or material to the non-economic or immaterial. Rather, what is economic—what is to be counted—is a matter of values and interest; it is not prescribed by the nature of material things. For example, we add to our economic wealth when we produce a car but not when a city sets aside land for a park. Even though people want it, and even if it could be proved that the presence of a park so uplifted the morale of nearby residents that their work output rose ten per cent, the park would not enter into calculations of growth, prosperity, and so on, for it has no market value. The market structure we have inherited provides no mechanism through which desire for a park can be translated into economic demand. Therefore, even if people want the park and use it, even if it adds to their income by permitting a reduction of expenditures for recreation and transportation, it is not counted as growth. Yet society has produced a material object that has enhanced happiness, raised income, and perhaps even added to productivity. If the discourse and definitions of the day's economics are not simply descriptive—intellectual analogues of material reality—neither are they arbitrary and changeable. They are the manufacture of a commercial-industrial society; they have been fashioned to justify the dominant interests and modes of production. This is true of Marxist economics as well as the liberal, or marketplace, economics that has dominated Western society from Adam Smith to Keynes. Both are ideologies of emerging industrialism, germinated by the struggle between the new industrial system and a dying feudalism, between businessman and aristocrat, between a new middle class



Some things your kids can see on TV in the next two months. And some things they can't.

Children watch lots of television.

Most watch it for fun. But they can also find many hours of enrichment and information, too.

Like most television programs, the ones for youngsters are generally supported by advertising. But commercials in programs designed primarily for children must meet special standards—the guidelines of the broadcasters' Television Code.

Here are some don'ts from the Code: Children can't be shown risking harm. And they can't be told to ask their parents to buy things for them. Ads mustn't mislead. And they mustn't confuse young viewers or cause dissatisfaction by comparing one toy with another. Program hosts can't sell to youngsters during their programs, and famous people whom kids admire can't endorse items. Products must not be overglamorized, but shown as they are. Words like "just" or "only" can't be used to make prices seem attractive. And if a doll's clothes or batteries for a toy must be bought separately, the ad can't hide that fact. Medical remedies can't be sold in or near children's programs.

The Code is one way broadcasters meet their responsibilities to youngsters.

Another way is with programs that are entertaining and enriching for children and for the family.

The selective viewer will find an ample range of choices in the list below.

The Baboons of Gombe. Jane Goodall and the World of Animal Behavior. Friday, Feb. 1 (8-9 pm).

It's A Mystery, Charlie Brown; There's No Time for Love, Charlie Brown. Friday, Feb. 1 (8:30-9 pm); Sunday, March 17 (7:30-8 pm).

What's the Supreme Court All About? The Court's role explained for the young. Saturday, Feb. 2 (12-12:30 pm).

CBS Children's Film Festival. Friends for Life; Tony and the Tick-Tock Dragon; Tymancha's Friend; Tjorven, Batsman and Moses; Giant Eel; Jumping Over Puddles; Mr. Horatio Knibbles. Saturdays, Feb. 2, 9, 16; March 2, 9, 16, 30 (1-2 pm).

NBC Religious Specials. Discovery; A Peculiar Treasure. Sundays, Feb, 3, 17 (5-6 pm).

Cinderella. Rodgers and Hammerstein musical. Sunday, Feb. 3 (7:30-9 pm).

The Migrants. CBS Playhouse 90—Tennessee Williams drama of poor farm workers. Sunday, Feb. 3 (9-10:30 pm).

The Little Mermaid. Hans Christian Andersen, animated. Monday, Feb. 4 (8-8:30 pm).

Dr. Seuss. Horton Hears a Who; The Lorax. Mondays, Feb. 4; March 25 (8:30-9 pm).

The Country Girl. Hallmark Hall of Fame—Clifford Odets drama starring Jason Robards, Shirley Knight Hopkins, George Grizzard. Tuesday, Feb. 5 (8:30-10 pm).

The Man Who Changed the Navy. Profile of Admiral Elmo Zumwalt. Tuesday, Feb. 5 (10-11 pm).

ABC Afterschool Special. Rookie of the Year; Cyrano. Wednesdays, Feb. 13; March 6 (4:30-5:30 pm).

Highlights of Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus. Thursday, Feb. 14 (8-9 pm).

The American Music Awards. Public's choice of jazz, rock and pop. Tuesday, Feb. 19 (8:30-10 pm).

It's Good To Be Alive. GE Theater—Based on life of Roy Campanella. Friday, Feb. 22 (9-11 pm).

Today is Ours. CBS Festival of the Lively Arts for Young People—Poems of the Black Experience. Saturday, Feb. 23 (1-2 pm).

The Wizard of Oz. Judy Garland, Ray Bolger, Bert Lahr, Jack Haley. Sunday, Feb. 24 (6:30-8:30 pm).

Beneath the Bottom of the World. Undersea World of Jacques Cousteau—Documentary on world under Antarctic ice. Thursday, Feb. 28 (8-9 pm).

Hello, Dolly! Musical "Matchmaker." Thursday, Feb. 28 (8 pm-Conclusion).

Heidi. With Maximilian Schell, Jean Simmons, Michael Redgrave, Jennifer Edwards. Wednesday, March 6 (8-10 pm).

Pueblo. Hal Holbrook in drama on naval incident. Thursday, March 7 (9-11 pm).

Marlo Thomas and Friends in "Free to Be . . . You and Me." Monday, March 11 (8-9 pm).

Portrait: Harry Truman. Incident in life of the late President. Monday, March 11 (10-11 pm).

Living With Elephants. Documentary on Tanzania. Wednesday, March 13 (8-9 pm).

The Execution of Private Slovik. Only GI executed for desertion since Civil War. Wednesday, March 13 (8:30-11 pm).

The World You Never See. Natural marvels in photomicrography. Thursday, March 14 (8-9 pm).

The Big Cats. National Geographic Society—Studies major felines near extinction. Friday, March 15 (8-9 pm).

The Merchant of Venice. ABC Theatre—British National Theatre production, starring Laurence Olivier, Joan Plowright. Saturday, March 16 (8:30-11).

We, the Women. The American Parade—Progress of women in America. Sunday, March 17 (8-9 pm).

6 Rms Riv Vu. Broadway comedy with Carol Burnett, Alan Alda. Sunday, March 17 (9-10:30 pm).

The White Collar Worker. Changing status of office workers. Sunday, March 17 (10-11 pm).

American Film Institute Salute to James Cagney. Tribute to one of filmdom's legends. Monday, March 18 (9:30-11 pm).

The Energy Crisis: American Solutions. Explores new methods, sources. Thursdays, March 21, 28 (10-11 pm).

The Red Pony. Henry Fonda, Maureen O'Hara in Steinbeck's story. Friday, March 22 (8-10 pm).

The Selfish Giant. Oscar Wilde story, animated. Monday, March 25 (8-8:30 pm).

Winnie the Pooh and the Honey Tree. A. A. Milne story in animation. Tuesday, March 26 (8-8:30 pm).

Blizzard at Hope Bay. Undersea World of Jacques Cousteau—The crew faces Antarctic winter. Sunday, March 31 (7:30-8:30 pm).

REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester/CBS Morning News/The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/Sesame Street/Mister Rogers' Neighborhood/Electric Company

Saturday: In the News/Multiplication-Grammar Rock/Yogi's Gang/Super Friends/Emergency+4/Fat Albert and the Cosby Kids/GO/CBS Children's Film Festival/ABC Wide World of Sports/Reasoner Report

Sunday: In the News/Multiplication-Grammar Rock/Kid Power/Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/Camera Three/Make A Wish/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Directions/Issues and Answers/60 Minutes/The Wonderful World of Disney/Masterpiece Theatre/NBC News Special Edition

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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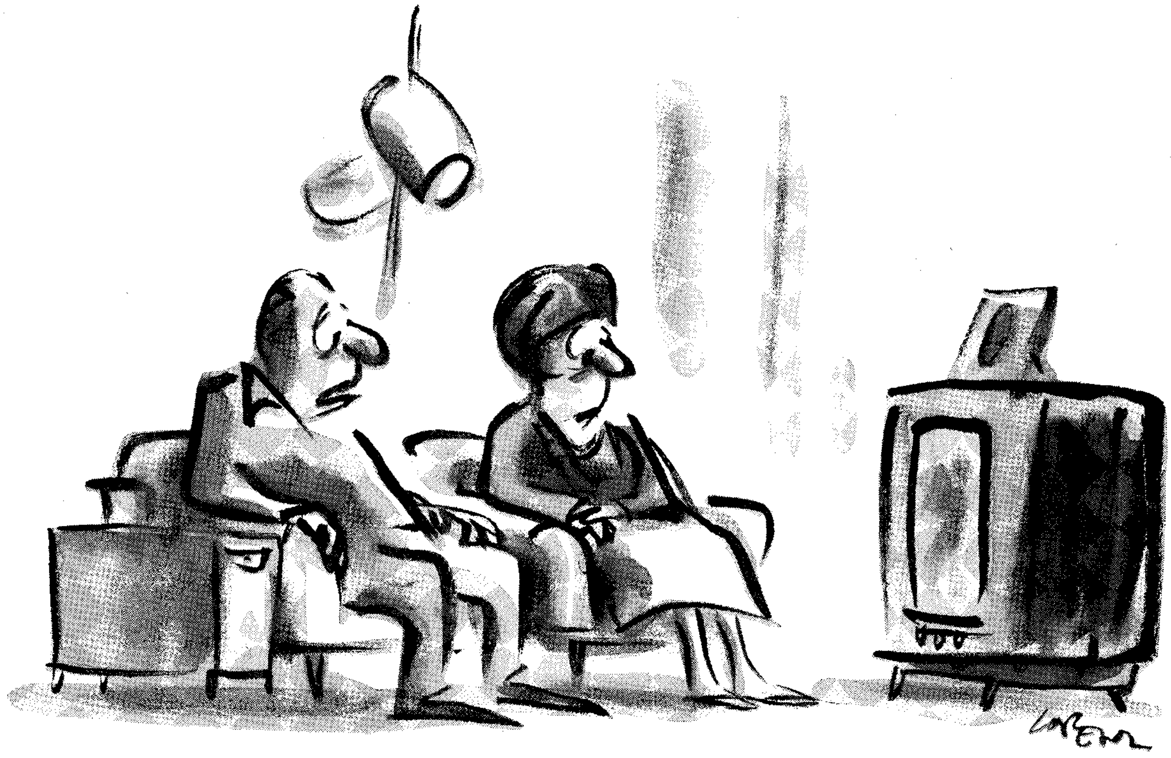


"Sometimes I think there are too many good things on Channel 13."

• •

and the old upper class. When society evolves new ways to create wealth—a redistribution of power—then a new economics is needed. The concepts and rules of economics are useful, but terms that often sound technical are also ideological, deriving from the relationships and necessities of the time. They cannot be given a different content by fiat or consensus—only by shifts in the order they describe and serve.

"The owners of mere labor power, the owners of capital, and the landowners," wrote Marx, "whose respective sources of income are wages, profits, and rent of land, or, in other words, wage laborers, capitalists, and landowners, form the three great classes of modern society based on the capitalist mode of production." All three of the classes that Marx described can be found in modern society, but they are no longer the "great classes." Marx's description does not include the managers of industry, custodians of capital, and leaders of unions, and the millions of highly trained, highly educated, and professional workers whose necessary skills give them a more powerful claim on the economy than "mere labor power" could hope to assert. Nor does Marx admit the leaders of the state, who not only serve the private economy but themselves manage a large and powerful economic enterprise, a vested interest. Yet these unlisted groups are the "classes" that dominate the modern economy. They have arisen from a division of ownership made possible by technology.

Since Adolph Berle and Gardiner Means first described the modern corporation, in the nineteen-thirties, the separation of ownership from authority over industry has been part of the common understanding. This insight can be extended by approaching it from a different vantage point—by examining the concept of "ownership." It is now apparent that ownership is not elementary—not an irreducible entity—but a cluster of relationships between individuals and property. And those relationships are separable; that is, the attributes of ownership can be divided among individuals and groups. The result is a redistribution of economic power. What is "ownership"? To say that one owns a car is to make a statement different in kind from the assertion that one has driven or wrecked a car. This assertion describes external physical reality, while the first statement asserts a legal status, an enforceable convention. (In a society without laws or enforced customs, one would own what one could defend, and then ownership, too, would be a description of a physical reality.) The meaning of ownership is historical and social. We can more easily understand the modern meaning of ownership if we first examine what ownership has meant throughout the industrial age. Ownership implies value. One can possess and claim to "own" something that is totally valueless, but the statement has no economic meaning. Imagine a man enamored of a small piece of sandstone, which he displays in his home. To say he owns something that no one else wants is merely to assert that it is in his possession. If he should talk about the stone long and provocatively enough to arouse the desire of others, it would take on value. That is the history of advertising. Value depends largely upon the possibility, immediate or remote, of exchange.

Since only things of value can be owned, ownership includes the right to that value. And that right must be exclusive to the extent of the ownership. If nonowners have a right to the value of property, then no one owns it, although someone, or everyone, may have a right to its possession. Thus, Marx described workers as owners of mere labor power, capitalists as owners of capital, and landowners as owners of land. Members of each class received the value of their property in a distinctive way (in wages, in profits, or in rents), but it was their property—what they owned—that made them members of a class. They would remain members of that class even if temporary economic conditions made it impossible for them to receive any value for their property. (If such conditions were permanent, their property would be valueless, their ownership destroyed.) There was also a middle class, which owned an assortment of special skills and strategic positions. Since Marx believed that this class was doomed, he did not describe its qualities in great detail, but the principle was the same. The exclusive right to value was a logical principle of an economy based upon ownership. At some point, however, this right began to be enlarged: the owner could exclude all others from the property itself. An owner could shut down a factory, keep his land idle, bury his capital; he could withdraw his property from the society and renounce its value, and still bar all others from it. That was power, and not economics. The economic relationship of ownership, a creation of the social structure, was fortified until property became an extension of its possessor's existence. This was an enormous leap into alienation. One could argue that the creation of ownership in the sense of the exclusive claim to value would enlarge the total wealth of society. But the right to exclude all others from the property itself meant that individuals had the power to strip mankind of value and benefits. Ownership so defined was more than a function or a relationship. It was sovereignty, and the ideology that sustained it was a faith. This change in the content of ownership reflected the growing individualism that had its inception in the Renaissance.

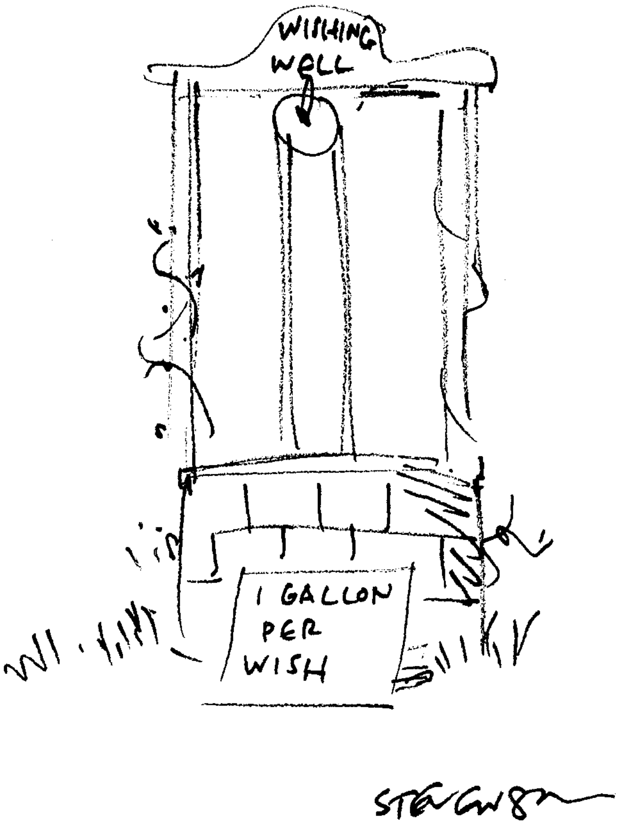
Authority over property came to be regarded as the principal quality of ownership. The standard nineteenth-century treatise on British jurisprudence summarized ownership by saying, "Ownership or Property may be described accurately enough in the following manner: 'The right to use or deal with some given subject in a manner, or to an extent, which, though it is not unlimited, is indefinite.' " Since authority over property is part of the right to its value, a transfer of that authority is a partial transfer of ownership, and the retention of that authority is necessary to ownership. This attribute of ownership is the link between value and economic power. The use of wealth, and not its mere existence, shapes society, although the level of wealth helps determine the framework of possibilities and oppressions of any particular society; that is, the fact of wealth can make a society affluent, but what happens within an affluent society depends upon the use of wealth.

Economic power is a consequence of the right to value; its exercise is an attribute of ownership. Concentration of ownership brings a disproportionate aggregation of economic power. It is a kind of alchemy: the piling up of impotent units transmutes the accumulated mass into a source of great power. But how does one thing become another? Ownership is robed in power by the economic relationships, the values, the ideology, and the politics that constitute the social process. The nineteenth-century worker, for example, was impotent because he owned such a tiny fraction of the available labor power. If the economic structure had made possible the ownership of a great deal of labor, or all the labor resources available to a particular factory or industry, such ownership would have yielded a great deal of power. That is why men once fought to dominate the slave trade, and why modern labor leaders are invited to spend time at the White House.

This analytical sketch revises the observation that power and ownership have been separated in the modern state. For if authority inheres in the right to value, and is thus an attribute of ownership, it cannot be split off, leaving us with authority in one place and ownership in another. Under those circumstances, what would remain would be not "ownership" but something else that had been given that name. Instead of separating authority and ownership, then, we have divided ownership itself, permitting the attributes that compose it to fall into different hands. This is not an argument over labels. The division of ownership is a division of claims on value, and brings with it a division of economic power. And when economic power is divided, it is diminished, just as it is increased through concentration. For an illustration, we must adopt a perspective that belongs to twentieth-century consciousness, and look upon ownership *not as a fact, a fixed state, but as a process, an element of a dynamic system whose essence resides in function, not in existence*. A political example of this principle is furnished by the history of the Constitutional separation of powers, reinforced by a system of checks and balances which was designed not only to divide the power of the state but to reduce it—to prevent government itself from becoming too powerful—through a division of the attributes of political sovereignty; the modern fusion of once separated functions has not simply transferred power to the Executive at the expense of Congress but increased the total power of the state. Like the division of political powers, the division of ownership, by dividing economic power, reduces it, so that the total economic power in the system is less than it was. This, of course, refers to the power of human beings. (The factory continues to disgorge its products, command resources, shape our civilization.) And since economic relations take institutional form, we have necessarily designed a structure to institutionalize human impotence. It is called bureaucracy. The limitlessly tolerant servant-master of advanced societies, it is perfectly willing to be labelled Communist in one place and capitalist in another, as long as it is allowed to function.

"BUREAUCRACY" is not a pejorative for unloved organizations. It designates a determinate structure and manner of function—a process. At least two conditions are necessary to bureaucracy: it must be relatively independent of the desires, special purposes, or insanities of particular individuals, including the transient holders of supreme headship; and it must be large—large enough to permit and justify internal regulation through "policies," "procedures," and "standards." Function and size thrive in mutual dependency, in inorganic analogy to soul and body, mind and matter. Once bureaucracy becomes a dominant form of organization, its attitudes and values are diffused through the society.

Not all industries are bureaucracies—just the important ones. Of the more than one and a half million American corporations, one hundred possess about half of all the country's corporate assets, or well over a quarter of a trillion dollars. Add another hundred companies, and together they have more than sixty per cent of all the assets. Even these figures churlishly understate the economic importance of the supercorps. Their behavior bounds the behavior of most smaller units, which are implicated in their fate. Should



even a single major American industry collapse—were that possible—it would be a far greater economic disaster for us, than, say, the bankruptcy of Britain, the fall of France, or the discovery that there was no gold at Fort Knox. Given the scale of the American economy, that is concentration enough to stagger any nineteenth-century Marxist. If it were really a concentration of capitalist wealth and power, the system would have collapsed into the state, as Marx predicted. It is better described as a concentration of productive capacity.

Of course, you can also measure corporations by market value, revenues, profits, and so on. And it makes a difference whether you include all corporations or just manufacturing corporations, thus excluding banks, insurance companies, and so on—although it would seem a little strange for an analysis of capitalism to neglect the holders of capital. But, whatever method you choose, the conclusion is the same—a concentration of dominant economic and productive capacity in a few large units. The concentration would be even greater if you grouped companies according to shared interest and action rather than by corporate charters. It makes more sense to think of the automotive industry as a single economic unit than as an industry dominated by three major companies. These companies produce essentially the same product in essentially the same way. They never indulge in serious price warfare or technological competition. Their shareholders overlap (increasingly, with the growth of institutional investors); their managers are cut from the same pattern; they sign the same contract with the same union; and they prevail upon the same government agencies. It does not take a trinitarian metaphysics to see that, viewed from the perspective of social welfare or economic science, functionally they are one.

The ideological justifications of economic competition are functional, and their function is to vivify the economy by, for example, rewarding superior performance—innovation, efficiency, and energy—and permitting the purchaser maximum value for his money. Corporations are functionally distinct only when they are competitive—or, at least, when large elements of competition remain. Company names and corporate charters tell us only about economic history and the law, disguising the economic structure. In the world of the megacorporations—whether what is involved is telephones, computers, automobiles, steel, or oil—there is little functional difference between monopoly and oligopoly. Indeed, the oligopoly has the economic power of a monopoly without providing the same temptation to public regulation. For one corporation in an oligopoly to absorb the others—to create a monopoly—would bring great dangers and almost no advantages. Those who managed the takeover could not even be sure that their salaries would increase. Nor would the stock of such a monopoly necessarily be a better investment. A functional analysis of our economy would expose prodigious concentration. We would see that the hundred corporations with half the assets are really only from ten to twenty bureaucracies. And we would find the immense concentration to be accelerating, already overflowing national borders. Yet any other kind of analysis is a study of names.

Who owns these economic brontosaurs? Economic literature generally agrees that the managers are not owners. Yet, as we have defined ownership, the managers do possess one of its attributes: the power to direct the use of property. Certainly no one else possesses it. They are part owners, although their power has been greatly limited by its division from the other attributes of ownership. Our search then turns to the legal "owners"—the holders of common stock. More than thirty million people hold stock in American companies. Many, perhaps a majority, of these people hold shares in the larger companies. All the economic bureaucracies have legions of shareholders. Corporate charters and corporation codes seem to agree that these shareholders own the company. Yet a shareholder cannot exchange his stock for an equivalent fraction of a corporation's assets, nor can he demand an equivalent portion of corporate earnings; that is, he has no right to the value of the company. And ownership is a right to value; those without that right are not owners. If a security were in fact a claim on the value of a company, its price would tend to reflect the present or rationally foreseeable assets or earnings of the company. It does not. For example, I.B.M., with assets of over ten billion dollars, had a market value (total cost of all shares at the price per share) at the end of 1972 of over forty-six billion dollars, while A.T.&T., with over sixty billion dollars in assets, had a market value of less than thirty billion. This is an extreme illustration of the fact that the market value of almost all large companies has no fixed relationship to their assets. And the same is true of earnings. Xerox, with earnings of around two hundred and

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fifty million dollars, had almost the same market value as General Electric, with earnings of five hundred and thirty million dollars. Nor can any purchaser of stock in Xerox anticipate that the company's earnings will ever equal those of General Electric. These disproportions would surprise only someone who assumed that a share of stock was actually a claim on the value of a corporation. *Forbes* magazine says of market value that "there are few figures . . . more ephemeral, more shifting, more dependent on matters that are frequently outside of management's control." The nature of the securities market is such that the value of stock is a matter of metaphysics as much as of industrial worth, the product of alternating greed and timidity, passionate expectation and chilled detachment more than of economic expansion and decline. There is some relationship between the value of securities and the strength of the corporation that issued them; shares in a bankrupt company would be worthless. However, we need not analyze this relationship—analogous to the link between the value of the dollar and the strength of the economy—to establish the point that one who buys stock in an economic bureaucracy does not possess any fixed or proportionate claim on the value of that corporation as it is expressed in earnings or assets, present or future. The fact that dividends are issued does not affect this conclusion. After taxes and costs (except depreciation) are deducted from corporate earnings, over two-thirds of what is left goes back into the corporation. This is known as the "cash flow," even though it doesn't flow anywhere. The remainder is for dividends, whose size is determined by management, not by shareholders. Functionally, dividends are designed to help maintain a market by giving shareholders some return on their capital. Shareholders receive less for their money than bondholders, and are recompensed with hope.

Since shareholders have no right to the value of a corporation, they do not own it. If some Tibetan monk were moved to study our economy as a penitential exercise and were restricted to a volume containing the law of corporations, he might well conclude that the shareholders did own them. He would discover that shareholders had a legal right to set policy, to hire and fire managers, even to dissolve the company and distribute the assets. He would not understand that his studies were historical—the exploration of a legal structure that was the residue of a receding social reality. The broadening of stock own-

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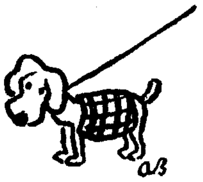
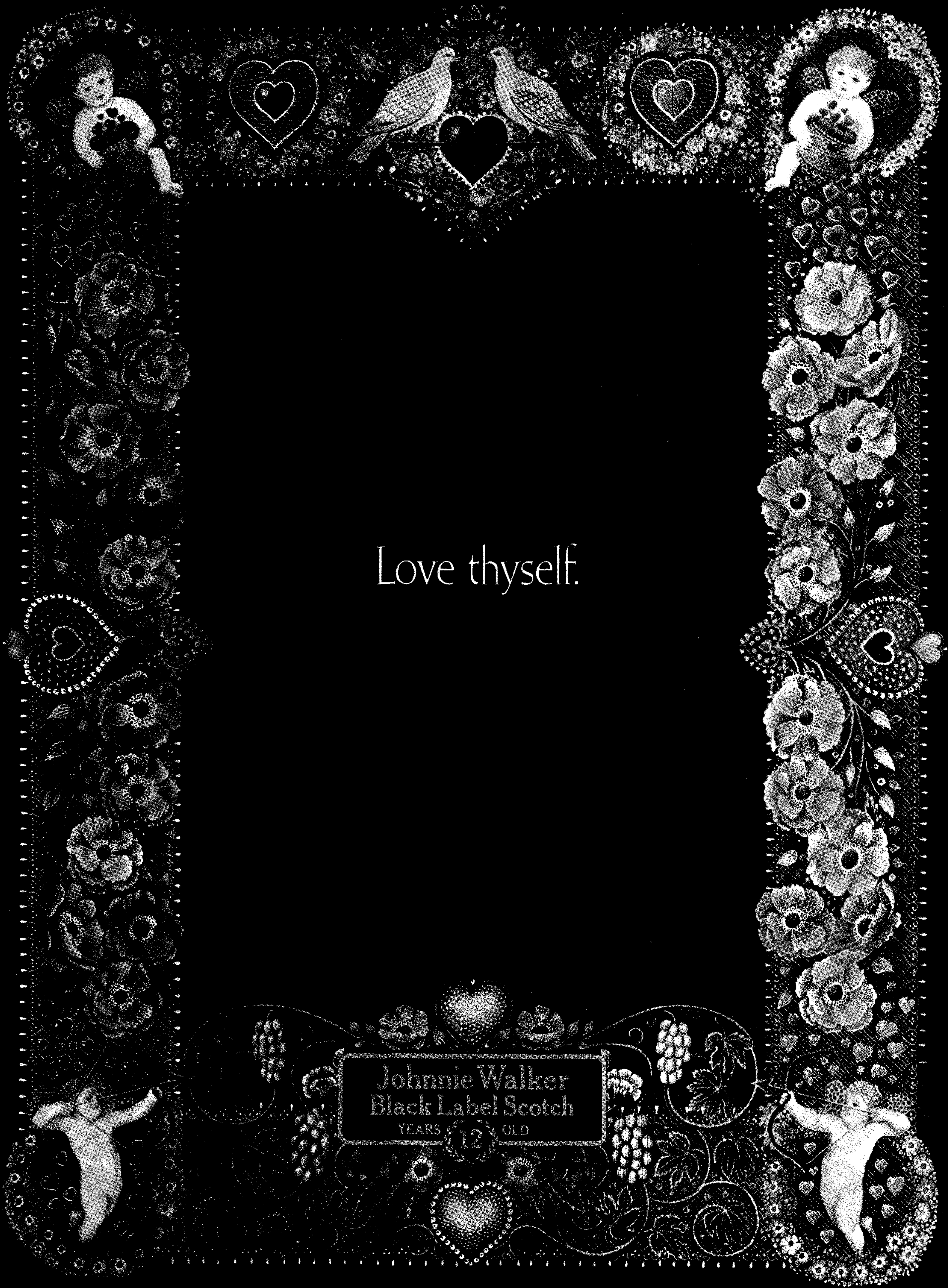
ership to large numbers of the general public has made it impossible for shareholders to exercise their legal powers. Ownership has been nullified through dispersion. If shareholders do not own the company, what do they own? They own stock. In some fashion, that stock is backed by the corporation. But since their only right is to the value of that stock as it is determined by the market, stock is all that they own.

If the shareholders don't own the corporation, and if the managers don't own it, then who does? There seems to be only one possibility remaining: the corporation owns itself. The relationship is not comprehended in Marxist categories, but Marx was too much of a nineteenth-century humanist to follow the path of alienation to the end.

MARX's attack on religion was invested with the righteousness of a prophet who perceives a corruption of the faith. The powerful attraction of Marxism derived from its awareness that the expanded material possibility of satisfying traditional desires had converted a former inevitability into a present injustice. Marxism accommodated the censures and prophecies of the Gospels to the fact that riches once laid up in Heaven were now to be found on earth. The most persuasive of these restatements was the secularization of Christ's promise that "many that are first shall be last; and the last shall be first"—words that had done more than love to justify man's ways to man. Workers, "owners of mere labor power," condemned by their helplessness to suffer the insatiable extortions of capitalist masters, would accomplish a literal revolution, an overturning; the mired base of society's pyramid would be a platform from which to ascend toward the higher realms of freedom. The first step would be the "socialization of labor," which, along with centralization of production, would deepen the vulnerability of capitalism to approaching revolution. In America, labor was socialized. The result, however, was not utopian Communism but the modern economic bureaucracy. New historical possibilities had intervened. Without modern technology, the sprawling structures of bureaucracy could not function. Nor could workers be absorbed into the dominant economic structures until productive capacity reached such a scale that it could be sustained only by mass consumption—until the rights of the few came to depend on the comfort of the many. In the late nineteen-thirties, it became apparent that to impoverish the masses was to strike at the dominant economic interests—that in the new economy capitalism was incompatible with great wealth and power. So capitalism gave way.



"Capitalism" is a word developed to describe the evolution and structure of industrial economies in the nineteenth century. It cannot be applied to the American economy of today unless its meaning is fundamentally changed. Indeed, the concept itself imprisons our thought, inducing us to cram new institutions into historical categories, and distracting us from the search for the source of our afflictions. Radical thought often seeks to preserve old enemies. Marx himself spent enormous energy in his opposition to religion at a time when its power to influence society was already fading. Modern Marxists attack private property as if that institution were the same as it was a century ago, and, consequently, make it more difficult to see that our oppressions derive from the management and the autonomous function of property. Some actually seem to think that if the government owned all property, it would belong to the people, although the entire history of the twentieth century denies this proposition. Even in America, the government now owns a lot. Is it yours? Once unions—socialized labor—were incorporated into the legal structure, the owners of "mere labor power" acquired a far more valuable property: they became owners of the labor resource itself. As with any concentration of economic assets, the result was to create economic power. Collectively, workers could deprive industry of access to labor—an asset much greater than the sum of their individual services. Through negotiations, union leaders have a delegated power to share in determining the value of the labor resource—to set a price expressed in wages, benefits, and conditions of employment. Workers have a claim to that value which is enforced by the law of contracts—a technique that has been used to protect property from the very beginning of commercial society. Approaching the matter in this fashion, we can see that modern labor legislation—like the law of contracts—simply adds another dimension to the law of ownership. The labor resource is not owned by workers as individuals. Part of it is in the hands of managers—the union leaders. Whenever widely dispersed property comes under central management, the result is bureaucracy. In a bureaucracy, the managers are also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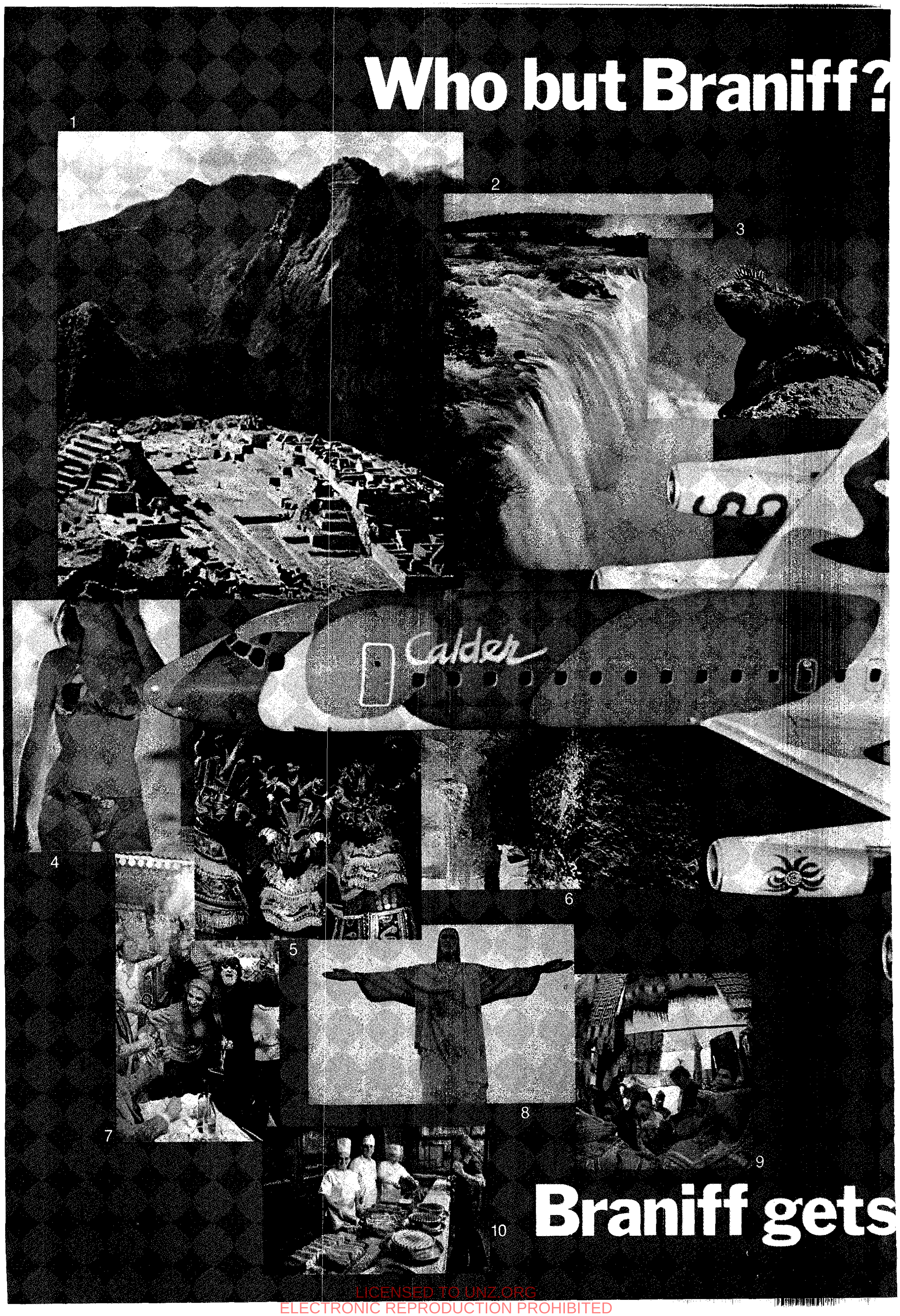
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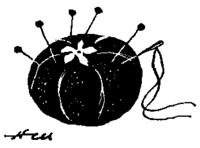
owners—at least, to the extent of their power to determine value. Partly for this reason, bureaucratic structures always have some interests distinct from those of their constituencies. Union bureaucracies, for example, must restrict themselves to goals consistent with their power, which is limited to the protections and rewards that can be taken from the present industrial structure. To the extent that workers have needs that cannot be met in this way, unions cannot represent them. It is apparent that a union pursuing the goals prescribed by its structure and function could be at odds with other needs of the workers. If those needs became dominant, the union would be compelled to act against the interests of the working class. We are about halfway toward this contradiction.



The conclusion that the socialization of labor created a new form of property—the labor resource—is further affirmed by the considerations that establish the value of labor. In a unionized industry, there is no longer any way to fix the value of "mere labor power." Should an army of unemployed offer themselves at half pay, they would not be employed; nor would existing wages be reduced (in the absence of a serious economic decline). The market mechanism for labor has gone the way of the whip, the chain, and feudal dues, although it lingers in a few remaining pockets of capitalism. It has been replaced by what is known as the division of production.

Wage demands and settlements are based on corporate earnings, on the general price structure—itself largely established by the economic bureaucracy—and on the sensed power of the corporation to pass the wage increase along in higher prices. This basis for settlement is accepted by all parties, although they may differ as to amount. The socialization of labor has created an economic class distinct from both the working class and the middle class of the mid-nineteenth century. Since the character and interests of a class consist in the property it owns, the ownership of the labor resource—rather than of "mere labor power"—has created a separate set of interests. Foremost among them is the necessity of protecting and sustaining the economic bureaucracies on which the value of the labor resource depends. As these large industries grow and increase their earnings, the property of socialized labor—its claim on value—also flourishes. Should one of the industries decline or fall, the property and its attribute of power would also diminish. Individual workers might find new jobs, but the union, the collective bureaucracy, would be stripped of its property and reduced toward "mere labor power." Unions therefore are, and must be, a functioning component of the economic bureaucracy. To act in opposition to it would be to seek self-destruction.

In "The Power Elite," C. Wright Mills noted that unions seemed increasingly uninterested in the formulation of progressive social policy, and explained that unions became less involved in social movements once they were dependent on governmental power. The unions' "dependence" on government, however, is like that of corporations; that is, they are legitimized—recognized by the legal structure. This gives them more power, not less, but that power is a consequence of their incorporation into the ruling economic structure. The behavior of unions has changed because their interests have changed, not because they are objects of coercion. Of course, union leaders dream different dreams from those of company presidents, shareholders, or pension-fund managers. They do not spend long hours studying ways to improve company earnings. Each component of the modern process of production—managers, shareholders, unions, and creditors—differs from the others in claim and estate. But all are linked by the immanent interest of the corporation itself—to function, grow, and earn. *The nature of their power and property requires each of them, including unions, to act in a way that is consistent with the purpose—the inbuilt tropisms—of the economic bureaucracy.* This is true regardless of what particular individuals think they are doing or what they want to do.

Some union leaders are leaders of progressive thought and do not hesitate to ally themselves against large corporations on public issues. But the union itself is a creature of economics, not of belief. Its attitudes and actions are determined by its structure and function. Should there be a fundamental challenge to the corporate structure, individual union leaders would have to choose which side to take. The union would have no choice. There are always adversary elements in the relation between union and management, as there are between all major constituents of the economic bureaucracy. These differences can be accommodated without impairing the common purpose, because that purpose is the source of value for all. Thus, unions do not push wage demands to the point

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where profits would be almost eliminated. *In earlier economic theory*, the owner of a corporation would prefer making even a small profit to closing down the company, just as the "monopolist" of the labor resource would push his advantage to the maximum. Today, however, so rigorous a settlement would menace the present and future strength of the company, and, consequently, undermine the property of the union. This is so clear that any such demands would be perceived as a bluff or a correctable error. Once in a while, nostalgic passions get out of hand, and one group or the other, its judgment clouded by fury and memory, threatens to pull down the pillars. When that happens in a major industry, the government can be counted upon to intervene, for the interest of government is also linked to the well-being of the economic bureaucracy.

The social power of unions, like that of the economic bureaucracy as a *whole, is based on the concentration of* corporate assets. There are about eighty million American workers. About twenty million—twenty-five per cent—belong to unions. That membership, however, is heavily and strategically concentrated among the production workers in major industries. Since the value of the labor resource depends upon the assets and earnings of the company, the property of socialized labor—*and its consequent economic power*—is hugely disproportionate to the number of workers involved. In fact, there is no rational or calculable relation (as long as the labor resource is essential; that is, in the absence of extensive automation). If unions have lost some of their zeal to enlist the unorganized, it is for reasons like those which keep General Motors from buying up textile mills or garages. Union power, therefore, *not only is dependent* on the economic bureaucracy but is sustained by the same concentration of assets, which creates the bureaucracy. That identity is so extensive that unions must be regarded as constituents of the economic bureaucracy, compelled by their function and nature to resist all efforts to reduce its domination. Indeed, union structure shows a relationship to the concentration of assets more openly than corporate charters do. Workers in many major industries are organized into a single union, with similar contractual rights, regardless of the company they work for. When negotiations begin, it is taken for granted that the first major settlement will be the model for all the rest.

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a resolution truer to the dialectic than Marx's own: fusion into a single reality. The worker no longer stands opposed to capital and the process of production, with "nothing to lose but his chains." He has been incorporated into that process—made part of a system he cannot control, whose purposes and values must therefore dominate his life. His class interests compel him to accept and serve the "relations of production" that obstruct his own possibilities of freedom. Having passed beyond the realm of necessity, being no longer compelled to labor for material existence alone, he is denied the fruits of his accomplishment—the enlargement of his humanity—by the process he constantly renews. The afflictions of modern life are steadily diffused into his daily activities and relationships.

Marx's worker transferred a portion of his humanity to the goods he produced. His own labor stood "opposed to him as an autonomous power." Still, the source of his exploitation was not inanimate—it was the ruling class, the capitalist employer. And this relationship was not totally one of alienation; that is, it was not completely the creation of the worker. However severely oppressed, he retained some autonomy, even if it could find expression only in the freedom to defy and destroy. That is the difference between alienation and slavery—one the inward division of the self, the other an outward bond. Today's worker is alienated not to goods but to the process of production. The broken power of the capitalist was transferred not to the worker but to the system that absorbed both capitalist and worker, deepening alienation, extending the domination of an impersonal mechanism possessed of its own methods, values, and purposes. This transfer has created a far more formidable adversary than any ruling class or individual tyrant. For it has made rebellion seem an act of self-mutilation. Barriers to freedom present themselves as dikes against reaction, as protection against a return to material misery. In this fashion, men are persuaded to maintain obstacles to the fulfillment of their own humanity.

Awareness and resistance are more likely to begin, if they do begin, among members of unsocialized labor; that is, among the more than sixty million workers—seventy-five per cent of the national work force—who are not organized into unions. The great majority of the unsocialized workers do not make anything; they do not shape wood or metal or plastic. Instead, they man the bureaucracy. They enable the system to run. They are to the "pri-

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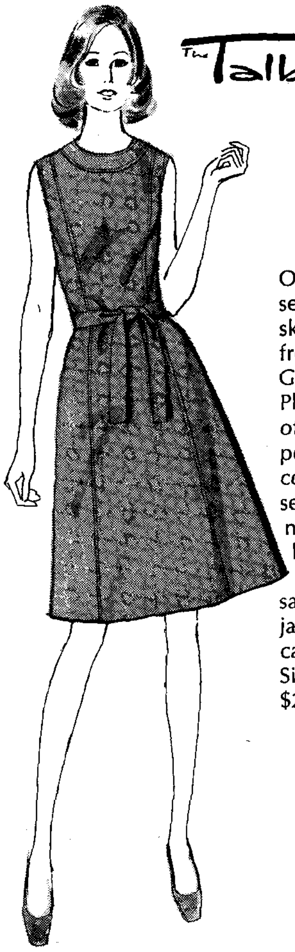

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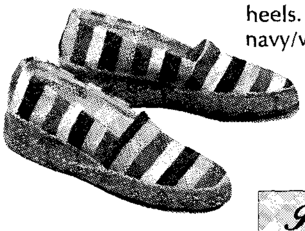

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vate" economy what more than two and a half million employees are to the federal government, what most members of the military are to the combatant few. If production—that is, the transformation of resources into commodities—were still the key to the creation of wealth, this distribution of the work force would seem some monstrous disproportion, irrational waste on a titanic scale. But the vital force—the anima—of modern wealth is the sorcering spirit of transaction, which accomplishes through the energy of motion what millennia of mining, craft, and manufacture could not do. Transaction, which rules production, is incarnated in the power-masking vapidities of distribution, sales, advertising, cost accounting, communication, scientific management. The great automobile bureaucracies, for example, are able to dominate and exclude not because of their production plants but because of a nation-mantling web of distribution, sales, and maintenance which any domestic challenger would find almost impossible to duplicate or defy. The dealer, not the foreman, is the principal guarantor of economic power.

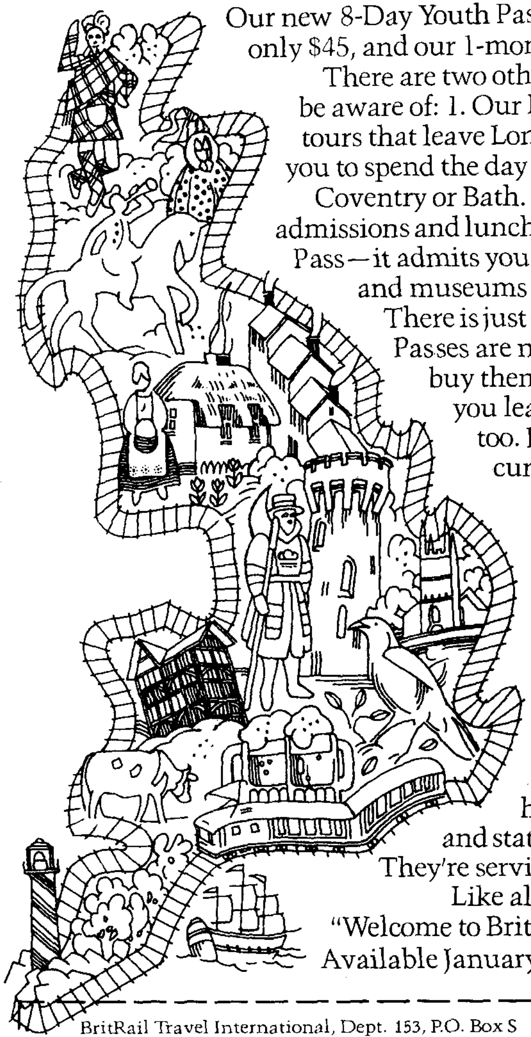
Unsocialized workers, although most of them belong to the middle class, cannot be fitted into a single category of interest and ownership, and thus are not members of a single Marxist class. At the economic bottom are the remnants of the traditional working class: migrant workers, common laborers, the uneducated young—all those in occupations that require neither training nor experience. At the top are large numbers of highly skilled technicians, engineers, managers, and professionals. In the middle are millions of clerical and service workers, unorganized production workers, and those who practice a myriad crafts and skills. Unsocialized workers do not own the labor resource. The bottom fraction are "owners of mere labor power;" the rest own that and something more—not only muscle and energy but also some increment of talent, knowledge, or dexterity. That increment can be the capacity for synthesizing a new plastic or the more moderate intelligence needed to find a required file folder. Through exchange, unsocialized workers acquire a claim on the value of what they own, and that value is a measure of their economic worth. As befits their numbers and diversity, they establish their claim on value in many ways. The "owners of mere labor power" receive, as always, the lowest possible wage—enough for survival, and for compliance with minimum-wage laws, where those apply. Of a total of five million two hundred and fourteen thousand family heads who were classified as poor by the government in 1970, one million one hundred and sixty-six thousand were over sixty-five. Seventy per cent of the rest worked in that year. As was true in Marx's time, work is no escape from poverty if you have nothing to sell but yourself.

The upper levels of unsocialized labor are occupied by a rather large minority who establish their claim to value by exchanging skills that are not easy to replace. They include the man who can coin phrases ("the Pepsi Generation" or "the Great Society"), the designer of car bumpers, the contriver of computer circuits, the possessor of the kind of energy and calculation needed to establish or run a successful small business (the car dealer, say, or the appliance merchant). Some are paid directly; others live on their own profits in "independent" enterprises, many of which exist because of, and for, the bureaucracy; still others manage to extract some portion of what is left of a free economy.

Probably a majority of all American workers occupy the middle range of unsocialized labor; certainly they constitute the most numerous single group. They are owners of more than "mere labor power," or seem to be, but what they own is not adequate to place them among the laboring élite, the seneschals of bureaucracy. They are receptionists and embalmers, secretaries and carnival operators. They move property, sell property, protect property, and repair property. They keep accounts, inspect accounts, and try to collect accounts. They transport food from factories to supermarket carts, diversion from videotapes to vacuum tubes, and credit from computers to mailboxes. They draft memos, type memos, read memos, post memos, duplicate memos, and file memos. They convey information to children and water to fires. They survey streets, build streets, plow streets, and arrest those who speed on streets. Though most of them are not involved in production—that is, in making palpable commodities from material resources—and only enable the machine to run, they are, since transaction rules production, the unromantic fibre of our wealth. Destroy factories and farms, and new ones would spring up on command. But obliterate the system and knowledge of the system, wipe out clerks and records, cables and manuals, and the giants of mining and production would wither and vanish. The magnitude of this middle group is both a consequence and a proof of our change to a transaction economy. When Franklin Roosevelt was elected to the New York State Senate in 1910, about sixty per cent of the nation's work force consisted of common laborers. Today, fewer than four million of our eighty million workers—or about five per cent—are classified as "nonfarm laborers," the change from the term "common laborers" reflecting the change in the composition of the labor force.

Lacking the incremental property of the socialized, the members of the middle group are more exposed to the traditional hazards and uncertainties of the market. They are the first to be divested by inflation and the last to be redeemed by prosperity. They pay more taxes and receive fewer benefits. Whereas the poor have their prophets and the rich their chroniclers, these workers are enshrined in the annals of the registry of motor vehicles. Recently, their existence has been acknowledged by the invention of the ambiguous term "middle America"—the filling in the continental sandwich. They establish their value largely on the basis of need and scarcity. They own only labor power and minor skills. Since workers in such a reduced position are the most vulnerable to exploitation, they tend to occupy the lowest range of compensation. Although statisticians do not classify workers by the criteria used here, they provide evidence for this tendency in figures showing that average weekly wages in what are called the "industry groups" of retail trade, finance, insurance, real estate, and services are little more than half of those in manufacturing, mining, and contract construction. Clerks and teachers, salespeople and unsocialized production workers belong to the class with the lowest value.

In a market economy, those who own skills that are in profuse, even extravagant, supply must expect to be crushed toward subsistence. Unsocialized labor's claim to value is, however, strengthened by the compensation that socialized labor is able to extract. Market conditions might permit a company to cut the salaries of office workers while agreeing to union demands for higher wages, but to do so, or to maintain an unusually large gap between the incomes of the organized and the unorganized, would increase discontent and inefficiency among the unorganized workers. Such considerations can be more important in regard to workers of this class than in regard to traditional labor; a group of sullen file clerks can more easily impair function than a gang of resentful ditch-diggers. And somewhere in the se-



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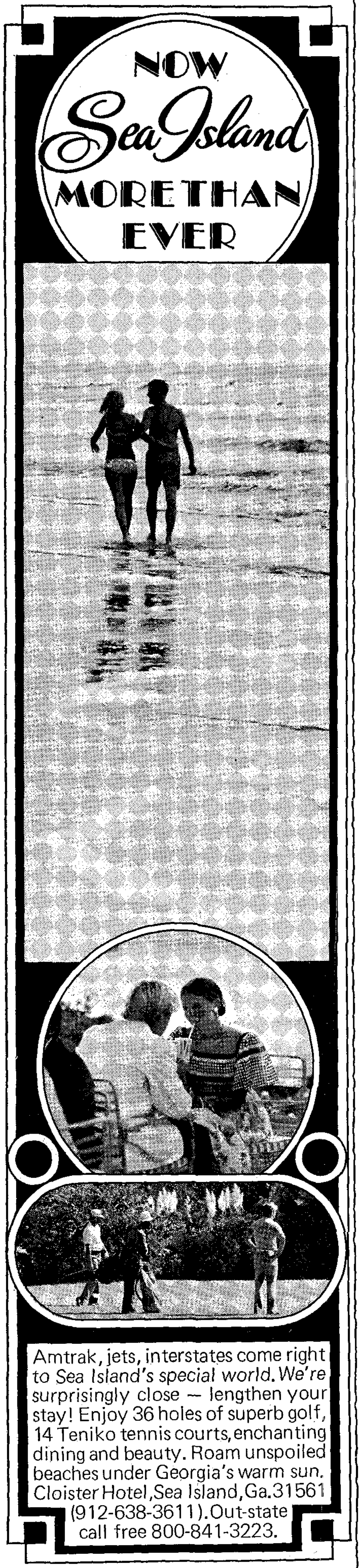

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cluded tower of the corporate superego must reside the awareness that such a use of economic power would probably precipitate the socialization of the aggrieved workers. Indeed, socialization is spreading, though slowly, to groups that have not traditionally thought of themselves as the stuff of organized labor. The tendency seems most advanced among those—such as teachers, retail clerks, and government employees—who are not part of an enterprise that also relies on union labor. They lack the protection of income standards established by the power of socialization.

These factors alone cannot explain the value—artificially high by market standards—that much of unsocialized labor receives. The elimination of the competitive struggles and hazards that once imparted righteous fervor to wage exploitation is among the principal functions of the modern bureaucratic economy. Companies still struggle for position, but the ground of conflict is product, not price. Among the major economic bureaucracies, cost is more important than demand as a basis for price. If demand slackens, the principal response is not to lower either prices or costs but to reduce production and investment. If costs seem excessive, there is more likely to be an effort to improve internal efficiency and eliminate redundant personnel than to force down the price of human or material resources. Slackening demand may even bring on a price increase; the only way to maintain earnings while selling less is to charge more. And since costs are the principal internal standard for price levels, there is little temptation to lower wage costs. Our bureaucratic economy is under far less pressure to reduce wages—to extort toil and exploit workers—than free enterprise was. This diminished pressure both protects the value of unsocialized workers and provides a protective framework for the other attributes of the modern economic process which enhance that value. Above all, a bureaucracy strives for continued and equable functioning. Decent and relatively secure wages for unsocialized labor contribute to that goal. Moreover, the dominant economic institutions in an economy based upon consumption will not exert themselves to reduce purchasing power. This does not mean that they will act in the general economic interest—only that they tend to support the economic relations that made them dominant. Those relations may hold back growth, despoil society, reduce freedom, and add to oppression, but they don't encourage lower wages.

Ownership of the modern economic bureaucracy, as we have seen, is dispersed and incomplete. Alienated labor is not owned by any one man, or even any one class. To a very large extent, it is owned by a system, a process, which rules everyone and belongs to no one. The condition defies the satisfying simplicities of nineteenth-century radicalism—an underclass dissolved in primitive misery and degradation confronting the parasites of power, the owners, swollen with the lifeblood of the toiling masses. Instead, we have transferred some portion of authority over existence to a process—a prodigious complex of operations—which is made stronger by its relative independence of control or ownership. This partly autonomous process—from which these analytical abstractions are derived—is composed of real people, particular acts, and actual relationships. But the fact that men guard their own prisons does not mean they are free to go.

MANY earlier capitalists cherished individual desires for conquest and empire, but economically the elimination of competition was a means to the acquisition of wealth and profit. For the economic bureaucracy, however, expansion and consolidation are ends in themselves. Competition is eliminated more to reduce uncertainties and risk than to maximize return. Since the modern managerial class has been created by the division of ownership, it can be found wherever an enterprise is "owned" by a lot of people, as in much of the United States, or by all the people, as in Washington, D.C., and the Soviet Union. Managers are just employees—literally, yet also in the sense that a man whose farm covers an oil field is just another landowner. A few managers own a substantial part of the enterprise they are in charge of, but this is a dwindling group, and of little importance within the economic bureaucracy whose values and codes of conduct rule most of American business.

Managers do own skills: management skill, which is the ability to help the corporation function, and the skill, becoming increasingly distinct and important, that enables them to rise within the bureaucratic hierarchy. Like other workers, they exchange those skills for income. Unlike most other workers, they also exchange those skills for a strategic position within the corporation—for a limited power whose ownership adds to their value. That power enables them to command compensation unrelated to the value of their skills or to their productivity—always within limits, of course, since even the highest manager of the largest corporation is neither king nor owner but the chairman of a collective leadership. Precedents and scales cannot be ignored, nor can the manager be permitted to damage the corporation, either by infringing its capital or by plunging it into serious battle. Within those bounds, however, a man can get very rich. The executive is able to command excess compensation, even though he is a "mere employee," because the corporation is unowned. He is accountable only to other employees. Most of those who are in a position to object have their own interest in maintaining high levels of compensation. And only large rewards will attract the desired talent to the uncertain, career-long struggle for position. A gifted corporation president may well make less money than he could in a different economic structure. He may even receive less than the value of his contribution. But what he does receive—his value—is established by his relationship to a particular type of organization.

One could try to justify the great fortunes accumulated by the robber barons of nostalgic memory by explaining that those men created economic wealth through the exercise of imagination, invention, will, or villainy of the highest voltage. Today, managers are compensated for being at the controls. They are allowed to command, in their own interest, the power that they do not own, as long as they don't take too much—touch the principal or impair the machine. The compensation of managers, however, is not based simply on an exercise of power. They are also responsible for the most important bureaucratic purpose—the continuity of function. Because of the paramount importance of continuity, it is logical to reward the guardian more than the visionary. Managers are the wealthiest and most powerful of workers, and the most totally dependent upon the existing structure of enterprise. The work of management, even at the higher levels, is not awesomely complex, technical, or difficult. The necessary natural endowment is far more widely distributed than the talent to be a robber baron, a nuclear physicist, or the conductor of an orchestra. The value of managerial talent is thus less intrinsic, less dependent upon a personal capacity for creating, seizing, or commanding a segment of the wealth-producing apparatus, than it is dependent upon its suitability—its correspondence to the functional needs of established enterprise. And the other face of managerial skill, the ability to rise within the bu-

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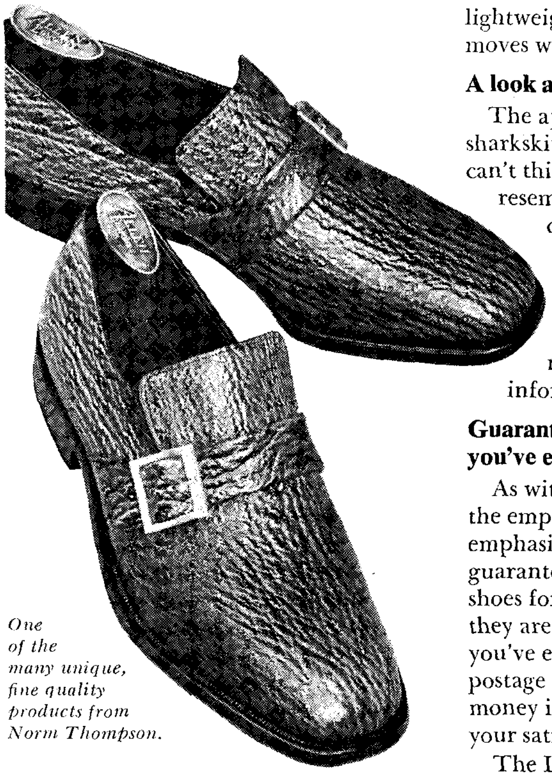

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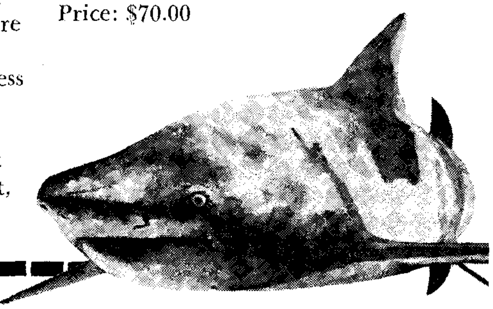

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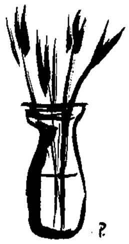
reaucracy, acquires its value, almost by definition, from the existence of the organization.

In a recent magazine, an "executive recruiter" advises those hoping for recruitment, "If you're in Procter & Gamble and each of the four group managers has brand experience in Duz and none with Jif Peanut Butter, consider it a hint. That doesn't mean you can't make it from Jif, but it will enlarge your chances if you can get Duz brand experience." My purpose in quoting this is not satirical. No one who has spent time in government and politics, as I have, can ridicule the paths taken by the ambitions of others. But possessing such knowledge and being able to act upon it does not add to productivity, to the creation of wealth. It is valuable only because there is a bureaucratic structure that rewards it. The skill to climb executive heights, as distinct from managerial ability, is often impressive in its imaginative vitality, but it is an inward skill, turned toward mastering the corporate structure rather than toward enlarging the economic contribution and return of the productive apparatus. There is some relationship between the two kinds of skill: performance is a criterion for promotion. But as general economic competition dwindles and responsibility within corporations becomes more diffuse, the difficulty of judging performance by external standards such as profits and earnings makes internal standards ever more important.



My own awareness of this managerial skill began while I was in government. At first, I was puzzled by the success of men who were so often mistaken on important matters of policy and administration. No clearly demonstrated error of judgment seemed to impair an official's position or diminish the esteem of his fellow-chieftains. At the same time, many individuals who had demonstrated superior judgment fell into disfavor or were clearly destined to languish in subordinate positions. What then seemed a paradox was only the dispassionate enforcement of bureaucratic necessities. Mastery of the infinite and subtle skills of internal organization and "interpersonal relations" was more important to success than performance in relation to external purpose. Secretary of State Dean Rusk was quite explicit on this point when, relaxing over a late-afternoon Scotch, he explained to a young associate, "The important thing to remember in Washington is not to fight the bureaucracy but to get it to work for you." President Johnson, supreme in his understanding of the government machine, said after inundating an aide with flattery, "But all that doesn't help unless you'll just remember never to speak first at a meeting and always count ten to yourself before saying anything."

Discussion of the desirability of "working within the system" is itself a reflection of bureaucratic ideology. The phrase, although not the problem, is relatively new to public discourse. It resonates of organization, procedures, and codes of conduct. The system being discussed is usually assimilated into existing institutions and established process. When a process is assimilated into an institution—that is, when an institution becomes the embodiment of a process—we are in the presence of the bureaucracy.

Not long ago, a newspaper carried a story about the retiring president of one of America's largest corporations, who had been for years the dominant figure in his industry. Still energetically healthy, he was asked if he really wanted to retire. "I am fully in agreement with the company's retirement policies," he replied. And how could it be otherwise? Over decades, his will had fused with the organization in whose service he had been granted the highest success. That organization, or any other large economic unit, is not a thing—not a collection of factories, equipment, and money—but a process of production, a material field of transactions and economic relationships. The rules, customs, and directions that prescribe functions—that seem only to define and limit the process—are the process itself.

Submission to a process, rather than to things, is the consummation of alienation, requiring the forfeit not only of desires, labor, and vitality but of autonomy of behavior, even of thought. In a manner now familiar, the manager whose ownership—whose claim to value—is established by the institutional process is rendered unable to defy or alter it in any fundamental way. To do so would require him to contradict his own existence, to diminish his own felt worth. He is inwardly compelled to continue and strengthen the process, to extend its reach, not reluctantly but out of the powerful convictions that have supplanted his potential for autonomous defiance. And if, inconceivably, that autonomy should survive, even the highest manager would not have the power to make any fundamental shift. He is, after all, only a manager, an employee, and if his conduct seemed to threaten the organization, either through failure or through rebellion, the others of his class—directors or executives—would displace him. Their interests and identity are also at stake, and the structure of bureaucracy always provides a mechanism to check conduct that is dangerously inconsistent with the bureaucratic process—not only in American business but wherever bureaucracy rules, whether in the Pentagon or in Khrushchev's Politburo. Structures built by men have acquired an independent intention whose necessities are not those of human freedom. And the authority to check its force, to redirect the apparatus of production, does not exist.

THE secluded commands of bureaucratic structure are divulged through the acts and concerns of its managerial surrogates. Managers of corporations are preoccupied with earnings. Rising revenues indicate that the organization is functioning and perhaps growing; that it is doing more of what it was designed to do—that it is making and selling more cars, communications equipment, soap, or food. Managers are less interested in profits than an owner might be. Indeed, that portion of revenue which is to be classed as profit is often freely manipulated—overstated or understated—by the use of accounting techniques designed to serve the annual objectives of management. (In a recent year, each of nine corporations with revenues of over a billion dollars had less than fourteen million dollars in profits.) Most of what profits there are go to the government as taxes or flow back into the corporation. Less than a third are paid out as dividends, and even that fraction serves an institutional purpose—supporting security prices and maintaining a capital market. A reduced emphasis on profits is consistent with the structure I have been describing. Profits do not go to the managers, whose compensation is fixed by others of their class within the corporation. And an external distribution of excess revenues would diminish the institution. So most revenue simply flows back into the economic bureaucracy that generated it. And who has a better right to it? Or who, with power, has a conflicting claim? Profits are still important as an index of performance—as a market support and a source of capital—but profits as an end in themselves, as an incentive to action that will maximize the productive uses of resources, are receding into obsolescence.

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assets than are the revenues of industrial corporations. Pension funds and many other pools of managed capital do not have to make a profit at all. And even individual stockholders have been persuaded or compelled to accept a declining return on their investments in the hope that rising prices will enable them to share in bureaucratic expansion. Thus, the behavior and ambience of investment capital are true to the purposes of economic bureaucracy. Nor could it be otherwise.

To a large extent, the traditional profit motive has been replaced by the craving for expansion. Expansion is the imperative that links the interests of managers, workers, capital, and the organization; it is the logically inescapable goal of the corporation as an end in itself. Not only a phenomenon of economic life, the passion for size, reach, and growth is the soul of all bureaucracy. Within government, the fiercest battles are waged not over principles and ideas but over jurisdiction—over control of old and new programs. Radically new pronouncements and policies are often digested with equanimity, but at the slightest hint of a threat to the existing structure—to the distribution of authority over traditional activities—the entire bureaucratic mechanism mobilizes for defense. Almost invariably, the threat is defeated or simply dissolves in fatigue, confusion, and the inevitable diversion of executive energies. "Please give me the reasons why we can do this. I already know the reasons we can't," President Kennedy wrote, in a third futile attempt to make a change that would alter the relationships of authority within the existing hierarchy of the State Department. During the interminable White House program meetings preceding President Johnson's annual State of the Union address, proposed shifts of organizational authority provoked the most intense debate and required the highest placating talent. This was true, for example, of a simple proposal to unify the anti-pollution programs then scattered through various government departments. Such programs were only a small fraction of any department's activity, and their integration was self-evidently desirable. Yet the controversy consumed more internal energy than was required to reach agreement on all the new programs for conservation or the restoration of natural beauty. Admittedly, jobs were at stake—but the number was trivial, most employees could expect a transfer, and the high-level officials who conducted the struggle at the White House would not be threatened at all. Even though most of those who represented the affected departments were Presidential appointees, their emplacement within the bureaucracy had effected a metamorphosis. Their discharge of vitality into the structure had swiftly created a bond—a partial identity—between the bureaucracy's integrity and their own.

In the pursuit of growth, economic bureaucracies are relatively unrestrained by those considerations of economic efficiency and profitability which the traditional market was thought to enforce.

The costs of operating the largest corporations—of paperwork and computers, accountants and analysts—along with the loss of flexibility and enterprise imposed by size, far exceed the savings resulting from volume of production and transaction. Such bureaucracies are extremely inefficient. There are too many people, memos, buildings, machines, meetings. But even this lavish excess of cost is trivial compared to the waste incurred through the mounting incapacities of control, which are masked by the modern technology of organization. Managers with access to wires, cables, and the jet stream have abolished geography. Computers and the companion development of such techniques as cost accounting, economic analysis, and market research have made it possible to assemble a swelling empire under a central directorate. The manager no longer knows the business. He must depend on a flow of information from experts and subordinates. Personal direction is replaced by "standard procedures," ripening into a code of conduct or of bureaucratic mores. It becomes necessary to judge performance by "objective measurements," and those measurements soon become ends in themselves—abstractions, criteria to which reality must be made to conform, since reality always changes faster than rules. It is not possible to maintain rigorous standards of efficiency or quality, clear lines of control and responsibility, or internal discipline within the diffused members of such sprawling colossi. In the age of Ralph Nader, automobile companies do not want to produce a million defective cars that must be recalled and fixed. The Joint Chiefs of Staff did not want to massacre the inhabitants of My Lai. The Secretary of the Interior does not want to kill off the remaining American eagles.

So-called "planned obsolescence" may be a deliberate device to increase consumption, but it can far more plausibly be interpreted as a consequence of the drive to increase earnings while avoiding serious competition. For one company to put out a product that was substantially better and more durable than its supposed rivals' would be as serious an offense as price-cutting. Even without this incentive, however, shoddy goods, careless manufacture, and sloppy "quality control" are inevitable in structures so large that the product is separated from the personal concern of producers, workers, and managers alike. Bureaucracy and quality are incompatible. For example, a truly rigorous system of quality control in a megabusiness would assume the dimensions of a subordinate bureaucracy, which would add the deficiencies of that form to the incapacities received through the umbilical. The very concepts of waste and economic inefficiency are relics of an extinct economic process. They imply that—from the standpoint of the economy as a whole—there has been an unnecessary or excessive use of resources in the creation of wealth. Theoretically, market forces operate to reduce waste by penalizing the inefficient, the thoughtless, and the profligate. But if your objectives are growth and domination of the market, then "uneconomic waste" may be perfectly suitable, even necessary. It is not waste at all but the appropriation of wealth—the diversion of resources from one purpose to a purpose that is more closely related to the interests of ruling economic relationships. And those inefficiencies which are a necessary consequence of scale are in fact efficiently adapted to institutional goals.

Bureaucratic growth is not a consequence of designless inertia or unrestrained metastasis. It is impelled by the primal concern of bureaucracy—the security and integrity of the structure. Only size and reach can eliminate the competitive hazards to the organization. Reduction of competition, in turn, makes possible the wasteful diversions that can nourish further growth. Admittedly, there is a struggle for customers—for new markets, and for a larger share of the old. But the old-fashioned weapons of destruction—serious price-cutting and the marketing of a substantially superior product—are proscribed. This modern rivalry is to market competition as Pentagon war games are to war: the successful are praised and their careers are often rewarded, but no one gets killed and the defeated forces remain whole.

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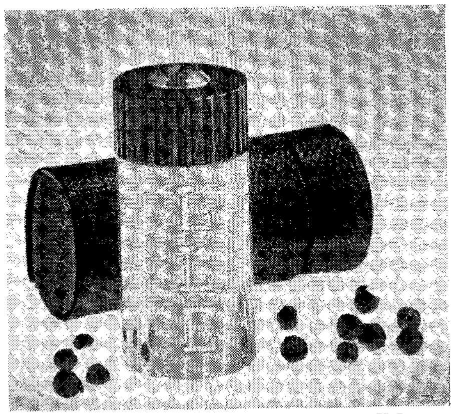

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enacted to outlaw such agreements. The relative autonomy of modern economic bureaucracies largely exempts them from the necessity of conspiracy. Since their behavior is consistent with the function imposed by their structure, all that is necessary in order to avoid the more virulent forms of competition is for their managers to understand and follow the rules of that behavior. And that is how they got to be managers. In a determined and ferocious competitive struggle, the bureaucracy has everything to lose and little to gain. It must take the chance of failure, even of possible destruction. It will surely be invaded by a multitude of disruptive uncertainties, and will probably experience at least a short-term drop in profits and revenues. Its manner of function and its values are not consistent with the flexibility, personal control, and rapid decision required for effective economic conflict; that is to say, it is not structured for competition. It is likely that competition among the larger economic bureaucracies would have no victor—that all would end up about the same size, and poorer. And that would make no sense at all.

The economic priorities embalmed in the pursuit of growth and the reduction of competition strip the market of its capacity for allocating resources to changing needs. Competition and the maximization of profit are the instruments through which the ideal market can seek out, stimulate, and strive to fulfill new demands while approaching the most efficient and austere use of social resources. Once these instruments are blunted or supplanted, there is no way for the market to enforce either the most efficient use of resources (the most product for the least investment) or their allotment to the satisfaction of needs—more accurately, to the fulfillment of desire. Desire, not necessity, is the quickening genius of an advanced economy. Matched to the possession of value, it becomes economic demand.

The ideal market is an abstraction—a concept that contains its own denial, since it assumes the absence of that concentrated economic power which is its inevitable consequence. Moreover, even the ideal market could not require that available choices enlarge social existence or insure justice in the distribution of its product. Nevertheless, the conventional theoretical market does provide a model that can help us uncover the extent to which the present structure confines our physical capacity and limits or enslaves our desires. The terms of a market economy—"competition," "profit," "growth"—are not moral terms. Within the market, competition for profit rewards the efficient; that is, those who make the most productive use of resources—who get the most for their money. There is constant pressure to reduce costs and find more effective ways to operate. Inefficiency and waste, poor judgment and mismanagement are penalized; they cannot survive the struggle. The result is to liberate resources, draw them toward more productive use. To the institutions of a market economy, growth is not an end in itself but a source of increased profits.

Within the market, resources are available for expansion only if that is their most profitable use; that is, if they cannot make more money—produce more wealth—by some other means. Nor is market supply a passive respondent to demand. The market can function only when those who control resources—entrepreneurs and investors—are continually stimulating and seeking out new demand, risking capital on the judgment that if they make new alternatives available, people will respond. In the market as process, demand dominates both sides of transaction, supply being simply a category of demand. And demand, as we shall see, is an account of the human condition and human possibility masquerading as a category of economic analysis.

By arresting the process of a market economy, the economic bureaucracy immobilizes the resources of society—not only capital but talent, invention, enterprise, venturesomeness, energy. The reduction of competition eliminates most of the penalty for waste and inefficiency by establishing a uniform, "industry-wide" structure of prices and wages. Once the remorseless judgments of the market have been lifted, one cannot distinguish wasteful from productive use. The uneconomic use of resources becomes a necessary ingredient of bureaucratic growth. In a market economy, new investment would be used to expand existing structures only when that investment could not find a more profitable and what one could hope was a more productive home elsewhere. No such mundane considerations obstruct the will to growth of our economic institutions. They have no owner—no capitalist—able to increase his fortune by purchasing real estate or bonds rather than expanding the plant. And growth that is recklessly indulged will nearly always bring about an increase in total revenues. This kind of will to growth requires access to capital equally liberated from the compulsion to seek out the most profitable and productive uses. That necessary resource is available from the fragmented, dispersed, and hence bureaucratized sources of investment capital, which are commanded by their own structure and ties of interest to nourish existing institutions, to constantly renew their support of established patterns of production—the ascendant assumptions and relationships of our economy. Capital, socialized labor, managers, and, to some large extent, unsocialized workers are not independent forces pursuing their own ends but components of a single process; they are fused into an ongoing enterprise whose existence, function, and spread are also their own. The immobilization of resources—the dedication of wealth to the purposes of economic bureaucracies—confines choice among existing alternatives, discouraging the evolution of new possibilities, fresh objects of desire. It keeps us from wanting products that might enhance our lives and our freedom. It controls not only supply but the pattern of demand, and, through that control, denies the conditions of human fulfillment. For the phrase "patterns of demand" is an arid equivalence—a counterfeit of analytical inquiry—for those social values expressed through the acts and choices of individuals. It describes what people will work for and spend for: the objects for which they exchange their powers, and the irreplaceable vitality that constitutes their humanity. Control over demand, acquired by choice or circumstance, maintained through decision or structure, is power over society.

Advertising is not the only way in which the media reinforce the structure of demand. That structure requires that desire for one thing (for instance, love or recreation or sensuous experience) be translated into a desire for something else (for instance, sex manuals or campers or hi-fi sets). The mass media, in their non-advertising content, constantly create, portray, and fortify these psychic equivalents. Demand is an expression of choice, and the values that guide and limit choice are largely an imposition of the social structure. And the mass media of society, in all they do, are a conduit for the dominant ideology. The mass media are themselves political; that is, they necessarily reflect the basic arrangement of private interests and powers in America. The major institutions of communication, including the most powerful newspapers, are large and complicated bureaucracies, and, like all bureaucracies, they are guided not by individuals but by a set of stable assumptions—an ideology—which no editor or publisher has the power to change. The mass

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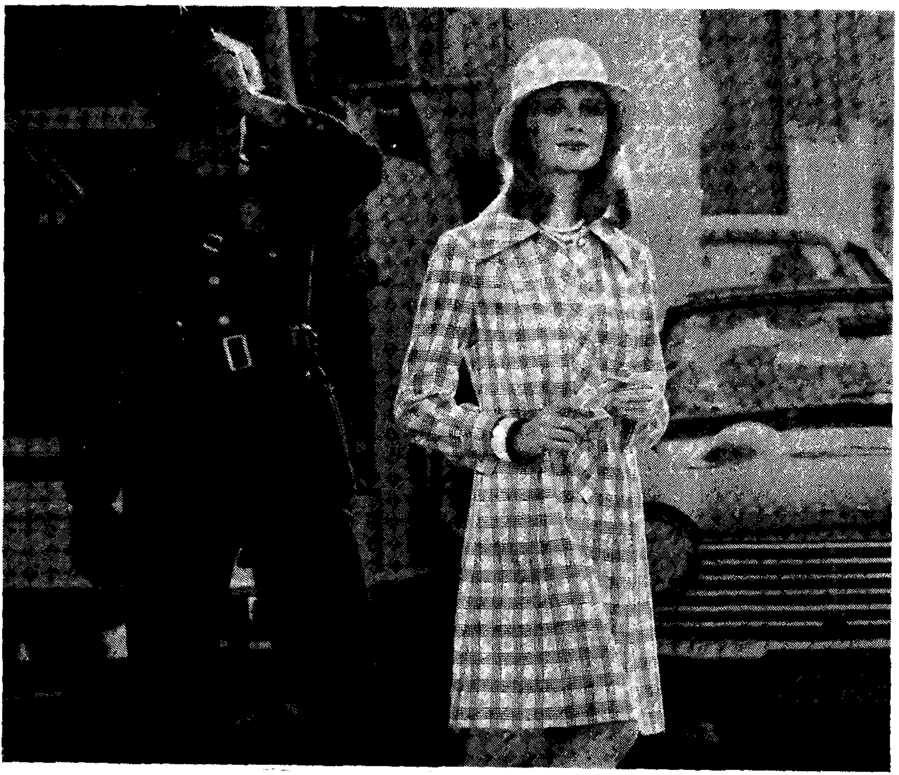

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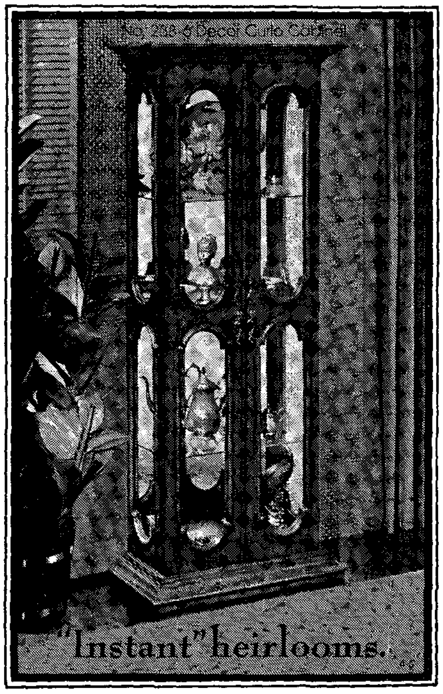

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media protect the status quo not only because they are dependent on dominant economic power but because they are responding to the internal compulsions of their own structure. As a consequence, the media have less influence on behavior than is often assumed. The appearance of influence comes from the fact that they are expressing ideas that are already dominant. Telling people what they already believe, no matter how many are listening, is not power. It is doubtful whether television, for example, urges us toward conformity with greater effect than the social structure of a small town did in the days of Sinclair Lewis, or does even now. Admittedly, the growth of national media has encouraged a homogenization of values, but pervasiveness is not intensity. And even this influence simply mirrors the uniformities of consumption inflicted by an economy under the domination of those who control the expensive machinery of national transaction—for hamburgers as for chemicals.

Even though a rather small plant could supply the nation with all the deodorants it needs, we find that the large chemical companies are among the leaders in this growing market. Their advantage is not in the size of their factories but in their access to the machinery of transaction: advertising men, marketing analysts, and television time; salesmen, distributors, and dealers. The nation-spanning relationships that are the foundation of their present economic domination and that define the economic bureaucracy also compose the process for creating new demand. Lesser enterprises can inject new products into the existing mechanism of transaction, but not easily—only at certain points and in limited ways. The power of dominant companies is further consolidated by their ready access to the capital needed to employ that part of the demand-creating process which they do not own. The expense of nationwide advertising and distribution, for example, discourages all but the large and wealthy. Since large institutions will invariably work to reinforce the patterns of demand which already sustain them, the power to create the new is used to perpetuate the old.

The ability to shape demand is augmented by the increasing vulnerability of demand itself. For the first time, a majority of the American people can spend much of their income for goods not historically regarded as necessities. Food, clothing, shelter, warmth—the essentials of a bearable existence—have the first claim on income, but thereafter individuals tend to move up from sub-

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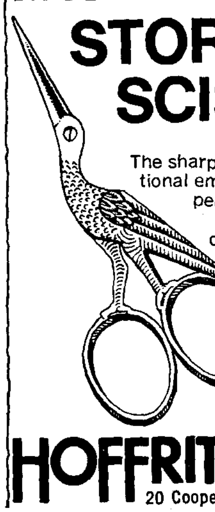

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sistence toward comfort along similar lines: more and better food, a well-constructed house, an effective heating system, electric power, personal mobility, durable and varied clothing. It is unnecessary to draw any fixed line between necessities and luxuries to establish the point that the nature of choice changes as income begins to rise. To decide between meat three times a week and new winter clothes is different from trying to choose among a second car, a stereo system, and a trip to Europe. In the realm beyond necessity, desires are more individual, less certain, more whimsical. However urgent they are felt to be, such desires are social and psychic rather than natural. They can be more easily influenced or diverted, since they are rooted in present values and in the social and economic process that sustains those values. The spread of affluence has thus enhanced the power of the economic process to create and confine demand. That power is most effectively exercised by limiting the availability of goods, for there is little or no demand for a good that does not exist or is not for sale. In pre-Volkswagen days, Detroit could say, and did, that there was no demand for small cars. How could there have been? Dealers' lots were not crowded with frustrated buyers rejecting four-door finned sedans and clamoring for something small, cheap, and compact. That demand was created, not simply discovered, with the appearance of foreign imports.

The control of demand which is provided by the ability to limit products is a result of the virtual elimination of competition, not only among the dominant institutions but from any that might seek to enter the market. The price of entry—the capital required to build a structure of transaction—is far too high. For the most part, new giants are built on new technology (for example, I.B.M. and Xerox), and, once successful, they become preclusive bureaucracies themselves. There are rarely any new and successful producers of chemicals, steel, oil, automobiles, and the like—except for companies content with a small, specialized role on the margin of major industry. There is an ancient Boston joke about the Mayflower-bred matron who, when she was asked where she got her hats, answered, "I have my hats." In most important sectors of the economy, we have our companies.

Existing institutions are not likely to create or market new products in a way that might imperil the source or the magnitude of their present earnings. Thus, the creation of new prod-

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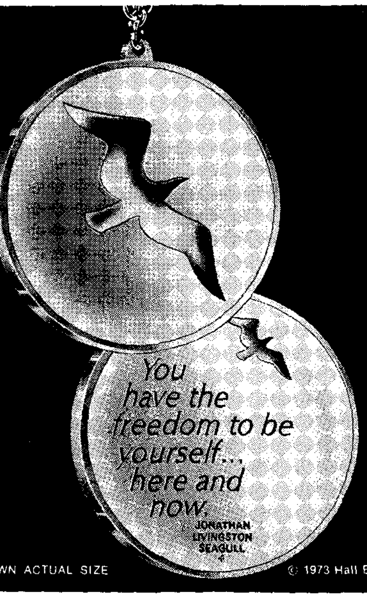
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ucts is retarded by economic bureaucracies, for which change is always a threat—to profits, to dominance, to established habits of function. New products are not often suppressed, but the incentive to innovate has been stifled. This is among the reasons for our current technological stagnation and the sullen and lethargic response of our big companies to foreign innovations. (The single exception is the technological effort of the military, the last truly competitive industrial giant.) For example, the energy crisis is a result of the failure to pursue technological alternatives whose possibilities have been known for a quarter century.

There are new products, a ceaseless flood of new products, but most of them are new versions of the same thing. One synthetic fabric replaces another; a new pesticide kills the same old bugs; this year's unbreakable plastic plate ousts the unbroken platter of last year. Through constant titillation, desire is kept from fulfillment, discontent continually aroused. But the same array of wants and desires is maintained. Demand is confined to established channels. The breakthrough that would permit individuals to do without cars or washing machines, gasoline or television sets is unlikely to come from the bureaucracies whose functioning is linked to those very goods. Nor is it likely to come from anywhere else, since the resources needed to create, produce, and market innovative products are available only to large, ongoing enterprises.

The ability to shape demand which comes from the machinery of transaction and innovation seems almost trivial beside the prodigious power of a bureaucracy so swollen and enfolding that it has become a social force, capable of modifying the conditions of life to enhance demand for its products. For all the portentous declarations about the volcanic speed of contemporary technological change, no one under seventy has experienced an economic event as devastating as that initiated when, in 1903, Henry Ford started the Ford Motor Company. The ultimate consequence of that move is the most obvious and important example of bureaucracy as a social force. The automobile made it possible for individuals to live at greater distances from places of work, commerce, and entertainment. It helped to loosen the binding realities of neighborhood, and even of the city as residence. As the population dispersed, the need for roads grew. The building of roads increased the utility of the automobile. The flow mounted. The spread of urban areas placed amusement and recreation beyond the reach of those without a car. The increase in automobile ownership contributed to the deterioration in other forms of transportation, making the car even more essential. Is this what people wanted? The question is unanswerable. To say that people wanted cars—that production simply responded to demand—is to claim that Americans as individuals, and as members of society, also decided to devastate and reconstruct the quality and fabric of human existence. Of course, the consequences were not always clear, but some people perceived the possibilities long before they were upon us, and during the last quarter century we have had enough knowledge to support a sensible judgment. Yet at no point were consequences examined or alternatives discussed. Neither the individual car buyer nor society as a whole ever made a choice. The economic structure provided no opportunity—no mechanism—for choice. History and the process simply imposed their impersonal will on the human beings who had made the history and created the process. The same is true, to a lesser extent, of other bureaucracies. When everyone has a telephone, everyone needs a telephone. Alternative means of communication atrophy until the telephone seems almost an extension of oneself—a part of language, and not simply a way of transmitting speech.

The computer industry is the most recent example of a bureaucracy as a social force. The potential capacity of computers, tinged with technological mystery, has induced businesses to "modernize" far beyond their needs. The halls of enterprise are crowded with idle memory banks, unused calculators, unpunched tapes—all acquired because they were available and, partly, because others were buying them. Yet computerization leads to more computerization, because the machines become a form of communication, and can talk only to one another. When one part of the flow of transaction becomes computerized, it exerts pressure on the others. Information is available in the language of electronics, and that fact must be taken advantage of—until, finally, information exists only in that language.

The largest component of economic demand is the "personal-consumption expenditures," which amount to about six hundred and fifty billion dollars a year—approximately two-thirds of our Gross National Product. Within that category is contained the alienated substance of mankind. For "personal consumption" we expend that portion of our work—of our waking life and the sleep that reconstitutes us for the next day's labor—which does not yield fulfillment in itself. For the most part, we make that exchange as individuals or as members of a family unit that is threatened by contemporary forces of dissolution. It is I, the universal I, who buys an automobile or television set. These are the "private" wants. Our ability to satisfy them is extolled as an incarnation and an objective of freedom, although the category itself restricts our possibilities. The distinction between private and public wants is a description of market structure. It tells how something can be paid for, or whether it can be purchased at all. One never sees the "public" sitting at a school desk. It is not the "public" that speeds along a freeway or litters a national park. The individuals who own the cars also consume the road and the park to which it leads. "Public" is a category for "collective wants," which cannot be translated into economic demand except by governments, and then to a severely limited extent.

"Collective wants" are not simply those shared by large numbers of people; for example, the desire of millions to own an automobile. The term refers to those needs and desires whose satisfaction depends upon consumption by numbers of individuals. A park or a school or a library is produced for collective use; its establishment assumes—is based on—an expectation that many will share access and use. A market created by "personal consumption" provides no forum for these wants, no mechanism for translating them into economic demand. It is, of course, hypothetically possible for a group of individuals to combine in order to buy a park or a school. But that possibility does not exist within a society in which most human bonds have been shattered or seriously weakened, except on rare occasions of great provocation or in places that are yet to receive the full impact of contemporary culture. Social fragmentation reinforces bureaucratic control over economic demand.

For the most part, wants excluded from the market are denied satisfaction. Very few individuals have consciously chosen a new Polaroid camera over a better education for their children, inflatable furniture in preference to more free time, a new office building for their city instead of a health clinic or a park. All these are objects of production. They all require labor, skills, materials. But only those that can be bought in the market become wealth. The rule of market ideology is so ex-

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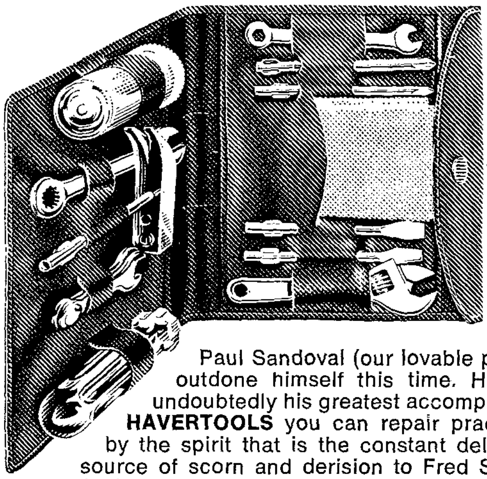

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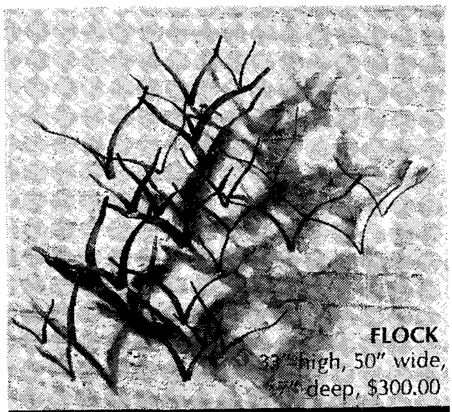

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tensive that some of the larger material necessities of freedom not only are unavailable but are excluded from practical discussions; for example, the desirability of constructing neighborhoods where the essential activities of life—work, recreation, services—are contained within an area small enough to permit human community, or the need to expand the possible, practical uses of free time in order to encourage the extension of our faculties. Instead, our inward sense of loss or incompletion is translated into choices that the market provides.

THE most important exemption from the fragmentation of demand is the political structure. Purchases by government at all levels now account for more than a fifth of our Gross National Product. This potential influence is magnified by tax codes, regulatory agencies, and subsidies that touch every important element of economic life, and by government's formal power over the legal structure that creates the forms of ownership and that grants and limits the rewards of control over property. Facts like these persuade us to look upon government, in Michael Oakeshott's words, as "a vast reservoir which inspires [us] to dream of what use might be made of it." In this context, that dream is of a remedy for defects in the economic structure, of authority bestowed and taxes paid in order to satisfy the collective wants denied by the marketplace. This vision persists despite the fact that the conditions I have described—the denials of freedom and the barriers to human fulfillment—have persevered and increased alongside the ceaseless accretions of government. The commanding institutions of our economy have gained greater ascendancy through every Administration. Yet no experience or analysis, no frustration or visible event seems able to dispel our faith that the remedy for our afflictions is concealed within the labyrinth called politics. We persist in believing that the advent of some new leader, the coming of a wiser government will reverse the process of modern life and take arms against the sources of oppression. An expectation so at odds with historical experience must be false.

Government is society's past. While the political state may provide ambiguous clues to the direction of social evolution, it must, as the creation of civil society, conform to dominant private relationships and their supporting ideology. Its function is to reconcile the private interests established by society and to sustain the existing dis-

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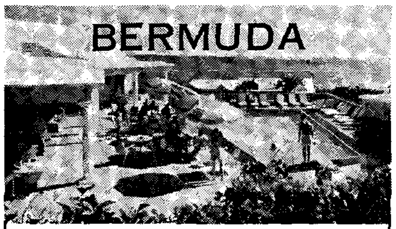

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tribution of economic power. This ministering function is established by the nature of social life; it is a feature of social design. The relationships of the social order are the framework of political life and place strict limits on public institutions and the boldest of political men. As a regulator of discordant forces within the existing order, government can be an agent of reform. It can never change the ideological assumptions and material relationships that are the foundation of that order. Such change occurs only if the relationships between private interests are altered, or overturned, from without. Within a society, there is no "public" interest—only individuals with common private interests. Nor can the public interest be defined as the interest of a majority. This is just the private interest of a large number of people. Nor would such a definition describe some traditional objects of political concern. The interest of one man in speaking his mind can be thought superior to the interest of almost everyone else in shutting him up. (He can be protected by a more general interest in denying any official institution the power to suppress certain private liberties.) The public interest is composed of those private relationships which can be enforced by public institutions. The form that government takes at any moment in history reflects private needs and powers.

The most prominent social movements of the nineteen-sixties—the civil-rights movement and antiwar protest—were not initiated by government. Public action was possible only when concerned private groups had acquired dimensions and force that could not be ignored. Nor has public action gone beyond that necessary to dissipate any menace to the existing order. More recent movements, such as women's liberation, consumerism, and ecology, had their genesis in private life. They, too, have discovered a willingness on the part of government to yield only until the sources of dominant social power appear to be threatened. Government undertakes to heal social afflictions only when they are problems of administration; that is, when solution is possible without upsetting the existing social process or, more particularly, the dominant private relationships of society. It cannot act effectively if the source of discontent is fundamental, residing in the very design of our society.

The capacity for influencing society is conferred by living structures and relationships, and not by formal and historical grants. The power of government—the social influence of politics—

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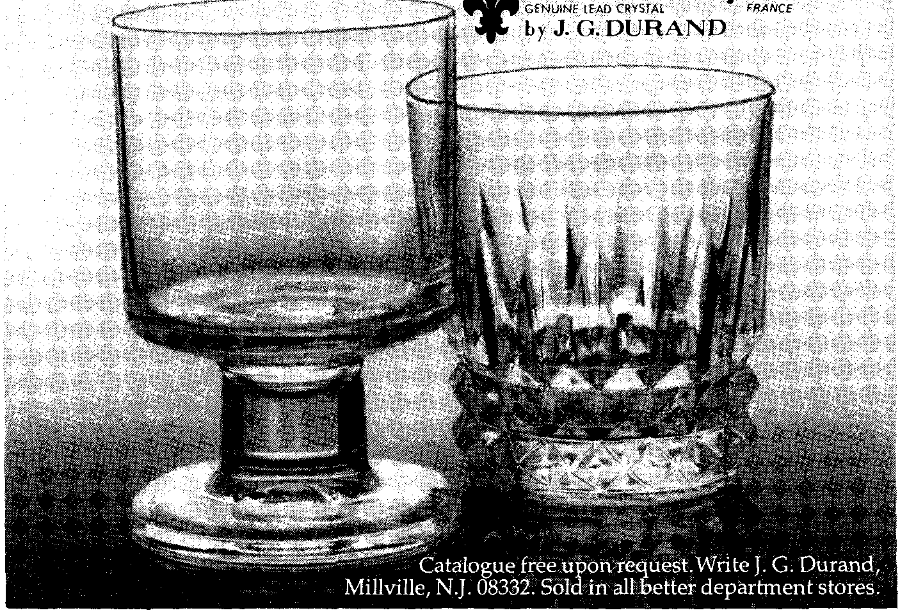

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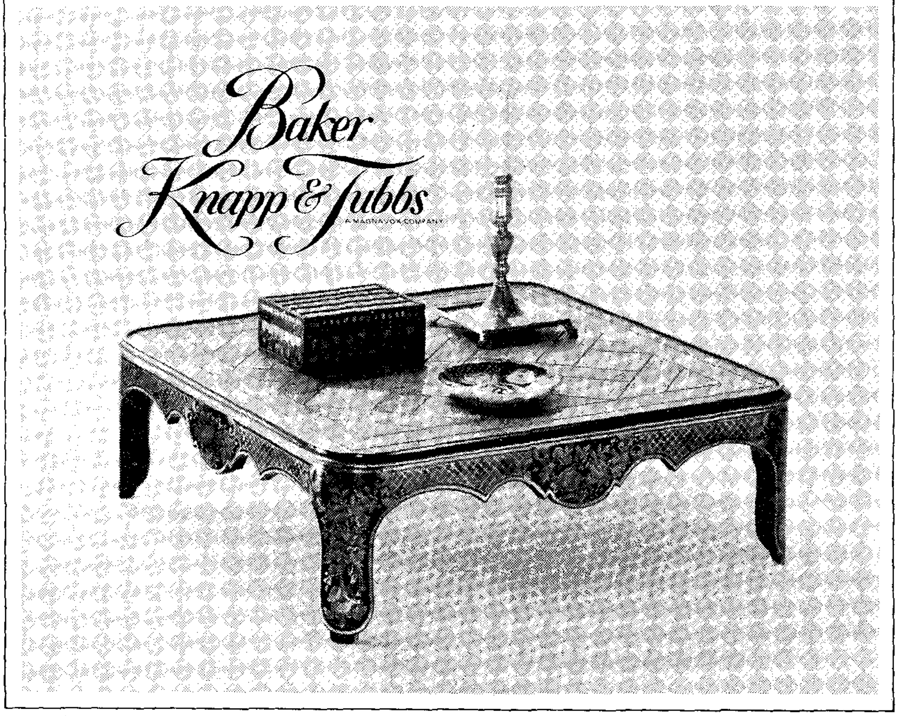

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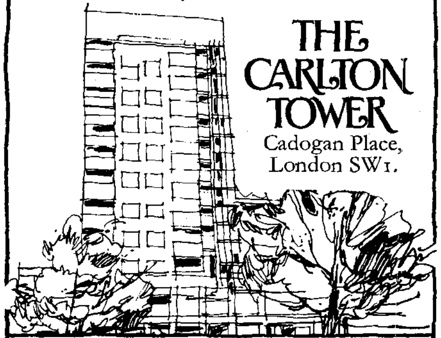

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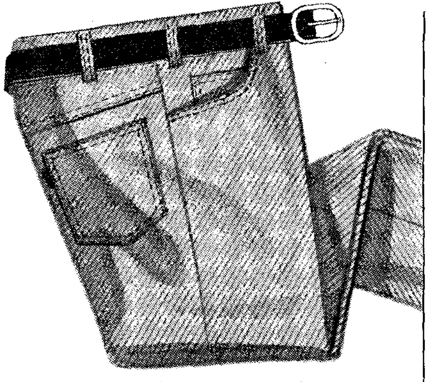

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can be understood only when one examines the actual relationship of government to private centers of power and interest, and to the confining circumstances, the historical realities, of modern life. *The true province of politics is the administration of existing interests—to remedy defects, mitigate abuses, and reconcile competing claims. The form of that reconciliation must be consistent with the relative power of the interests being asserted.*

Madison saw this as clearly as the conditions of his pre-industrial time permitted. In the tenth Federalist Paper, he explained that society was divided into factions, and that "the most common and durable source of factions has been the various and unequal distribution of property." Those factions were represented in the political process by the legislators themselves, and Madison wrote, "The most numerous party, or, in other words, the most powerful faction must be expected to prevail. . . . It is in vain to say that enlightened statesmen will be able to adjust these clashing interests, and render them all subservient to the public good." Madison concluded that "the *causes* of faction cannot be removed," and that "relief is only to be sought in the means of controlling its *effects*." His remedy was to apply Montesquieu's dictum "It is necessary . . . to have power check power." Constituencies would be large enough to permit a legislator to escape domination by any single interest, while the size and diversity of America would insure factions so ample and various that none could obstruct the general good. The condition of Madison's America provided some support for the hope that interests might remain dispersed, and that political forms could help maintain natural discrepancies of desire. The advent of industrialism struck at the foundation of the Madisonian expectation. The unparalleled fusion of interests within the modern economy has left little hope that power will check power, freeing government for more transcendent purposes. Rather, the citizenry, the American community, the "public good," has become fragmented and made incapable of effective assertion.

Decades before Marx, Madison had realized that political life is entrapped by the economic interests of society. Certainly the leaders we associate with revolutionary change—men such as Jefferson, Jackson, and Lincoln—did not create the social conditions over which they presided. Their achievement was the wise and forceful adaptation of politics to new relationships of power and interest. Such achievements deserve gratitude. For a political structure that embodies obsolete or displaced private relationships may resist new necessities, and in such cases the political structure loses its claim to legitimacy; it is at odds with society itself. The consequence is decline, instability, even revolution. Yet to respond to change is not to initiate it. It sometimes appears that way, because the act of ratification is often the first public, historically dramatic appearance of the subterranean alliances, negotiations, and shifts of position that have created a new arrangement of social power.

In many of its aspects, government is itself a "special interest;" that is, it is invested with momentum and purpose largely independent of its popular constituency, and even of its transient managers. For politics takes on the forms as well as the purposes of private society; the structure of official power tends to replicate that of private power. The conditions that have led to economic bureaucracy—material concentration and dispersion of authority—have their political counterparts. The central government has added more to its reach over the last few decades than during the previous century and a half of our history. In this respect, we are more distant from Herbert Hoover than he was from George Washington. Sovereignty withdrawn from states has gone to augment the immense, continuing, unimpeded accumulation of authority within the central government, especially its executive branch. The result is an Executive vested with almost exclusive power to take substantial initiatives; with a virtually unappealable veto over the actions of states and Congress, particularly in economic matters; and with the almost sole management of government bureaucracies that infringe upon the economic process at every strategic point. Many of the traditional Constitutional divisions continue a formal existence, but they have lost their power to restrain.

Every four years, about eighty million voters elect a President. The electorate is choosing between two rival candidates who have been designated by political parties through a procedure that involves a small fraction of the electorate, and each of whom has then selected the potential beneficiary of his mortality. When Lincoln spoke of "government by the people," he was not referring only to this right to vote for President. More compact constituencies selected officials and legislatures of town and state. Citizens separated into hundreds of districts chose the members of a Congress that was solely empowered to pass laws, to dispose of public funds, even to impeach the President. These exercises of choice increased the authority of the citizen, not just because he was a bigger fraction of the total but because smaller numbers, within a limited territory, made possible a familiarity, a play of claims, desires, and cultural inclinations, between citizens and their representatives. We still elect all these officials, and more. The application of direct popular sovereignty extends far beyond its original Constitutional boundaries. But the right to select officials is not authority over the functions of the government. The flight of political power to the federal Executive has dispersed the citizenry's authority over those functions by increasing the size of the relevant constituency. This fragmentation of influence diminishes the reality of control both by the individual voter and by the body of voters.

These parallels between the political structure and the economic bureaucracy are not accidental. The modern *transaction* economy, increasingly exempt from traditional market restraints, requires a strong bureaucratized central authority to help make the accommodations between divergent interests which were once the function of the market. Political resolution must be coextensive with that of modern economic bureaucracy, whose authority cannot be hindered by the annoying diversities of states or cities. Public authority must provide those components of transaction which cannot be owned or exclusively controlled by particular industries—transportation, communications, monetary structures, and so on. And those elements of transaction, such as telephones and airlines, which are important to a variety of enterprises and are in private hands must be protected against economic collapse while at the same time they must be denied the power to restrict access or to impose undue burdens for their services. The political structure that performs these functions is also an influential part of the economic process, and must be shielded from the hazards of public fashion and the vagaries of misguided leaders.

Bureaucracy is the form of the solution, as it is the source of the problem. Votes are tokens of ownership, the inherited shares in government held by the people. Institutions, political as well as economic, that are "owned" by legions of shareholders are liberated to follow the inbuilt inclinations of their structure, and the elected manager of the executive enterprise cannot lead his institution far from its accustomed

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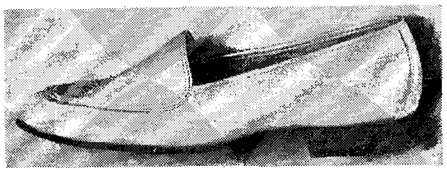

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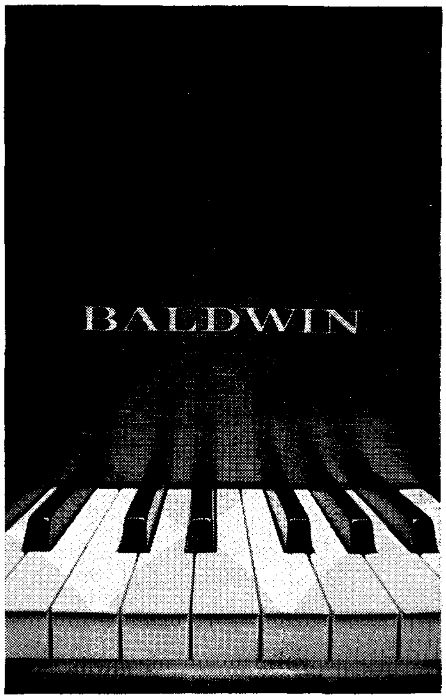
rounds. There is an illusion of control; orders can be issued, officials designated, and men fired. But the public bureaucracies have acquired a substantial independence of managerial control, not because of size and remoteness alone but through a multitudinous web of relationships with interests beyond the White House and outside the government. Any serious effort to remodel the major institutions of executive government strikes at centers of private power throughout the society. Almost every President who has made such an effort has given it up. In government, structure is still policy, and that structure resembles, because it serves, the dominant forms of private life. Hegel wrote that "the world spirit is the spirit of the world as it explicates itself in human consciousness." In this sense of "spirit," politics as bureaucracy is the palpable show of the spirit of our time.

Survival and growth are the first prescripts of the political bureaucracy. It is even freer to pursue these virtues—the bureaucratic essence—than its economic counterpart, since it is less restrained by requirements of performance and product. Government bureaucracies are, at the margin, subject to shifts in public sentiment or political direction, but most change comes—when it does—through accretion or through transfers of authority within the Executive, and in those activities of least concern to important economic interests. Evidence is as extensive as government itself. There is general agreement, for instance, that government housing programs are not well adapted to urban problems. This is not a recent discovery. Yet the postwar housing bureaucracy has persisted and grown for a quarter of a century. Through the bureaucratic process, public protection of the economic structure can be made to appear an exercise of the virtues of deliberation, wisdom, and restraint. For example, a manager who demonstrates his open-mindedness by seeking a multiplicity of views and wisdoms has also devised a mechanism to justify existing behavior, since there will almost certainly be no agreement on making any important change. Even our most sincerely compassionate candidates for high office proclaim their intention of being "President of all the people"—of improving the welfare of businessman and farmer, rich and poor, banker and worker. If this means anything at all, it is that no one is to be damaged or reduced in order to benefit anyone else; that is, the existing distribution of social power and rewards will be preserved. The candidates are usually not lying about their hopes.



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Like many ordinary citizens, they believe that there are no mortal and irreconcilable differences of interest and desire; that all would benefit equally from the elimination of exploitation, oppression, and injustice; that social conflict is a product of misunderstanding, of a failure of communication; that differences can be resolved by increasing the wealth and perfecting the techniques of the present social structure. Thus are the urge and the rhetoric of liberation transformed into the ally of oppression—not by cynicism or conspiracy but through dedication, belief, and energy.

Were politics to become the repository of interests different in nature from those which dominate private life, politics would be at war with society. This has happened at certain historical moments. (Louis XIV's reported assertion "*L'état, c'est moi*" meant that he was the only individual who counted. Had he been more of a social philosopher, he might have said, "*L'état, c'est nous*," thus including his associates in the French aristocracy. The revolution came not because he was wrong but because he was right; and since private power was in other hands the state had to go.) When it does, the only alternative to ravaging turmoil is total submission of the political structure. Democracy practically eliminates this peril by making it necessary for elected officials to constantly reëstablish their support within the society. Failure to do so brings the peaceful deprivation of office. The procedure is a public counterpart of the authority that is contained in the structure of all bureaucracy—the authority to check managerial transgressions.

Unless there are serious changes in the social structure, we can expect the political evolution of recent decades to continue: dilution of popular control; remoteness and bureaucratization; accumulation of central authority; and, increasingly, integration of government into the economic process. There will be exceptions and temporary retreats, but this is the direction of movement. Recent Administrations, for example, moved from "guidelines" on prices and wages to forceful admonitions and then to controls. This transition occurred when habits of decision compatible with economic expansion proved to be neither appropriate nor healthy during the relative stagnation that began in the late sixties. Managers were trapped by institutional inertia and by expectation, their own and that of other parts of the bureaucracy—especially the expectation of undiminished revenues and rising wages. Controls relieved these

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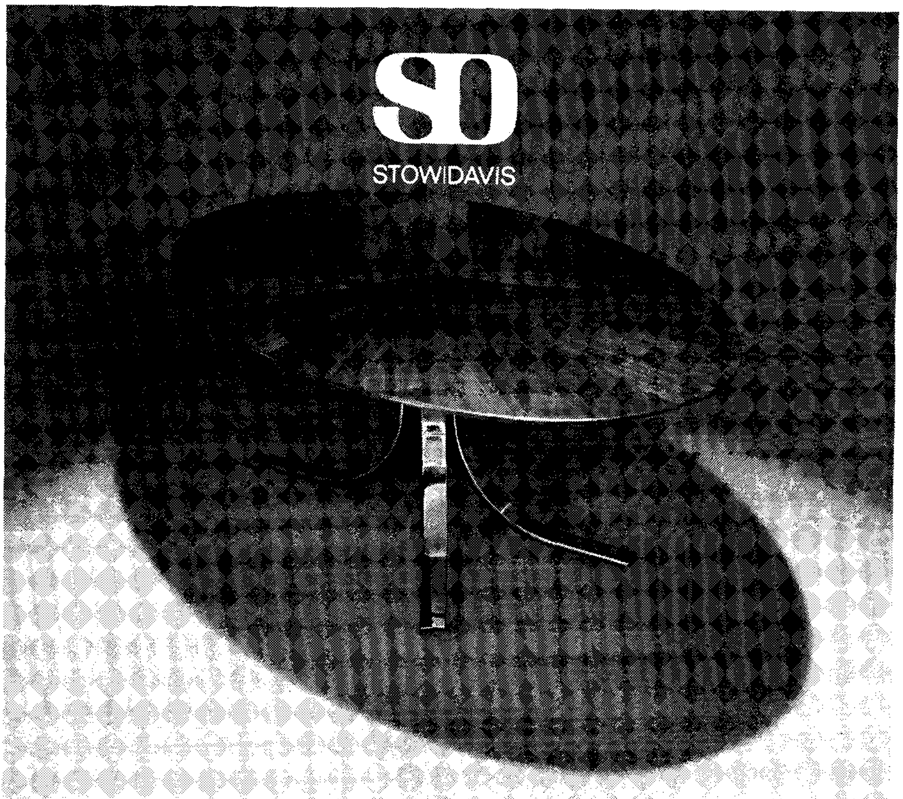

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pressures, stabilizing the bureaucratic process within a slightly changed context. When demand began to increase, the controls were suspended, permitting enterprise to take full advantage of the opportunity for increased earning. Inflation during stagnation harms everyone, but inflation coupled with expansion damages only the general public (provided the inflation is not so great that it impedes the flow of commercial transaction).

The biggest weakness of bureaucracy is a tendency toward rigidity—an inability to adapt to changes in external conditions. The protection provided by government—its jurisdiction over the total economy—will be increasingly invoked to heal this deficiency: through controls, through support of technology, through direct subsidy to distressed enterprise, and through economic planning conducted in government offices that are under the supervision of private institutions. Government will also accelerate efforts to forestall disruptions caused by the fact that bureaucratic restraints still operate for the most part within national borders. In time, the growing internationalization of capital and of bureaucratic mores will bring about a world market modelled largely on the American economic process. When President Kennedy, in 1962, called for "interdependence" between America and Europe, he was thinking primarily of legal structures and relations among governments—of common markets, shared defense, treaties of trade and coöperation. That interdependence has become a reality, but as a consequence of private economic relations.

The integration of government into the economic process is far advanced. The leader as hero becomes the leader as manager, ultimately yielding to the leader as chairman of the board. More people are bombarded with information about politics, and in more ways, than ever before. Yet the economic function of government and its multitudinous ties to the private economy go almost undiscussed. Such subjects do not match the drama of China summits or election clashes, nor do they command the passions stirred by racial conflict or violent crime. Yet the tendentious and pedantic phrases of the decisions, orders, and regulations—phrases that most citizens ignore or never hear—report a continuing assault on the dimensions of our existence.

Politics is not pure illusion. The politician as candidate or official is not an automaton whose acts are enjoined by a programmed calculation of private interests. Politics reflects the relationships of civil society, because it is an aspect of that society—part of the social process. It is a creation of private relationships, but, once created, it is also a force that influences those relationships. Economic claims are asserted in specific ways because of the political structure. For example, if there had been no elections in the fall of 1972 automobile companies would probably not have reduced their proposed price increases. They might not have been asked to. Concessions are made to maintain social stability—"domestic tranquillity"—which would not be required if politics were different. Such concessions are never basic; power and function are not impaired. But they can make a difference to many people.

Moreover, social evolution is not subject to laws of biological necessity. The "relations of production"—the disposition of private interest and power—can be served and sustained in many ways and under many conditions. One can, within limits, be generous or brutal toward the poor, protect civil liberties or suppress them, without threatening bureaucratic ascendancy. Although such choices can be enormously important, they cannot arrest the alienating process that is consuming human freedom. Indeed, this process has become so powerful that the varied cultures and politics of advanced nations are urged toward a symmetry previously unequalled in the modern age.

EVEN as sources of oppression harden, and extend their domination, the militant and the thoughtful, the public-spirited and the ambitious are increasingly lured by the promised rewards of politics. Politics absorbs the force of the moving remnant, provides entertainment for the casual majority, and seems to all to offer an antidote for sensed impotence. By "moving remnant" I mean that minority whose concerns extend beyond the immediate and personal—home, business, university, and so on. These people are not necessarily idealists. They simply relate their feelings or concerns, even their personal self-interest, to a larger social environment; among them one might include a businessman concerned about inflation or about the contradiction between controls and free enterprise, a journalist searching out corruption, a conservative philosopher describing the decay of institutional traditions, the organizer of a Black Panther chapter. This is the group that influences society and can change it within the limits set by historical conditions—not by furnishing a moral example or exercising persuasion but by uniting its own concerns with social power. The forces *that move society cannot be counted;* they must be weighed. That numbers are power is the distinctive illusion of democratic politics. "Power to the people" is taken to mean political power; participation in the social process is translated as "participation politics." And every four years the disbelief of millions is suspended while the course of the world seems to ride on the clash between champions, the finalist survivors of the grand elimination. Never before has the nation been so politicized. Never before have so many given so much attention to so few.

Incessant discontent and frustration and the continued absence of a new spirit of liberation are attributed to unpredictable misfortunes and fatalities, to mistakes of leadership, to the accidental convergence of unfavorable circumstances, to incompetence, or to flaws in the political process. The solution, therefore, must be to avert accidents, to avoid mistakes, to think more wisely, and, above all, to "perfect" the process—restructure Congress, open up the parties, eliminate secret contributions. But political "reforms" do not change the distribution of social power. Any political structure, however devised, will reflect the dominant realities of private life. Were the entire population to participate via cable television in drafting new fundamental laws, economic relations would remain essentially unchanged, although political powers of repression might be enlarged. This outcome would be the consequence not of mass ignorance, fear, or narrowness but of a false premise, the belief that politics can create power, when in fact it can only accommodate the competing claims of existing power.

The modern erosion of individual power has accelerated the turn toward politics by the energetic and the more affluent. The political struggle is framed in the language of authority: there are high and historic offices to be won, momentous issues to be debated, grave social questions to be resolved. As alternative sources of social influence are consumed, belief in the large possibilities of government is bound to appear to offer the only means of avoiding an unacceptable impotence. And it is natural for the expectations of a fragmented populace, stripped of its ties to traditional, organic units of existence, to flow toward a central government that remains a visible symbol of social unity. Moreover, government is consequential. It is huge, it is an essential element in the economic process, and, as one of the largest of economic bureaucracies, it is a powerful special interest. The ac-

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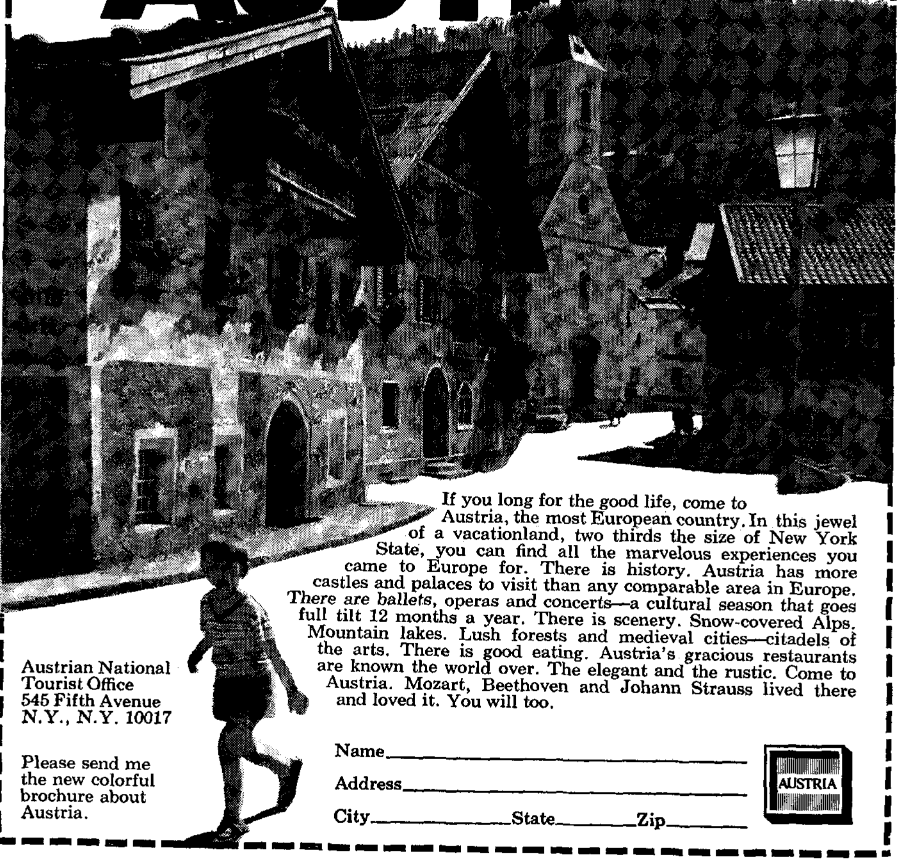

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tual importance of government as a support and a substantial part of dominant private relationships is easily confused with its potential importance as a leader and an agent of basic social change.

None of this fully explains the belief in politics as transcendent. Many of us who worked in the White House during the early sixties may have been victims of the eagerness for place and recognition, but ambition also extended to the desire to "make a difference"—to use this political force, whose existence was an article of faith, to enhance human well-being. Around the meeting and dining tables of the White House, those of highest influence reached agreement on still untried ideas, new approaches to public ills: the restoration of nature within the city, so that contact with the natural world would be an aspect of daily experience; partial payment of rent to replace subsidized construction, so that those with little income might enter the housing market as consumers possessing some power of choice, and forced segregation by age and income would be eliminated; the need to transform a historical underclass, black Americans, through a cultural and economic integration that would provide content for legal rights. Yet, somehow, circumstances and political realities, shortsighted colleagues, bureaucratic resistance, congressional opposition always seemed to alter and weaken the boldest departure, flattening it into conformity with established patterns. It seemed that the power was there, if only . . . It was not then clear to me that the inability to exercise authority is almost infallible proof that the authority does not exist. Nor was this belief in the possibilities of achievement a personal arrogation. By the almost universal consensus of ally and adversary, of fashionable belief and folklore, we were in the "center of action;" counsellors to the sovereign; at the temple's high altar.

Marx wrote, "The more a ruling class is able to assimilate the most prominent men of the dominated classes, the more stable and dangerous is its rule." Politics does absorb much of the energy of discontent, much of the ambition of those desirous of becoming agents of social change. Nevertheless, Marx's statement is an echo from another world. It is not a ruling class and not politics but the entire society that assimilates potential sources of resistance, and it does so only when they acquire some measure of independent force and momentum. This assimilation is conducted by processes regarded as libertarian virtues—social mobility, oc-

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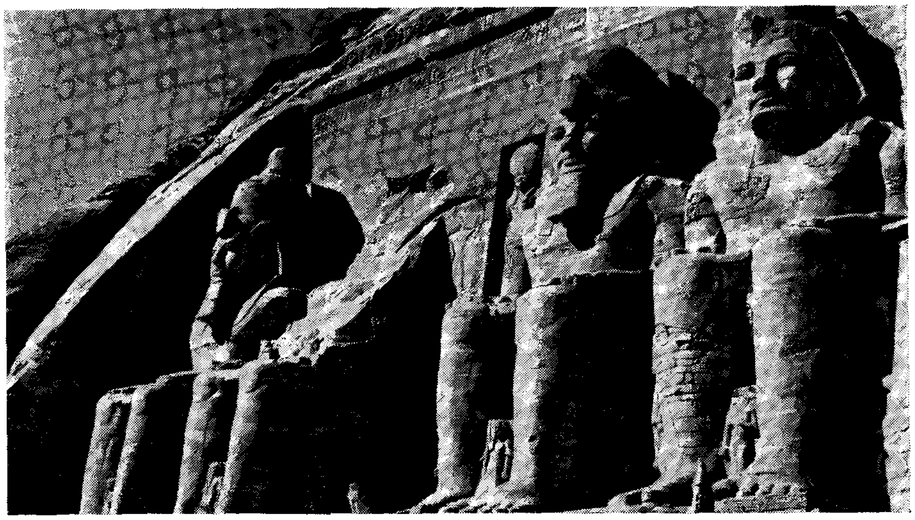
cupational fluidity, rags to riches, illiteracy to Ph.D., obscurity to celebrity. It is not a device deliberately contrived by dominant relationships and institutions; it is an aspect of the process that creates them. "Every man a king" is mostly illusion, but it is true that the chambers of social power are more accessible than ever before—except that, unknown to the occupants, the true sovereign does not wear a human face.

Our trust in government sustains the ascendant relationships of modern society, but this trust is not a wholly contemporary creation; it is an aspect of American tradition which—as transformed by historical circumstances and by an explosive growth of politics—has virtually obliterated rival objects of social mediation and influence. The Founding Fathers believed that political structure provided crucial support and protection for individual welfare and liberty. To secure natural rights, governments—not societies—were instituted among men. The framers were aware of the importance of social relationships, but the emphasis on government was natural to those who were initiating a new political order. This stress on the forms of government departed from the political thought of Europe, which tended to look upon government more as a necessary consequence of society, of human corruption, or of the natural order than as an agent of human well-being. Even those Enlightenment philosophers who most influenced American ideas stressed the responsibility of government as the protector of rights and social stability—a difference of emphasis which was to gain in significance. The thought of those who studied Locke or Montesquieu was unavoidably imbued with a different meaning by American circumstances: it was inspired by confidence in limitless opportunity rather than by protest against unjust distribution and official lawlessness. And, like the nation itself, American political theory was animated by defiance and rejection of the European order—as were the Marxist thought of a later century and the Russia that finally embraced it. Modern America and modern Russia both evolved in reaction against that Europe which was to be divided by their armies and, ultimately, by their social orders. Indeed, Americans expected the same liberating results from the people's "ownership" of government that Marx later anticipated from the people's "ownership" of property.

The repository of this American faith was not government itself but the political process: the balancing of fac-



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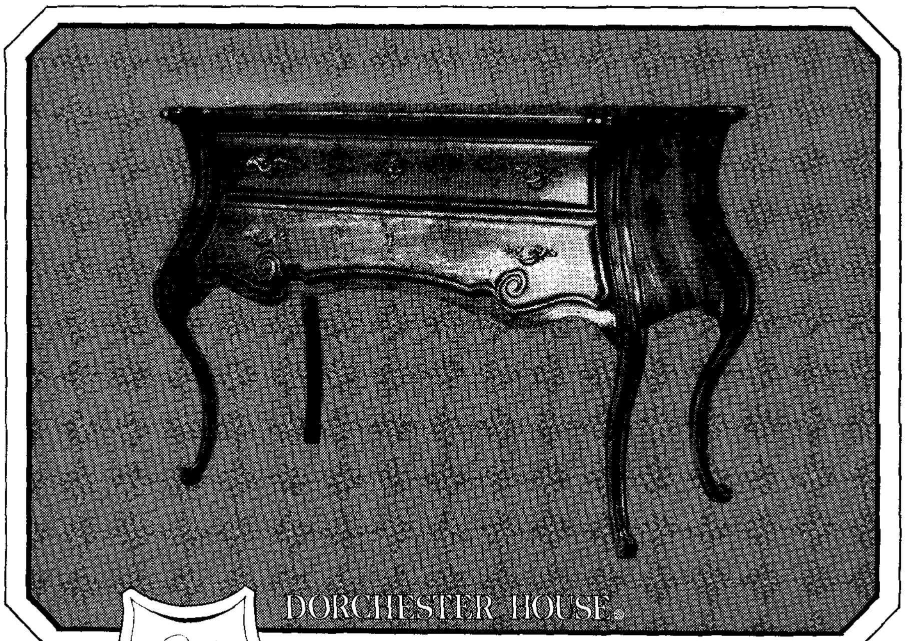

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tions, the dispersal of authority, confinement to prescribed powers, and a variety of electorates with the power to renew or replace their representatives. This careful construction would permit government to function effectively while foreclosing those political oppressions which, in a new continent and during the eighteenth century, seemed the greatest threat to freedom. The political process would protect social freedom from the state. In our own century, traditional political ideology was reinterpreted. Government itself came to be regarded as a source of freedom, possessing the capacity for redistributing social power. Elements of the political process inconsistent with this view were attacked or discarded as obstructions to freedom. One cannot justly attribute this change to "liberalism," or any other political attitude. To do so is to participate in the illusion that social changes have political causes. Politics has evolved to reflect the imperatives of new economic relationships, and no change of government has defied, or even retarded, that evolution. The concentration and bureaucratization of economic power and the consequent centralization of public authority have continued undisturbed under "conservative" and "liberal" guidance alike.

Similarly, the degree of willingness to hinder or narrow civil liberties does not depend on such party or ideological labels as conservative and liberal. Any strong government will, under favorable conditions, try to prevent by intimidation those acts and expressions that oppose its conduct or favor its adversaries. Men of power always resent obstructions, and in government such resentment is strengthened and rationalized by the inclination to regard any hindrance as self-serving opposition to the needs and well-being of the nation, or, in a more advanced stage of megalomania, to the will and desires of "the people." Political liberty, then, can be protected only by the legal process, by Constitutional separation of powers, and, in the main, by the shared and accepted values and standards of society. To the extent that citizens must rely on the good will, the self-restraint, or the libertarian ideals of a strong Executive, liberty is already lost.

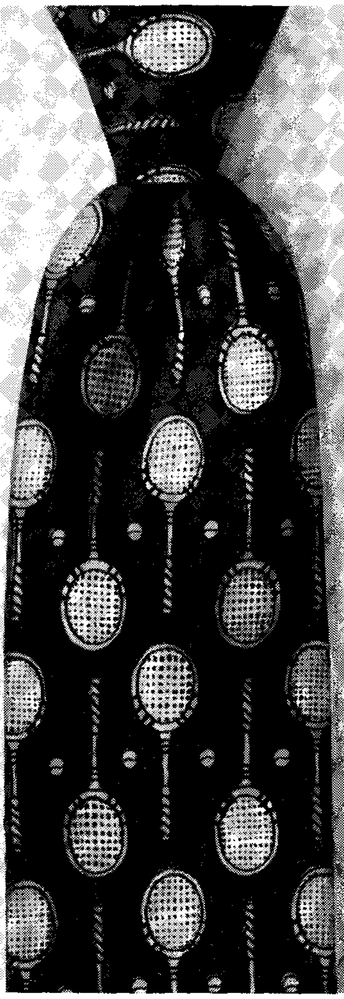
The modern rallying to politics is something more than an intensification of tradition, subject to correction by argument or analysis. When we bestow upon politics the power to guide and alter society by acts of will or decision, we are engaging in mystical creation. When an authority is believed able to encompass and fulfill the interest of "society as a whole," it is being invested with a quality of detachment from the social process—being granted a vantage point outside or beyond or above society. It is made transcendent, and that element of transcendence reveals that we are in the presence of faith—a structure of belief that, since it is a translation of passions and revelations, is resistant to the contradictions of experience and logic. The political faith allows the outcome of social conflict to be ratified by a process whose legitimacy is a matter of common belief. The law is passed, the policy instituted, the directive given. In this way, government provides sanction for social realities, power is robed in principle. Dissent can be unrestrained as long as the laws are obeyed: one may oppose the acts of the Church but may not challenge the faith. In ordinary times, the political creed is benign. After all, when the social battle has been decided, matters must be put to rest, defeat accepted, and the victors contained within the dimensions of their triumph. The alternative is coercion, with the prospect of continual turmoil.

We are not victims of perfectible weaknesses in the social structure. Our humanity is being consumed by the structure itself: by the ruling constituents—the institutions, the relationships, the consciousness, and the ideology—of the process that contains modern America. Our possibilities and our awareness of possibility are mutilated by the growing strength and effectiveness of that process. Our afflictions cannot be subdued by repairs or modifications, by those adjustments we call "reforms." For us, a political faith is not a useful and salutary illusion—it is an accomplice in oppression. If we wish to be free, then, we must reject a stable tranquillity—the calm acceptance of "realities" that are not real—in favor of defiance, outrage, and conflict. New accommodations with the dominant sources of social power will not alter our condition, diminish alienation, or amplify freedom. Power itself, the command over social resources, must be transferred and redesigned. This is a task that can be achieved only by a merging of the fragmentary claims and desires of multitudes into social strength adequate to claim dominion. This may not be a possible achievement, but if we seek it through politics it is surely impossible. The political faith turns us aside from contemplation of fundamental disorders, lures discontent and anger to the pursuit of the "practical"—which is used to mean the victories and rewards that politics can offer. These do not include basic social change.

Large and swiftly increasing numbers of Americans have lost their confidence that politics or politicians will respond to their felt grievances or enhance the quality of social existence. Their disillusion is often described as a "loss of faith" in the institutions of democracy. Instead, it is an intuitive realism grounded in the congenital limitations of politics. Yet even the most cynical retain the assumptions of the political faith; they have lost confidence only in its worldly incarnations. These retained assumptions compel them to the conclusion that if the political process is inadequate, there is no hope for improvement at all. If this is what one believes, one can also be convinced that one's energies are best devoted to defending the process as it is now constituted against further decline; and then social action outside politics presents itself as a disruptive attack on the defended position. Thus, the political faith becomes a source of resistance to necessary change. At the same time, the moving remnant whose discontents and ambitions should fuel reconstruction pour more and more of their energies into politics. As bureaucratic structures congeal, as the sources of oppression extend their hold, the moving remnant's political fervor will increase. No other course will seem "practical"—none able to compete with the yellow brick road leading toward the sovereign who can make us whole again.

IN 1611, responding to the new astronomy, John Donne wrote, "This (world)/Is crumbled out again to his atomies./'Tis all in pieces, all coherence gone;/All just supply, and all relation." From our vantage point, the poem seems premature as description; it has been vindicated as prophecy. Earlier in this essay, I sketched the development of the consciousness of individualism and its modern culmination in a social fragmentation that has weakened or destroyed most of the bonds and institutions of shared existence.

Place an iron bar just far enough away from a magnet so that the attraction is too weak to move it. If the bar is then shattered into a multitude of tiny filings, they will be swept toward the magnet and confined along the lines of force. The relationship between social fragmentation and coercive bureaucracy is more complex and ambiguous than this metaphor of the magnet implies. The modern condition is the result of a process that is neither recent nor American in origin. The deterioration of social existence has been accompanied by the growth of



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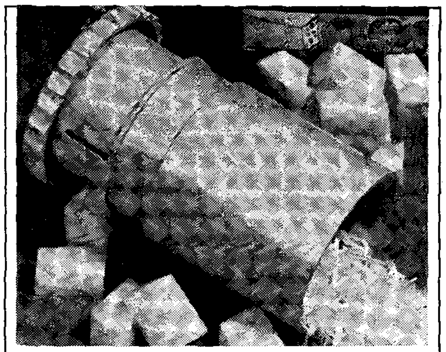

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constantly more powerful productive forces and has taken place more slowly, or not at all, in countries where these productive forces did not evolve. This social fragmentation sustains the coercive power of modern economic relationships. The multiform connections between coercive bureaucracy and the loss of social existence are a major theme of this essay. Let me, by way of summary and example, extract from the previous discussion some of the links that compose and justify these major categories of analysis.

No individual or small group of individuals can buy or compel the construction of neighborhoods, an end to pollution of the ocean, or a reduction in the amount of necessary labor. This requires a society with shared values, an awareness of needs so strongly and concretely felt that the same demand arises from a multitude of uncoördinated centers—a demand powerful enough to transform or redirect the economic process and enter into the dominant ideology. Collective demand requires collective existence. Individuals, even though they may be liberated to pursue the objects of private desire, cannot attain mastery over productive forces or determine the allocation of social resources. Since that control, which is the power to determine the material conditions of society, must be exercised, it is necessarily transferred—alienated—to the dominant forms of social authority. The alienating consequences of the structure of demand demonstrate that only through association can human beings acquire and exercise power over their own social existence. Alienation includes loss of choice, and the power lost to human beings is inevitably absorbed by the ruling forces of social life. Values and codes of conduct are made consistent with the purposes of economic bureaucracy, thus becoming the purposes of the citizen. We value the goods that the bureaucracy produces, the highways it builds, the opportunities it affords. Even when we are apprehensive about such extensions of control—for example, the uses to which television is put, and the increasing autonomy of the military bureaucracy—we lack the internally shared principles of value and conduct which would provide a restraint and a source of collective opposition. We tend increasingly to discuss matters like these as "practical" problems instead of problems of principle, and this means that the scope of discussion has been confined by the dominant ideology. Since function in itself is a preëminent value of the bureaucratic ideology, the concept of "effectiveness"

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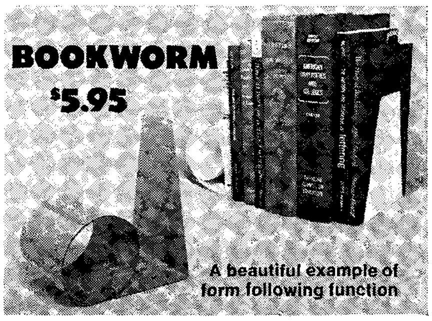

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overshadows considerations of ultimate purpose and product. Institutions and activities that in a different social structure might afford self-mastery and fulfillment are made coercive by the process of social fragmentation. The inability to find fulfillment in work, for example, is a consequence of the social fragmentation that severs the individual from his co-workers, from the enterprise he serves, from his task, and from his own talents. Work that is not experienced as a contribution to shared goals, whose purposes are not those of the worker as a social man, is alienating; it imposes the requirements of economic process on one's own existence.

Once the national society that contains us is no longer experienced as a vehicle of shared social purpose, its authority over our lives also becomes external—is made coercive. It becomes a source of alienation. The consequent sense of impotence feeds on itself, increasing the withdrawal that strengthens the autonomy of the state. The same is true of our relationship to all ruling institutions. The requirements and obligations of shared social existence are not coercive. They are aspects of a natural order. The relationship of the individual to that order is not one of participation; it is an aspect of self, a constituent of his human nature. As a consequence of social fragmentation, power that, being shared, was formerly also personal is externalized. External relationships are substituted for human connection. No longer ruled by one another, we no longer rule ourselves. This loss of power intensifies the need and felt desire to rely on an external authority, whose growing autonomy persuades us to behavior and goals that may still appear to be personal choice but that are only those choices permitted us by dominant ideologies. The pursuit of these goals reinforces coercive power—at least, is not inconsistent with the extension of control.

Modern economic relationships have hugely accelerated the social fragmentation, which had seemed to be approaching the limits of possibility even before the bureaucratic ascendancy. The centralization of authority in government was a response to the economic interests of expanding industry, although, as is traditional, those interests were called "economic necessity." The interest—the intrinsic purpose—of modern economic structures is not simply the accumulation of wealth; its manner and scale of operation are ends in themselves. Because control adequate to guarantee this function—to protect against all present conflict and future

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Q. Is CCF registered with any government agency? A. Yes, CCF is registered with the U.S. State Department's Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid, holding Registration No. 080.

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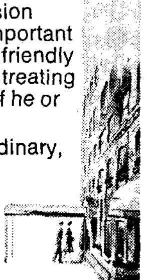

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change—is a mirage, the impulse toward control is insatiable. It directs a continuing attack on all authority that is independent of the economic structure: *not* just on state laws or legal authority but on alternative repositories of social power—principally on forms of social cohesion which might give expression to human wants inconsistent with the present structure of society.

The bureaucratic danger to liberty does not take the form of direct and overt repression by government. It manifests itself in subtler means of coercion—a system of rewards and penalties which dulls the urge toward individual expression and makes the inability to exercise liberty appear a consequence of individual and institutional choice. It may have been easier to resist the more direct past attacks on civil liberty than it will be to withstand the advancing bureaucratic spirit, with its inclination to reject and penalize all forms of conduct inconsistent with function.

An economy on the American scale, based on mass consumption, relies upon the general willingness to labor and spend for the gratification of private desires. This ideological necessity is internalized as a moral principle that equates the pursuit of individual desires with freedom. Forms of collective existence are made to appear obligations or duties, and finally are felt as oppression. Moreover, the reach of modern economic relationships, with the affluence it has produced, has attenuated the link between particular forms of social existence, such as community, family, and economic necessity. Commitments that are willed and easily escaped lose their binding force. Many of the most radical forms of modern social behavior—"freedom" of sex and dress, of drugs and pornography, the quest for pleasure and for new forms of self-realization, from consciousness-raising to meditation—can be seen as manifestations of a belief that fulfillment is to be sought in the gratification of private desires through internal states rather than through social bonds. Much of this behavior has little economic consequence; some of it may even be beneficial; but all of it is consistent with the governing economic structures. Were this not the case, it would not be allowed.

Since material realities dominate the social process, they are able to enforce consistency. The merger of two sound waves that are in phase—whose structure is symmetrical—will produce a signal stronger than either of the components; the new signal is the result not of either signal but of their consistency. In the same way, economic structure and consciousness reinforce one another. Yet, unlike the world of the physicist, society is always changing. There are always inconsistencies between structure and awareness and also within each of them. Moreover, even the most autonomous of structures is constantly threatened by human fallibility and unanticipated interventions, while the inner impulse toward freedom will try to assert itself against the most rigidly enslaving beliefs. Social change, however, is an idea without moral content; its inevitability is not the inevitability of freedom. And once the idea of causation yields to process are we not even more surely the prisoners of fate? Where does one strike from within a process whose elements are constantly reinforcing and re-creating each other? The question is unanswerable in terms of the description. Yet we can also be sure that the description is incomplete—accurate as far as it goes, perhaps, but incomplete, since it is an attempt to analyze a process whose complexities exceed the reach of understanding, whose alterations are swifter than the act of observation, and which, moreover, contains the observer himself.

A society whose inhabitants lack the shared values and purpose necessary to freedom will not make radical changes in economic relationships, and if such changes should occur they would change only the sources of oppression. At one point, Marx writes that although men are changed by circumstances, "circumstances are changed precisely by men," and "the educator must himself be educated"—hinting at the dilemma that was to undo so many hopes. The wisest and most radical of economic revolutions cannot immediately enlarge our existence beyond our present perception of that which is necessary to the human fulfillment that constitutes freedom. Revolutionary awareness is itself formed within a historical consciousness that can nullify the expected evolution toward freedom by distorting or transforming new economic relations. Nor can a new awareness—an enlarged sense of human existence and relationship—be imposed on the material realities that are the source of consciousness. Yet the modern consciousness is not the same as that of other ages. Consciousness does change, but only when new material conditions evolve from the weaknesses and achievements of earlier relationships, and, we must believe, from human resolve.

If an enlarged awareness does evolve, its source may be the immense and widening gap between our physical capacity for increasing freedom and the conditions of modern life. There are some signs—isolated symbols—of an urge to reconstitute social existence. An awareness of loss is manifested by a continuing discussion of the need for community and by the creation of new forms of association—from street gangs to consciousness-raising. This essay could not have been written in a society devoid of that awareness. But awareness of loss is not awareness of self, and the expressed urges toward association remain, at most, isolated pockets of uncertain resistance to the progress of coercion and fragmentation, presided over by structures whose scale, reach, and capacity for control are unprecedented. The instabilities I have mentioned hint at the sources of inevitable change; they do not prescribe its direction.

Among present cosmologies is a theory that the universe originated when all created matter collapsed into a borderless mass, which then violently scattered fragments—stars, moons, and planets—across a vacant eternity, and that when the impulse is spent the fragments will once again fall toward a momentary rendezvous. Were this not science, and thus, we are told, subject to rational emendation, it might stand as an allegory of the recurrent movement of human society: the alternation between hierarchy and individualism, unity and fragmentation, fusion and isolation, community and solitude. All societies are dominated by one or the other; in all societies the dominant consciousness must fight off challenges from the hostile vision; most societies are in transition from one to the other; and the most memorable flourishings occur during those brief periods when a particular society holds both views—both conceptions of existence—in a precarious and transient balance.

All wants are historical. We want what it is possible to want—choose what it is possible to choose—in our time and place. No one can ask for more. But most of us are content with far less. In order to choose, we must be aware of what is possible.

—RICHARD N. GOODWIN

(This is the last part of a three-part article.)

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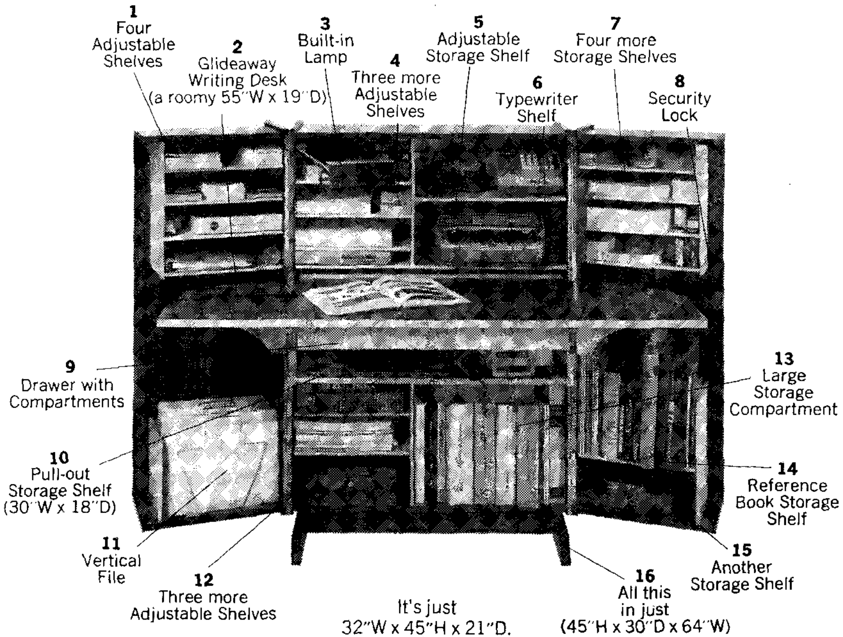
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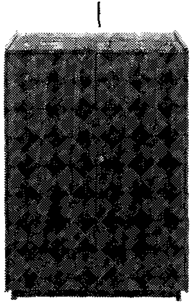

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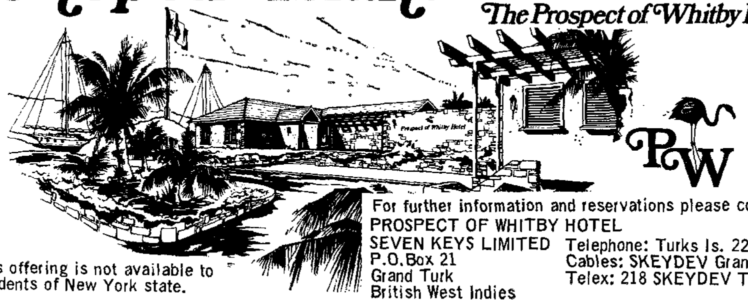

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Love and Coca-Cola

IN "McCabe & Mrs. Miller," a rangy, buck-toothed young boy discovered undreamed-of pleasures at a snowbound brothel and met a scrawny, scared girl, a widowed bride who had just turned whore. She had teeth and a grin to match his own, and when he left they said goodbye, like the affectionate innocents they were, and he called out that he'd be back the next year. A minute later, still harmlessly affable, he was shot down from a bridge, and his body slowly crushed the ice before disappearing in the water. Robert Altman has reunited the pair, Keith Carradine and Shelley Duvall, in "Thieves Like Us;" he's Bowie, one of three escaped convicts, and she is Keechie, whose drunken father runs the gas station the convicts hide in. Bowie has been in prison for seven years, since he took part in a holdup when he was sixteen; Keechie has never had a boyfriend—not even one to walk her to church. They fall in love; it's two-sided, equal, and perfect—the sort of romantic love that people in movies don't fall into anymore. Keith Carradine takes the screen the way a star does, by talent and by natural right. In his bit role in "McCabe," he made the audience yield to him so completely that his sequence almost threw the movie out of whack; he makes us yield here for the entire film. He has the rawboned, open-faced look of a young Henry Fonda or Gary Cooper; he's a beautiful camera subject, and the rawness saves him from the too-handsome-juvenile look of earlier stars. There has never been an ingénue like Shelley Duvall, with her matter-of-fact manner and her asymmetrical, rag-doll face; if it weren't for her goofy, self-conscious smile, she could be the child of Grant Wood's "American Gothic" parents. Her Keechie carries candor to the point of eccentricity: she's so natural that she seems bizarrely original. Whatever it was that Altman saw in her when he put the twenty-year-old Houston girl, who had never acted professionally, into "Brewster McCloud" didn't quite come through that time, but it certainly peeped out in her small role in "McCabe," and here she melts indifference. You're unable to repress your response; you go right to her in delight, saying "I'm yours." She looks like no one else and she acts like no one else. Shelley Duvall may not be an actress, exactly, but she seems able to be herself on the screen in a way that nobody has ever been before. She doesn't appear to project—she's just *there*. Yet you feel as if you read her every thought; she convinces you that she has no veils and nothing hidden. Her charm appears to be totally without affectation. Altman must have sensed in that inexperienced twenty-year-old girl some of the same qualities that separate him from other directors: a gambler's euphoria about playing the game his own way, assurance without a trace of imitativeness.

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In other Altman films, there is always something that people can complain about; they ask, "What's that there for?" In "Thieves Like Us," there's nothing to stumble over. It's a serenely simple film—contained and complete. You feel elated by the chasteness of the technique, and the film engages your senses and stays with you, like a single vision. It's beautiful right from the first, pearly-green long shot. Robert Altman finds a sureness of tone and never loses it; "Thieves Like Us" has the pensive, delicate romanticism of "McCabe," but it isn't hesitant or precarious. It isn't a heady, whirling sideshow of a movie, like "The Long Goodbye;" it has perfect clarity. I wouldn't say that I respond to it more than to "McCabe" or that I enjoy it more than the loony "The Long Goodbye," but "Thieves Like Us" seems to achieve beauty without artifice. It's the closest to flawless of Altman's films—a masterpiece.

Altman breaks the pattern of what American directors are commonly supposed to be good at; this picture has the relaxed awareness that we honor Europeans for and that still mystifies Hollywood. Like "Mean Streets," it didn't cost enough for Hollywood people to understand it. "Thieves Like Us" is based on a neglected, long-out-of-print 1937 novel by Edward Anderson—the novel that Nicholas Ray's 1948 picture "They Live by Night" was derived from. (Edward Anderson won a literary prize with his first novel, "Hungry Men," in 1935, and then, as far as I can determine, published "Thieves Like Us" and disappeared from the writing world. It is said that he was living in Texas when "They Live by Night" was made, but the novel, according to Avon Books, which is putting out a new edition, is in the public domain, and the publishers have had no contact with the author.) The Ray film, produced by John Houseman and starring Cathy O'Donnell and Farley Granger as Bonnie-and-Clyde figures, retained Anderson's plot but strayed far from the book's tone; the Altman film stays very close to that tone, while moving the action from Oklahoma and Texas to Mississippi. The picture was shot in sequence in forty-three days, at a cost of $1,250,000. Altman didn't build thirties sets; he found the vegetating old towns that he needed. He took his crew to Mississippi and made the picture in the sort of freedom that Jean Renoir had when, as a young man, he took his family and friends out to make "A Day in the Country." Before Altman was hired to direct, the producer, Jerry Bick, had commissioned a script by Calder Willingham. Although Willingham gets a screen credit, his script didn't have the approach Altman wanted, and Altman's former script girl, Joan Tewkesbury, then devised another script, in collaboration with the director, which stays on Edward Anderson's narrative line, retaining much of his dialogue. (He is, or was, a considerable writer.) The movie has the ambience of a novel; it is the most literary of all Altman's films, yet the most freely intuitive. "Thieves Like Us" is so sensuous and lucid that it is as if William Faulkner and the young Jean Renoir had collaborated.

Robert Altman spoils other directors' films for me; Hollywood's paste-up, slammed-together jobs come off a faulty conveyor belt and are half chewed up in the process. I think I know where just about all the elements come from in most American movies (and in most foreign movies, too), and how the mechanisms work, but I don't understand how Robert Altman gets his effects, any more than I understand how Renoir did (or, for that matter, how Godard did from "Breathless" through "Weekend," or how Bertolucci does). When an artist works right on the edge of his unconscious, like Altman, not asking himself why he's doing what he's doing but trusting to instinct (which in Altman's case is the same as taste), a movie is a special kind of gamble. If Altman fails, his picture won't have the usual mechanical story elements to carry it, or the impersonal ex-

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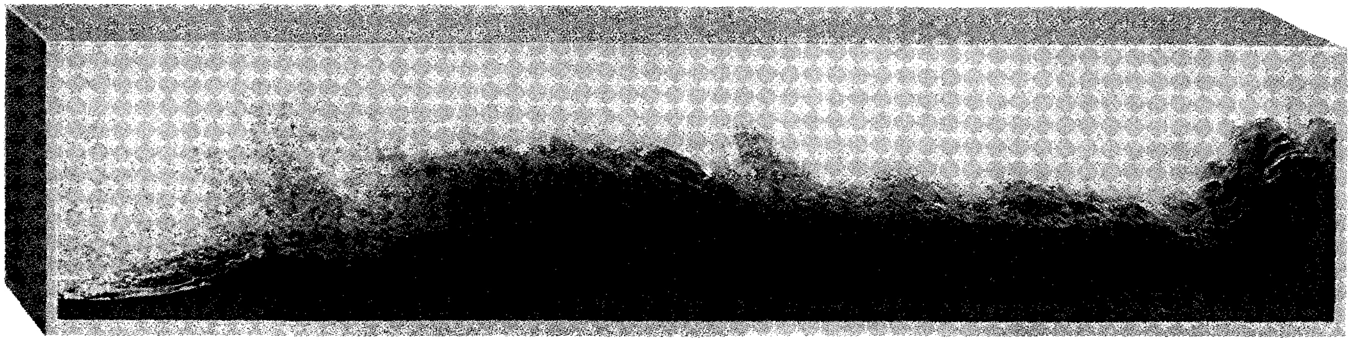

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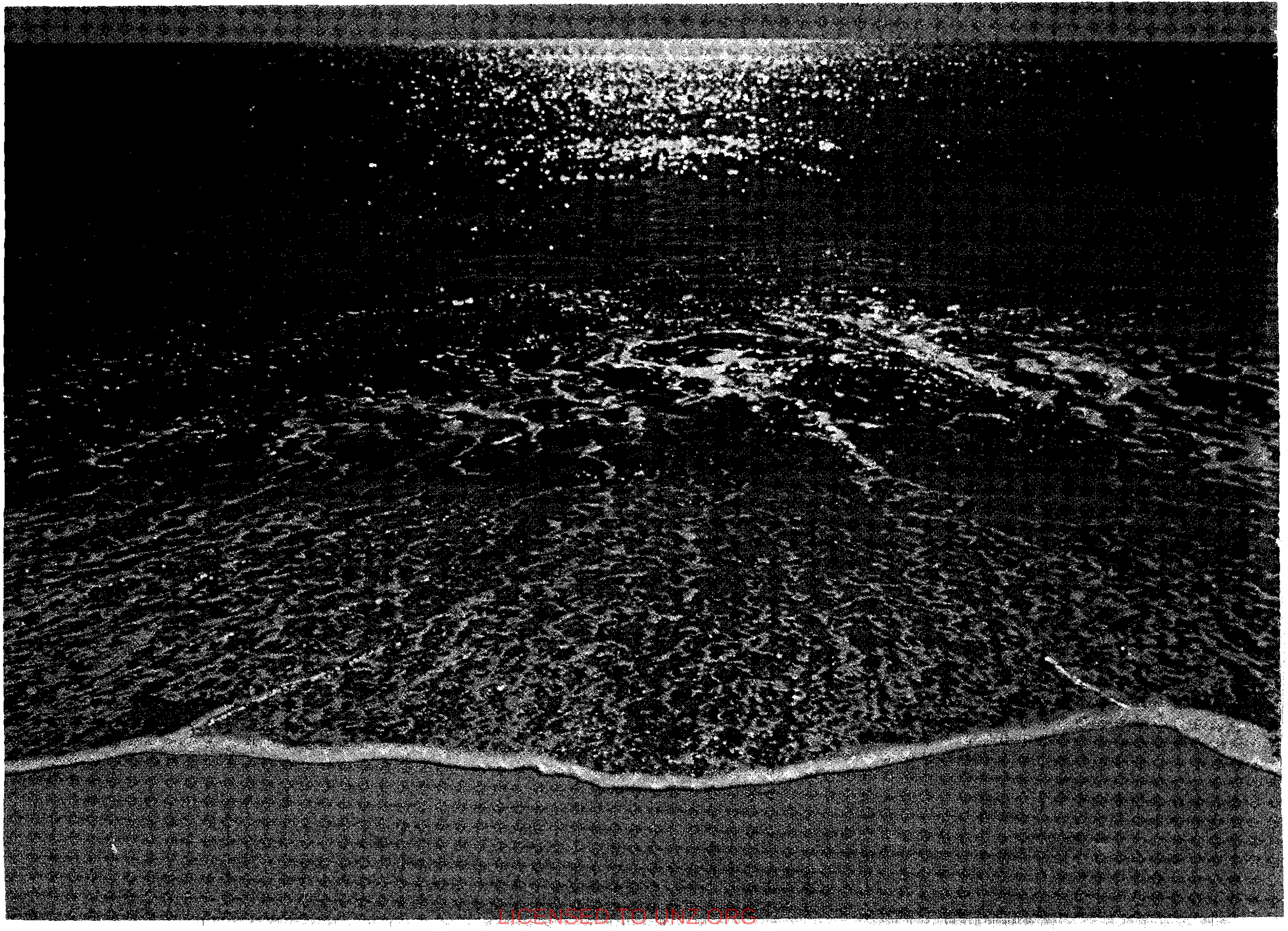
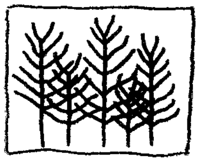


magnum: erich hartmann

citement of a standard film. And if he succeeds aesthetically, audiences still may not respond, because the light, prodigal way in which he succeeds is alien to them. Three-quarters of a century of slick movies have conditioned audiences' expectations. But "Thieves Like Us" might win him the audience that was put off by the elliptical poetry of "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" and the offhand pyrotechnics of "The Long Goodbye." There's no predicting what he'll do next; "Thieves Like Us," with its soft, unassuming grace, may be the only fully accessible movie he'll ever make. Its vision is just as singular as that of his other films, but the masterly aboveboard method could put him in touch with a popular audience; Griffith used to reach that audience (less corrupted then, of course) with comparable pastoral romances, such as "True Heart Susie." "Thieves Like Us" is not just the easiest-to-like picture Altman has ever made—I think one would have to fight hard to resist it.



The scope is small, but "Thieves Like Us" is a native work in the same way that "The Godfather" is; we know the genre (Depression, bank robbers, Bonnie and Clyde), and the characters are as archetypal as one's next-door neighbors. Altman didn't have his usual cinematographer and production designer with him this time; working with Jean Boffety, a French cinematographer who had never done a picture in this country, and without any production designer, he seems to have changed his style of improvisation—to have become calmer, more fluid. Everything in the Anderson book is refined in the movie, instead of what usually happens to novels—the coarsening that results from trying to make things fit a preordained plan, and settling for the approximate. The milky, semi-transparent cinematography makes the story seem newborn. Altman uses the novel as his base, but he finds his story through the actors, and, as Renoir did, through accidents of weather and discoveries along the way. He finds spontaneous comedy; the novel isn't funny, but the movie is. The lovers are far less conventional in the movie than in the book. (With Shelley Duvall, you couldn't be conventional even if you wanted to.) Bowie isn't a psychopath or a crazed dreamer, like his two robber friends; he's still a kid, and his essential healthiness becomes the core of the picture. He wants what Keechie represents, but he's caught, living a life that doesn't make sense to him. When he says to a wandering dog "Do you belong to someone, or are you a thief like me?" we know that for him "thief" means "stray." Identifying with Bowie, we react to each eruption of violence as he does—with a moral chill. Anderson, too, had basically seen him as gentle and straight, but the picture takes its cue from the rapport of Carradine and Duvall, omitting other elements in his character and moving away from the links to "Bonnie and Clyde."

At first, the two convicts who escape with Bowie—T-Dub and Chicamaw—sit around giggling, high on freedom, but then their characters start to take shape. Bert Remsen, who had given up acting, was working as casting director on "Brewster McCloud" when Altman put him into the picture; he appeared again, memorably, in "McCabe," and now he's T-Dub, a veteran bank robber. T-Dub is a cheery, likable fool who becomes flushed with success and gets reckless; Remsen plays the role so warmly that T-Dub's careless idiocy is fully believable. John Schuck, who was Painless in "M*A*S*H," has also turned up in two other Altman films, but there was nothing in his earlier work to prepare one for his major performance here, in the pivotal role of the heavy-drinking, half-mad Chicamaw. Schuck has always had a suggestion of a bulldog in his face, and now, grown corpulent and more powerful-looking, he gives a performance that in some scenes rivals the intensity that Bogart brought to his Fred C. Dobbs in "The Treasure of Sierra Madre." Schuck's comic, terrifying big scene, when he insists on play-acting a robbery at home with small children and explodes in a murderous rage when they lose interest, and his last scene, in which he's deserted, yelling in torment on a country road, are classic moments. Altman often picks up part of his cast on location, or puts members of the crew to work; the writer Joan Tewkesbury turns up here as the woman in the train-station sequence. Louise Fletcher, who is Mattie, T-Dub's sister-in-law, had been a TV actress in the early sixties and had retired, but she is married to the film's producer and was on location in Mississippi. Altman asked her to play the small part of Mattie, and then, when he saw the presence she brought to it, he enlarged the role. Louise Fletcher has a full, strong body and great rounded arms; her Mattie is a no-nonsense woman who looks as if she had

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lived through what women in soap operas prattle about. She's a tough-broad earth mother with a coating of banal respectability—an authentic American-woman character.

You can see that Altman doesn't have to prove to anybody that he can re-create the thirties. The movie isn't a work of nostalgia; it's not a glorification of the past. It's localized in an era, and the people can be understood only in terms of that era. They are part of the age of radio, and Altman uses radio programs of the thirties for his score, and Coca-Cola for his motif. Everyone swigs Coca-Cola. Keechie is always reaching for a bottle; the old truck advertising Coca-Cola makes an appearance; and on the prison sign at the Mississippi State Penitentiary, at Parchman, there are Coca-Cola ads. I inquired, to find out if this was on the level, and was told that the crew was denied permission to film at actual prisons, where these ads are indeed on the signs, but that the reproduction is faithful. The prison at Parchman is, of course, a landmark in several Faulkner novels. For the last two years now, friends of mine have been shouting that Altman must do "The Wild Palms" or "As I Lay Dying;" they've been convinced that he is the man to bring Faulkner to the screen. Maybe he knew it all along, and maybe he was smart enough to know that he could do it best by using someone else's material for his text. (Perhaps this is also how someday someone will put Fitzgerald on film.) "Thieves Like Us" comes closer to the vision and sensibility of Faulkner's novels than any of the movie adaptations of them do. Altman didn't start from Faulkner, but he wound up there. If he did a Faulkner novel, he might not be able to achieve what people want him to. But "Thieves Like Us" is *his* Faulkner novel.

—PAULINE KAEL

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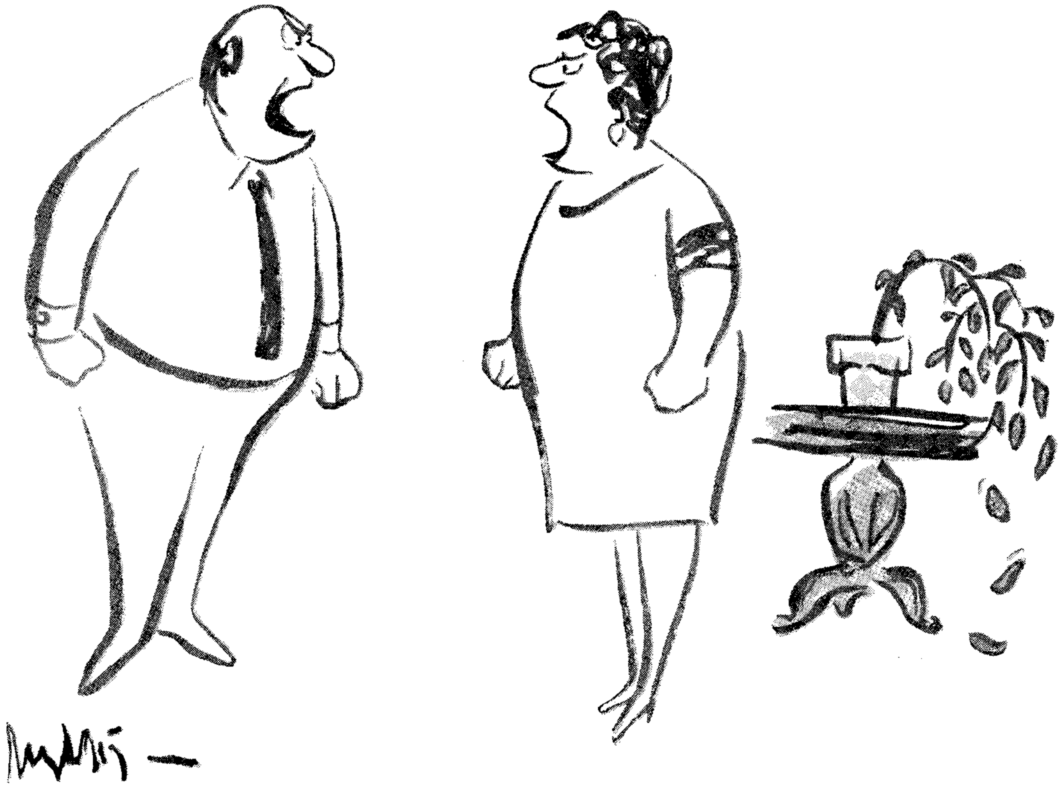
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

JANUARY 27

CONGRESS is back in session and is facing a long and difficult agenda, on which the most pressing and difficult items are impeachment, the energy crisis, and the rising cost of increasingly inconvenient living. It is hard to say which, if any, of the three comes first in the public mind. If life becomes downright austere by American standards, and at the same time more expensive, this seems likelier by far to head the list of serious matters than finding an answer to the question of who erased eighteen and a half minutes of Presidential tape. For the moment, though, the question of impeachment is uppermost in the minds of the legislators, many of whom must be agonizing over whether to follow their consciences or the recently expressed views of their constituents. For what the congressmen learned on returning to their districts, and subsequently found confirmed in national polls, is that while most Americans consider Richard Nixon a man undeserving of their trust, a substantial majority at present opposes impeachment, and the percentage—forty-six—of those who think he ought to resign is precisely equal to the percentage of those who think resignation inadvisable. At the same time, it is clear that those citizens who oppose impeachment (which many confuse with conviction) include a large number who are quite ready to call the President a cheat, a liar, a hypocrite, and a man devoid of morality of any kind. Still, they apparently feel that the best thing for the country would be to let him finish out his term under the vigilant eyes of men like Senator Ervin and Judge Sirica. They evidently think of him as some kind of disgrace to the American family, and they oppose impeachment because it would involve several more months of washing our dirty linen in public. True, some have other reasons: quite a few think him innocent and the victim of a soreheaded and sordid plot; others think he will be on his best behavior when kept under close scrutiny; still others think that what they regard as the good and useful work of Henry Kissinger would be undermined by any further show of instability in the government; and yet others fear another year of displaying gross improprieties that have taken place in that shrine of American purity and decency the White House. Noting all this, some congressmen have—for the time being, at least—reversed themselves. Last October, for example, the National Broadcasting Company identified a hundred and nine House members as quite firmly committed to impeachment; this week, it was learned that the number is now down to ninety, although some of the absentees may, of course, return to their old positions if the House Judiciary Committee, which now appears almost certain to be granted subpoena powers, makes a strong case for passing the issue along to the Senate.

As a matter of fact, the sentiments reflected by the polls and by elected officials in both parties who have made their own soundings correspond quite closely to the views most commonly heard here when Watergate first began to dominate the headlines, in the spring of 1973. Despite Nixon's enormous support in the election of 1972, he had few admirers here, and among his critics were many who had watched him over the years and strongly questioned his integrity. But there were very few people who thought him capable of laying public claim to being above the law or of clandestinely setting up his own espionage-and-sabotage force to harass his opponents, as was pretty well established by early witnesses before the Ervin committee. Moreover, this bold advocate of "law and order" appeared to have been tolerant of quite a bit of lawbreaking and of incitement to disorder by members of his own staff, many of whom would do just about anything that was asked if it seemed a service to the boss or promised a bit of money and adventure. Impeachment talk began to be heard last spring, but much the same objections were raised by politicians, both friendly and hostile, as are being heard today among their constituents: impeachment would divide and torment the country; it would destroy the confidence of other governments in ours and undermine the diplomatic initiatives of Henry Kissinger and of Nixon himself; and it would nourish an already flowering cynicism among our young. Few were then aware of the troubles to be faced by Spiro Agnew, who was evidently shielded from any knowledge of the seamy crew known as the plumbers, but, even so, it would have been next to impossible to form a corporal's guard of men who, whatever they thought of Nixon, held that the country would benefit by Agnew's elevation to the position that Lyndon Johnson occasionally called "the leader of the free world." But, as more and more was learned about the workings of the Nixon White House, the conviction began to spread among congressmen that no matter what the hazards of impeachment



might be here and abroad, the hazards of appearing to put up with these goings on would be greater.

It looked for a while during the Christmas recess as if little more would be heard about Watergate except through the indictments that Leon Jaworski, the special prosecutor, says will be handed up almost any day. The House Judiciary Committee seemed to be dragging its feet, and the Ervin committee seemed about to close up shop. Now both these committees have come alive, although the Ervin committee's new public hearings will be somewhat delayed. It currently appears possible that a procedure may be found for giving Jaworski's findings to the Judiciary Committee. Officials here and in California are looking into the tax returns of the President and some of his associates. Investigative journalists are devoting a staggering number of man-hours to Watergate in all its manifestations. Public opinion is always subject to change, and a few new revelations may turn the tide and lead congressmen to come to an agreement on the need for impeachment—the more so if the Administration is unable to ease the energy crisis and bring down, or hold the line on, the cost of living.

In the face of all this, the White House—most uncharacteristically—has shown little disposition to take the offensive except in bold but factually unsupported rhetoric. The President has said that he intends to fight impeachment "like hell," but he hasn't said how or with what weapons he expects to do it, and the net effect thus far of his statement has been to lead some observers to suspect that, like Spiro Agnew—who said the same thing over and over while he was making deals with the prosecutors in Baltimore—he may be in the process of plea bargaining. Our new Vice-President and the Senate Minority Leader claim that they are aware of exculpatory evidence in the White House but are inexplicably bound not to reveal its nature. In the now almost empty Executive Mansion, the only men the President sees regularly are Ron Ziegler and General Alexander Haig. (He also sees Henry Kissinger on Kissinger's occasional reëntries, but Kissinger, like the two others, is without experience in elective politics, and, in any case, Kissinger's public acclaim seems a tribute more to him than to the man who appointed him.) Ziegler and Haig now and then come out of the shadows to defend Administration policies, but if this is a counter-offensive, it is a puny one indeed.

Unlike Agnew, Nixon may be thoroughly in earnest when he says he has no intention of resigning. But if impeachment proceedings do go forward, they will be drawn out over a considerable part of what is left of his term, and if he wages the kind of fight he has said he intends to wage, it will take up most of his time and energy, as well as the time and energy of his still loyal subordinates. In that event, he may feel compelled to make a conditional and temporary resignation, and—as the Twenty-fifth Amendment provides—appoint the Vice-President to serve as Acting President for the duration of the President's preoccupation with his own defense. No one has any idea how this would work out, but it is fairly clear that the temporary resignation would last for months, rather than weeks, and though Ford is a true-blue loyalist, he might not find Nixon's staff or Nixon's fixed routines congenial to his own way of doing business. But for however long the arrangement lasted he would have all of Nixon's authority, and if impeachment resulted in acquittal Nixon might find himself going back not to his old job but to a job that had changed in his absence. If he should perceive this possibility as one more difficulty in his already difficult position, he may feel that he would be better off if he did not invoke this part of the Twenty-fifth Amendment but, instead, made a clean and total break by a simple resignation. If all he faced after acquittal was something less than half a term devoted to catching up with developments and reorganizing things at the White House, he might think the whole thing less than worthwhile. It is possible, therefore, that, despite his disclaimers, he might yield to the entreaties of those who think right now that he could serve the country best by getting out on a plea of emotional exhaustion or something of the sort. This is an outcome devoutly wished by many of his own party's elders.

The view of the near future is heartening to no one here, but the feeling of imminent doom that assailed many from time to time over the past several months is less often experienced now.

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The President may avoid impeachment or conviction or both, but, whether he does or not, it will at least be possible to say that our democratic means of getting at the truth have worked quite well and have already rid us of some of the worst offenders in the Administration, in addition to putting an end to some intolerable practices. If Nixon should be removed from office, it seems likely that Gerald Ford would be an uninspiring, colorless, and wary successor, but not, in all probability, a dangerous one. He has said he will not be a candidate for the nomination in 1976, but, unless he blunders very badly, he may get the call over Nelson Rockefeller and Ronald Reagan, both of whom, unlike Ford, have formidable enemies in the Party. Probably no more could be expected of Ford as a President elected on his own than as a successor to an expelled incumbent, but it is discouraging to think that we might have to go through what remains of the decade under almost wholly unimaginative leadership. It is possible, of course, that the Democrats may come forward with a man full of courage and wisdom, but if such a man exists he has yet to appear on the horizon. One circumstance that might offer a bit of solace is that the Gerald Fords of this world seem to be taking over in almost every country. Moreover, there is no assurance that a Solomon in the White House would be of much use in the period ahead.

THE one bit of moderately good news is the agreement on troop disengagement between Egypt and Israel. But there is no way of knowing whether this will endure and be accompanied by negotiations. Military men here think that the agreement was made not so much because Kissinger charmed the leaders on both sides as because it was advantageous to the Arabs and the Russians. Still, the judgment of the military is hardly infallible; the record of the diplomats is somewhat better, and the majority of them have enough respect for the Israelis to be confident that they could not be suckered into accepting a loser's settlement. The Middle East, partly because of its conflict of cultures, and partly because it has so often seemed a likely place for the superpowers to confront each other, is only the most dramatic of present or recent trouble spots. (Indo-China was and continues to be dramatic, but it has been clear right along that the Russians and the Chinese were more determined not to intervene than we ever were.) But although there is scarcely a spot on

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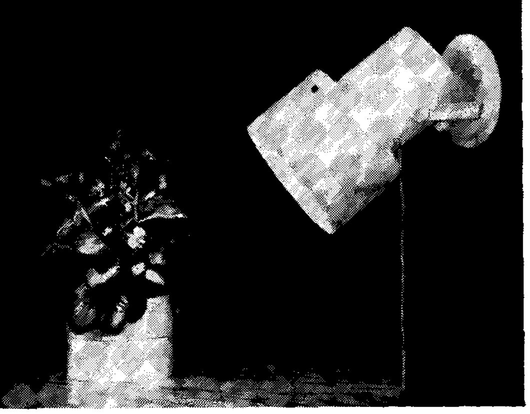

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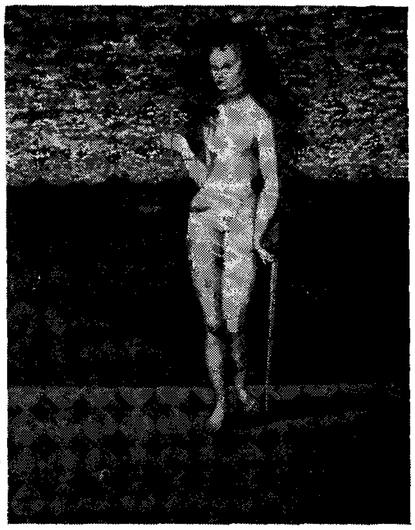

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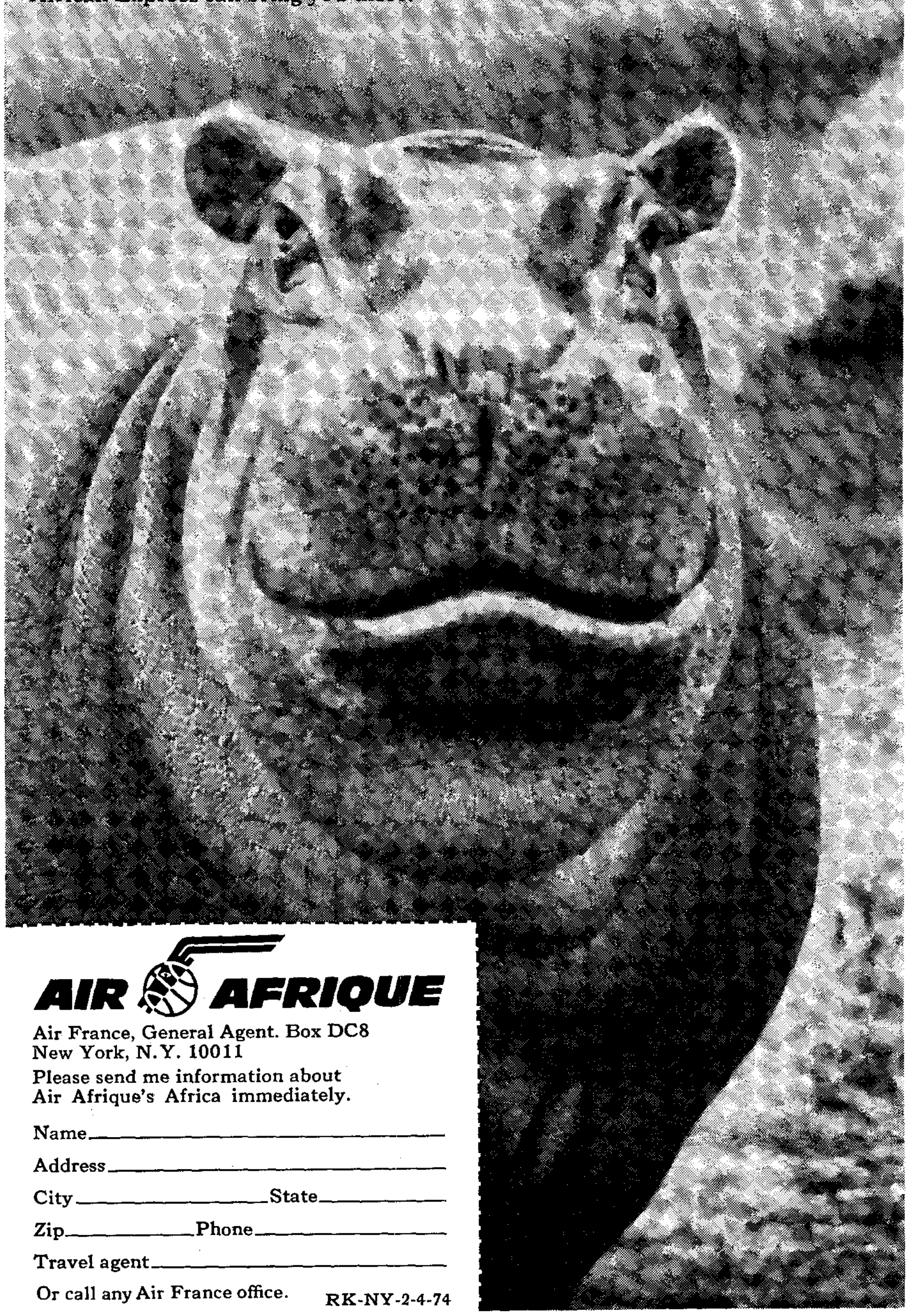

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earth that is not in deep trouble of one sort or another, major military conflicts appear remote. Western Europe, this continent, and Japan have all been finding it increasingly difficult to maintain their prosperity and their political unity. The cutoff of Middle Eastern oil is more devastating to Western Europe and Japan than to this country, but we, as the prime villains in our support of Israel, may have to endure the embargo longer. Nixon's hope that we can become self-sufficient by 1980 may be realized, but in the world of industry six years is a long time. There seems little doubt that some of the large oil companies have been manipulating the shortage to their own financial advantage, and have doubtless been less than diligent in stepping up domestic production and keeping down prices. But none of their failures alter the fact of present shortages, which make it increasingly difficult for us to play a decent role in the world and to cope with our own unemployment and the social dysfunctions that accompany it. Even if the Nixon Administration were above criticism, there is little reason to suppose that it could play a more helpful role in world affairs than it is playing at present. It would still be committed—as is its Democratic critic Senator Henry Jackson—to the maintenance of the costliest defense establishment in history. (It may become even costlier if the Suez Canal is reopened, giving the Soviet Navy easier access to the Indian Ocean; if this happens, the Navy lobbyists maintain, we will have to beef up our own presence in those waters.) And any Administration, clean or soiled, would still represent a society of consumers whose members, like the people of most other nations, are willing to make personal sacrifices only during wars. It may well be that a period of genuine hardship is the one thing that could compel us to reorder our priorities, and it also may well be that we are in for just such a period.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Without Benefit of Scenery

MUSICIANS harbor a prejudice against the performance of opera on the concert platform which, happily, is not shared by the general public. Reviews of these occasions are commonly filled with such phrases as "this unsatisfactory compromise," "so far as the work can be assessed away from the stage, where it belongs," and the like; but this apologetic or disapproving tone seems to me thoughtless, even silly. Concert opera serves a valuable function, and now and again its gains (vis-à-vis stage performance) have been known to outweigh its disadvantages.

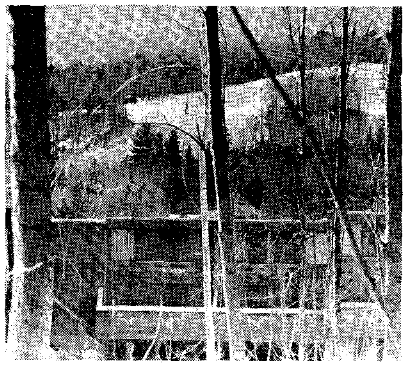
As with so much else in the operatic world (for instance, the eternal problem of translation vs. original text), inflexible rules cannot be laid down; every case must be considered on its merits. Thus, *verismo* opera in which blatant melodrama is supposed to atone for musical vacuity would indeed fare badly in concert performance, but this is precisely the kind of opera that no one wants to give in concert form anyhow. Conversely, eighteenth-century *opera seria* and the Italian or French "singers' operas" of the early and middle nineteenth century—the very field that is most tempting to the impresario—will suffer least; in fact, it could be plausibly argued that the original performances of Handel's operas (with librettos in the hands of the spectators, and enough light in the house to read them by) came closer to our concert presentation than to the kind of fancy staging they are likely to receive in a modern theatrical revival. Then there is the question of the audience aimed at. Concert opera is unquestionably addressed to the sophisticated listener, who already knows the bulk of the standard repertory and is used to supplementing that knowledge with records of rarer works. Such a listener, familiar with the operatic conventions of the various periods, will have no difficulty in envisaging the scenic element and its effect. If he is a man of taste, he may do better in this line than those spoiled darlings of the modern opera house, the gimmicky and egotistical Herr This and Signor That.

Moreover, the huge expense of staging an opera which will never enter the repertory and the difficulty of persuading famous singers to learn roles which they may never be asked to sing again effectively limit the field of choice for a big house. And there are dozens of operas that attract (and often repay) our historical curiosity which it would be an unwarranted extravagance to put on the boards. Since the regretted demise of the American Opera Society, several organizations have been intermittently active in such rescue work, among them Newell Jenkins' Clarion Concerts, Thomas Scherman's Little Orchestra Society, the Handel Society of New York, and—most notably—Eve Queler's Opera Orchestra of New York, which recently presented to a packed Carnegie Hall a rapturously received "Pêcheurs de Perles," by Bizet, and is shortly to revive Donizetti's "Parisina."

"Les Pêcheurs de Perles" provides a textbook illustration of my thesis. Bizet, a composer of rare genius, was one of those men (Berlioz was another) whose operatic careers were blighted by the rigidly frivolous or pompous Parisian taste of their times. Anyone who loves "Carmen" and the "Arlésienne" music and the heavenly C-Major Symphony of the composer's student days must have wondered about those pre-"Carmen" operas of which he may know no more than a few attractive arias and duets. The two that matter most are "La Jolie Fille de Perth," after (a long way after) Sir Walter Scott, and the still earlier "Pêcheurs de Perles"—a commission from the Théâtre-Lyrique. Both have absurd librettos and would probably wilt on the modern stage; both are full of fresh, vivid, tuneful music. The twenty-four-year-old composer was in no position to turn down such a commission, even though he was thereby saddled with a libretto which not even its authors (French librettists love to hunt in couples) felt able to defend; one of them afterward remarked, "If we had realized M. Bizet's talent, we would never have given him *cet ours infâme*."

In the exotic fashion of the day, the action plays in a highly improbable Ceylon, where two devoted pals, Nadir and Zurga (Bernard Shaw couldn't resist calling them Nadir and Zenith), become rivals in love over a priestess named Léïla, whom they have come across some years before in Candy. When she turns up, at first heavily veiled, as a sort of commercial vestal virgin imported to insure the success of the pearl-diving season, the fat is in the fire. Sheer rubbish, of course; but the music, though uneven, contains much that is sheer delight. It was admirably handled by Mrs. Queler, who knows her way perfectly around the score and showed a sympathetic feeling for her solo singers, a well-chosen group. Nicolai Gedda, a past-master at this sort of thing, delighted his admirers by the suavity and delicacy of his singing. Unlike both Caruso and Gigli (in their records), he used the original key for the famous aria "Je crois entendre encore" and added the final phrase (involving a high C) which Bizet actually gave to the woodwind but which audiences have come to expect from the tenor; this high C and the two preceding B's he took in a *voce mista* of a curious and fascinating color. He was worthily partnered by Renato Bruson, a capital baritone, who is not a linguist in Gedda's class but made a good shot at the French text and displayed an unusually thorough acquaintance with the French style. The heroine was the Martinique-born Christiane Éda-Pierre, who has often sung at the Opéra-Comique and has also appeared in this role in Chicago and Wexford. Her pure, forward soprano, with its sweet top and limpid, easy legato, exemplifies a type of French singing that used to be fairly common and has become quite rare.

IN one respect, a clean and decisive trill, Miss Éda-Pierre even surpasses the Spanish soprano Montserrat Caballé, who on the afternoon of the same day, also in Carnegie Hall, sang more beautifully than I had ever heard her sing—and that is saying much. Although the loss of a suitcase containing all her music had caused extensive changes in her program, Miss Caballé was in a state of high good humor, interspersing frequent communications from the platform to her devoted public with little gurgles and squeaks of laughter that proved infectious despite the difficulty of catching the actual joke. She is not a very intellectual kind of artist—no Callas, certainly—but she is adorable. She began with Handel and Vivaldi arias, which sounded captivating because of the limpid purity of the tone; you could run your hand over the surface of



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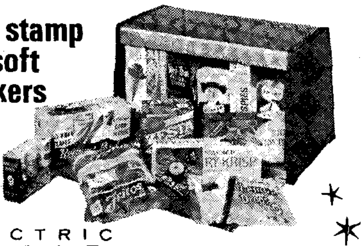

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the voice, as over fine porcelain, without feeling a crack or flaw anywhere. The pleasure, and sense of security, provided by such singing is something that is hard to convey to those who happen not to share it; to those who do, it is intense. In "Piangerò la sorte mia," from Handel's "Giulio Cesare," there was a soft ascent of a ninth from F sharp to the high G sharp that was sheer perfection. But it was not until the last group of the first half of her program, in an aria from Bellini's early opera "Bianca e Fernando," that Miss Caballé reached the summit of her art; here was the essence of Bellini's elegiac genius. An aria from Donizetti's "Caterina Cornaro" was no less enchanting; but Rossini's once world-famous "Di tanti palpiti," from "Tancredi" (Wagner even quotes it in "Die Meistersinger"), was taken, as usual, too fast for its character to emerge. The rest of the program consisted of Spanish songs—among which the famous Falla set of folk-song arrangements needs a more earthy treatment, and more chest tone, than the singer was prepared to offer—and ended with a group of irresistible encores: three Spanish and two Italian, including an "O mio bambino caro," from Puccini's "Gianni Schicchi," which contained floating octave ascents as pure as those of Frances Alda long ago.

IT has been a great week for virtuosity, with Artur Rubinstein occupying the same platform, two days later, in a mixed program. Part I was devoted to Beethoven and Brahms, ending with the latter's big F-Minor Sonata, Opus 5, an old favorite of his which is, frankly, not quite within his powers nowadays. After the intermission, however, he was back in his most dazzling form in two Debussy pieces ("Ondine" and "Poissons d'Or"), in a pair of Chopin waltzes (linked, in the well-remembered old fashion that I haven't encountered in years, by improvised modulating chords) and his "Barcarolle" (a noble, spacious reading), and, finally, in a tempestuous, yet poetic, account of Liszt's "Mephisto Waltz," which, to judge from overheard comments, did more for that composer's local reputation than a whole season of Boulez disinterments. After which, encores from the tireless and beaming Old Master: a poetic Chopin Nocturne in F Sharp Major, a C-Sharp-Minor Étude by the same composer carried through in a single urgent impulse, and a final Villa-Lobos "Polichinello," delivered with stunning bravado.

FAR down my column—but it *has* been a week—I come to the Delius "Mass of Life," which was given a well-prepared and at times inspired reading at Carnegie Hall by the St. Louis Symphony, Walter Susskind conducting, with the Ronald Arnatt Chorale and the Chorus of the University of Missouri-St. Louis, and a notable quartet of soloists in Lorna Haywood, Helen Watts, Jeral Becker, and Benjamin Luxon. The lion's share of the solo work falls to the baritone, and, fortunately, Mr. Luxon (who knows the music even better now than he did when he took part in a recording of it some years ago) was able to project both Nietzsche's glowing words and Delius's music in a splendidly convinced and convincing style. The best pages of the score—and they are memorable—are prompted by the nature-poetry of mountaintop and noonday stillness, and by thoughts of evening's approach and of the solemn tolling of the midnight bell. The orchestral prelude to the section that now always concludes Part I in performance (although in the score it begins Part II)—in which horn calls answer one another across wide valleys, and (at the very end) a solo clarinet echoes them once more in a distant key—is magical; and it was beautifully played by the St. Louis men. The chorus, too, sang with a will—although their invocation to the "Will" (Zarathustra's "Will") at the outset could not surmount the lack of muscularity that inhibits all the composer's efforts in this vein; his repeated assertions of physical ecstasy sound forced, and his attempt to evoke the "laughing dance" of the Supermen, with its lumbering 6/4 rhythms and repeated choral "la-la-la"s, reminds me of an earnest and bespectacled scholar determined to let himself go on holiday and live it up with the locals in a night spot. —DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

CONCERT RECORDS

European Grand Tour

I GUESS that Puccini's dear old "La Bohème" has been recorded a hundred times. Snobs have pronounced its music trivial, but audiences have adored it ever since its first performance. The reason may be that "La Bohème" is the work of a master theatrical psychologist and a distinguished melodist. It is also one of the most human of all operas, written about touching char-

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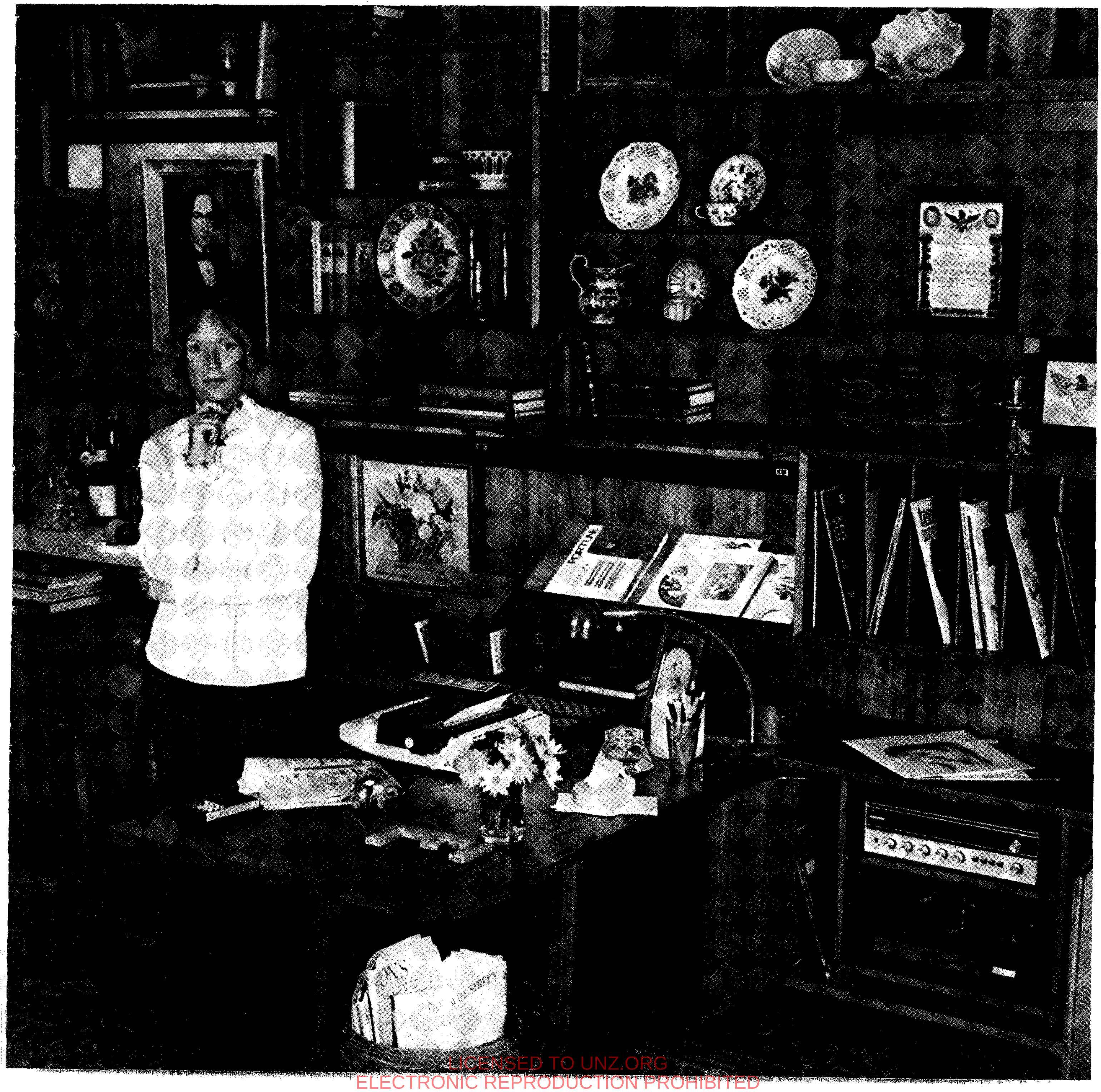

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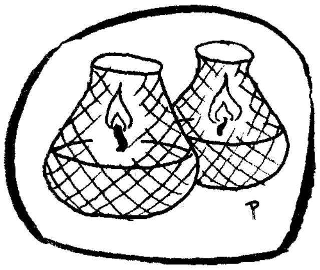
acters and with a rare sense of drama. That it is hugely popular should not be held against it. A fine performance of this work can be a memorable thing, and none could be finer than the one Herbert von Karajan has recorded for London (OSA-1299; stereo, four sides). The cast includes Mirella Freni, Luciano Pavarotti, Elizabeth Harwood, Rolando Panerai, Nicolai Ghiaurov, Gianni Maffeo, Michel Senechal, and Gernot Pietsch—all champions. The orchestra is the Berlin Philharmonic, and the Berlin Deutsche Oper provides the chorus. Karajan's conducting brings forth miracles, Freni is the most feminine of Mimis, and Pavarotti is a strong, masculine Rodolfo.

Verdi's early opera "Giovanna d'Arco" ("Joan of Arc") has been recorded by Angel (SCL-3791; stereo, six sides), with a splendid cast (Montserrat Caballé and Placido Domingo, among others), the London Symphony Orchestra, and the Ambrosian Opera Chorus, all under the baton of the Metropolitan's young principal conductor, James Levine. Research indicates that this is the first time the opera has been recorded. The libretto is amusingly at variance with history, offering a nonexistent love affair between Joan and Charles VII of France. The music is extraordinarily melodious, even for Verdi, and the performance is magnificent.



By coincidence, a number of rarely heard works by Karl Maria von Weber have been recorded by both Turnabout (TV-S 34488; stereo, two sides) and the Musical Heritage Society (MHS 1045; stereo, two sides), most of them for the first time. The two records do not really duplicate each other, though both contain the Concertino for Horn and Orchestra, Opus 45. The Turnabout record presents, in addition, the Grand Concerto for Piano and Orchestra No. 2, Opus 32; the Andante and Hungarian Rondo for Viola and Orchestra (the original of a work later arranged for bassoon and orchestra), Opus 35; and the Romanza Siciliana for Flute and Small Orchestra. The Turnabout performers are Akiko Sagara (piano), Francis Orval (horn), Ulrich Koch (viola), and Peter Thalheimer (flute), with the Hamburg Symphony, under Günter Neidlinger. The MHS record presents, in addition, the Clarinet Concerto No. 1 in F Minor, Opus 73, and the Bassoon Concerto in F Major, Opus 75. (The F Major is the only one of these works available in other recordings.) The musicians are Jacques Lancelot (clarinet), Paul Hongne (bassoon), Georges Barboteu (horn), and the Bamberg Symphony Orchestra, under Theodor Guschlbauer. The Turnabout performers are merely adequate (Barboteu is a finer horn player than Orval, whose lower notes are poor), but the MHS performers are superb virtuosos. The works are all delightfully melodious and somewhat innocently early Romantic.

Both of Franz Liszt's Concertos for Piano and Orchestra have been frequently recorded, by everybody from Van Cliburn (with Ormandy) to Richter (with Kondrashin). But the recordings of them by Alfred Brendel, with the London Philharmonic, under Bernard Haitink, to which have been added the "Totentanz" (Philips 6500 374; stereo, two sides), are something special. Brendel is not only a pianist capable of technical fireworks but a most sensitive artist, and his interpretations are marked by extreme refinement.

Haydn's "The Seasons," perhaps his greatest work, and, anyhow, one of his most charming, has been done by Gundula Janowitz, Werner Hollweg, and Walter Berry, with the Berlin Philharmonic and the Chorus of the Deutsche Oper, under Herbert von Karajan (Angel SC-3792; stereo, six sides). The performers are all most distinguished, but Karajan's reading is a bit mannered.

Monteverdi's Madrigals, Books 3 and 4, are delivered by the Glyndebourne Opera Chorus, under the baton of Raymond Leppard (Philips 6703 035; stereo, six sides). These works—all of them a cappella—have been edited by Mr. Leppard, and they are sung to absolute perfection. The texts of Nos. 15, 16, and 17 are from Tasso's "Gerusalemme Liberata." Everything that has been included is representative of the greatest of late-sixteenth- and early-seventeenth-century composers. Monteverdi was a powerful figure who could write heartrending music in a period that might be termed Romantic, in the sense in which we usually apply the word to the nineteenth century. The Madrigals contain sublime music, and it is set down here in a highly eloquent manner.

Johann Kaspar Ferdinand Fischer was a German composer twenty years

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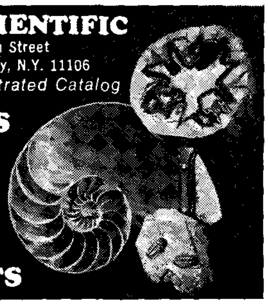

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senior to Johann Sebastian Bach. What fame he has is based on "Ariadne Musica," a collection of preludes and fugues in nineteen keys, and they are famous because they were written twenty years before Bach's celebrated "Well-Tempered Clavier," which is laid out in a similar arrangement but involves twenty-four keys. "Ariadne Musica" has been recorded, for the first time, by Franz Haselböck, organist (Musical Heritage Society, MHS 1634; stereo, two sides). Fischer's preludes and fugues are much shorter than Bach's, but the music is of supernal quality, and it is excellently performed.

Giuseppe Tartini was one of the greatest violinists of the eighteenth century, and a prolific composer and musical theoretician besides. His best-known compositions are probably the "Devil's Trill" Sonata, whose themes he said came to him in a dream in which he made a pact with the Devil, and the "Didone Abbandonata" Sonata. A large cross-section of his work—in fact, the largest on records—is provided by "The Art of Giuseppe Tartini," an album that includes seven concertos and a number of sonatas, one of them the "Didone Abbandonata." The performers are Piero Toso (violin), Jean-Pierre Rampal (flute), Edoardo Farina (harpsichord), the Quartetto Barocco Italiano, and I Solisti Veneti; Claudio Scimone conducts (Musical Heritage Society, MHS 1640/1/2; stereo, six sides). The performances are superb, and they exhibit an exemplary sensitivity of style.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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THE BUREAUCRATIC MIND AT WORK

[*From the News*]

Q: When the government bans something from the market because it contains dangerous chemicals or they think it isn't good for us, what happens to the stuff? Is it destroyed?—H.W., Roanoke, Va.

A: The government does not like to see things go to waste nor do they want manufacturers to lose profits. Usually the U.S. buys the condemned material or gives it away as American aid. For instance, a large quantity of soft drinks containing cyclamates, banned by the Food and Drug Administration, went to thirsty refugees in South Vietnam.

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As Marsden explains: Some of our comets may be so far away from the sun, almost halfway to the nearest other star, that they become tugged away by the Observatory at Harvard University.

—*Santa Fe New Mexican.*

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Letter from Stockbridge

Hello!
Up here in the Berkshires we're watching chickadees and cardinals at the feeder and enjoying lots of cross-country skiing. We've brightened the short daylight hours with colorful double impatiens and winter jasmin. Some of us are out in the woods cutting wood for fireplaces and wood burning stoves. It reminds me of earlier times written about in **The Berkshire Traveller Journal** (1.95).
The gasoline shortage apparently has not stifled the vacation enthusiasm for winter holidays, either cold or warm. Our new book: **Very Special Resorts** (3.50) points out that cars are not needed at over 70 of the 84 resorts described. This includes the snowy ones as well as the sunshiny ones in Florida, California and Hawaii. Most of the winter skiing inns that we write about in **Country Inns and Back Roads** (3.50) are accessible by bus or even Amtrak.
Two of our new books that provide good indoor winter fun are **Shop Drawings of Shaker Furniture** (3.00) which has measured drawings of 80 Shaker pieces, and **Treasured Recipes of Country Inns** (2.50) which has some really tasty regional dishes. All of these are available at bookstores, or order directly from us.
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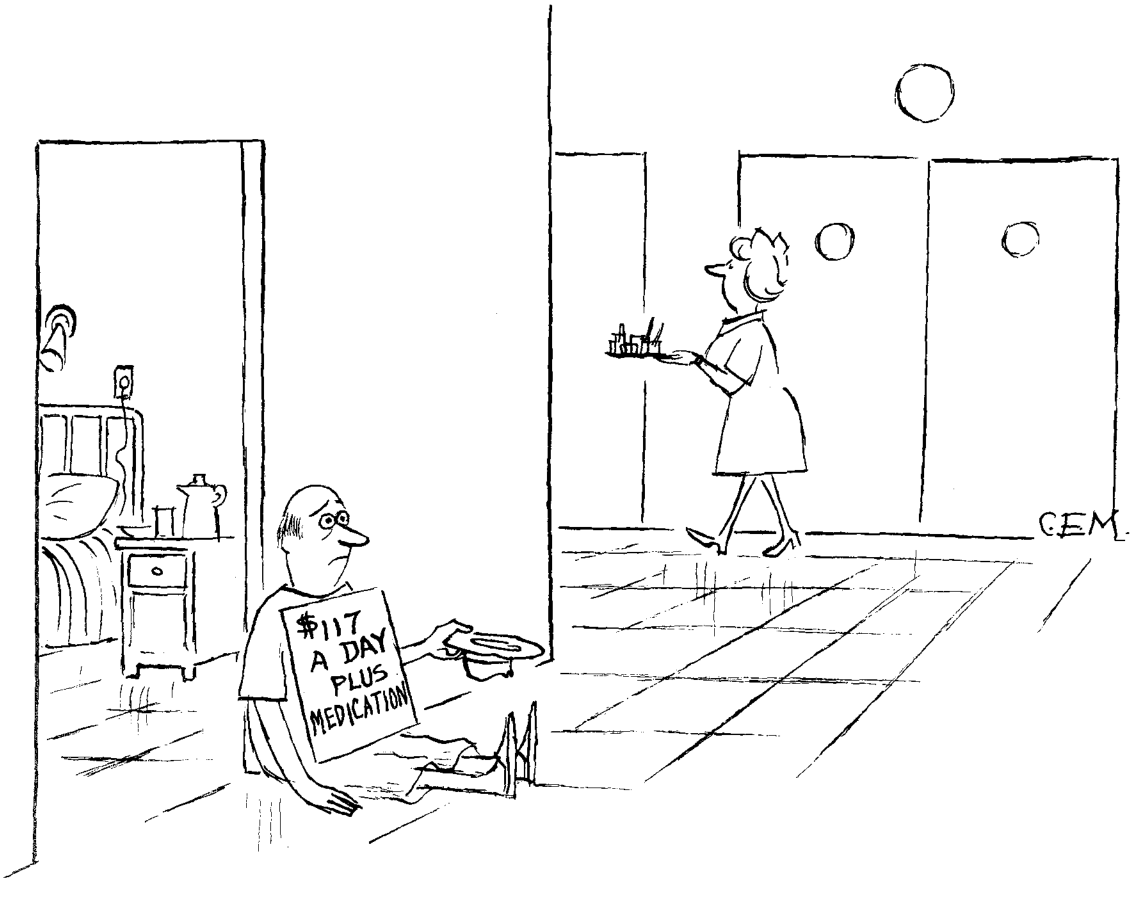
BOOKS

Evelyn Waugh Redivivus

EIGHT years into posterity, Evelyn Waugh, who died at Easter of 1966, appears to be rising to the highest place in the pantheon of twentieth-century English novelists—a place shared only, perhaps, by Virginia Woolf, Joseph Conrad, and D. H. Lawrence. For much of his life, and especially during his last twenty years, Waugh's high standing was obscured by his arch-conservatism in a leftish world of letters (can a great writer ever be on the right?), by his Gilbert Pinfold mask of rudeness and intransigence, and by the long critical wrangles over the quality of all his novels from "Brideshead Revisited" on. But with his death—and his removal as an irritant from the scene—he seems to have swiftly found his rightful level. As a result, there is quite a lot of new Waugh literature—both primary and secondary—around. The recent publication of his still painfully and bafflingly bowdlerized diaries in the London *Observer* has led to a spate of reminiscences, and now we have a book of them, interspersed with critical essays, to give us the most rounded picture of Waugh's life and letters we have so far been offered. "Evelyn Waugh and His World," edited by David Pryce-Jones (Little, Brown), consists of sixteen essays, mostly by people who knew him well, or as well as it was possible to know Evelyn Waugh, at various stages of his career; though it is uneven, as most books of the sort inevitably are (having asked a contributor to contribute, the editor is under obligation to print the result, however flat, dull, or strained), it succeeds in capturing the essence of Waugh's perverse character in the triangulations of many minds.

Beginning with his childhood, "Evelyn Waugh and His World" gives us the testimony of eyewitnesses—often long after the fact but no less credible for that—to almost every period of his life. Alan Pryce-Jones (the editor's father) writes on Waugh's childhood; Roger Fulford, a schoolmate, on the days of ostracism and emergence as an individual at Lancing School; Peter Quennell on the years at Oxford; Dudley Carew on Waugh's disastrous first marriage; Father D'Arcy, who converted him to Catholicism, on the nature of his religion; Fitzroy Maclean and the Earl of Birkenhead on his military career; and Anne Fleming, among others, on his last years. What results from their varied but ultimately corroborative views is a group biography, all the richer for its divergences in viewpoint and its wealth of anecdote, as well as its near-unanimity of verdict on the man if not his work.

Waugh started off, this book makes clear, with a fierce desire (shared by so many modern writers) to escape the confines of the middle-class life into which he was born; while Orwell atypically reached downward into the proletariat for a new identity, Waugh strove upward, toward the nobility and gentry, at least at first. At Oxford, he veered between the boisterous county gentry and the aesthetes who centered on Harold Acton; afterward, in London, he travelled in company with the Bright Young Things who were to provide such copious material for his first three novels. But by then, and even before the dissolution of his first marriage and his adoption of Catholicism, we learn from David Lodge's essay on his literary journalism, Waugh was already retreating from the so-called Younger Generation and finding a place in "a small group of young men and women [who] are breaking away from their generation and striving to regain the sense of values that should have been instinctive to them." Once he had rediscovered those values—those of his father's generation—Waugh remained remarkably true to them for the rest of his life. Thus, when he sided with Franco's rebels—and scandalized the English literary community—during the Spanish Civil War, he was simply acting on an already long-standing conviction, a conviction undoubtedly reinforced by the failure of his first marriage and by his entry into the Church; when he deplored the unholy alliance with Russia during the Second World War, most notably in "The End of the Battle," the third volume of his military trilogy, he was acting again on the same point of principle. As early as 1928, the year in which "Decline and Fall" appeared, it seems that the mold of his character had set; thenceforth, he was to be not a contemporary climber but a classless—and even antique—critic of his society, speaking from an almost Johnsonian altitude of detached scorn. As he grew older, the scorn and bitterness strengthened;



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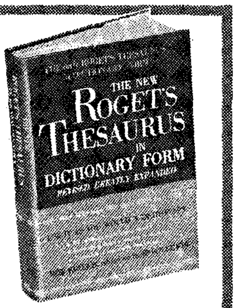

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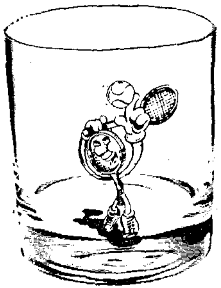

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many felt the whip of his tongue, and his increasing periods of ennui were perhaps protracted by the absence of old friends he had offended. He was much hurt that his literary mission was so widely, in the century of the common man, misprised by his literary critics, and that his later work was so often dismissed in a world of letters presided over by the likes of his liberal poets Parsnip and Pimpernell (for whom read Auden and Spender), but he could not have expected greater charity, given the extreme politicization of letters in those days and his own posture (though really quite innocent of politics) as an upholder of Victorian, if not Georgian, values.

What brought the roof down on his head was the publication of "Brideshead Revisited," at the end of the Second War. Apart from its peculiarity and its quaintness in the new world of the postwar (it dealt with the twenties at Oxford and with the disillusion of the war itself), its sentimentality and its apparent obeisance to the old siren attractions of both the English gentry and the Church made it unswallowable to critics, who thenceforth tended to devalue whatever he might turn out. While it is almost certainly true that "Brideshead" marks its author's one major lapse in both taste and detachment, it seems fair to say that its first half is so beautifully written that it may eclipse much of Waugh's other work, and that the books which followed it are by no means guilty of the same lapse; I hope I am not alone in considering "The Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold" to be among Waugh's four best novels—in the company of "Decline and Fall," "A Handful of Dust," and "Put Out More Flags."

In any case, Waugh never recovered from the critical savaging he received on the appearance of "Brideshead;" withdrawing physically into the country and psychologically into himself and his role as paterfamilias, he appeared to hold the world at bay during his last twenty years. In "Evelyn Waugh and His World," his friends write of these years with rueful affection, excusing but never denying his rudenesses, his curmudgeonries, his sudden coldnesses and blanknesses, his outrageously calculated offenses to friends and enemies alike. Surely nobody could easily have pardoned the behavior Anne Fleming, for one, describes: on a visit to the Flemings' house in Jamaica, Waugh went out of his way to humiliate not only his old friend-enemy Peter Quennell, another houseguest, but his host and hostess. Yet friends like these—

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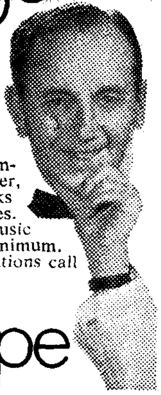

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who were also aware of Waugh's great and paradoxical kindnesses and charities to friends in need—were quick to realize, as Father D'Arcy says, that he was the prisoner of his own impersonation, a circumstance underscored by a passage in "Gilbert Pinfold": "The part for which he cast himself was a combination of eccentric don and testy colonel and he acted it strenuously . . . until it came to dominate his whole outward personality. . . . He offered the world a front of pomposity mitigated by indiscretion that was as hard, bright, and antiquated as a cuirass."

But this book does not stop at an assessment of Waugh's character. It also considers the origins and the dynamics of his work. Three contributors in particular—Malcolm Bradbury, David Lodge, and John Jolliffe—offer new insights upon his influences. Lodge calls attention to a passage in Waugh's 1929 essay "Ronald Firbank" that demonstrates a close connection between Firbank's methods and the early Waugh: "Firbank's later novels are almost wholly devoid of any attributions of cause to effect; there is the barest minimum of direct description; his compositions are built up, intricately and with a balanced alternation of the wildest extravagance and the most austere economy, with conversational nuances." Bradbury points out the conflict between barbarism and civility at the heart of so much of Waugh's work, and Jolliffe, who also touches on this conflict, underscores (as does Lodge) Waugh's overriding concern with style and diction. He quotes Waugh's 1963 *Paris Review* interview: "I regard writing not as investigation of character but as an exercise in the use of language, and with this I am obsessed. I have no technical psychological interest. It is drama, speech, and events that interest me."

"Evelyn Waugh and His World" adds considerably to our understanding of the man and his work, but it is not a serious and heavy book. Instead, it is brilliantly lit and colored by a hundred funny anecdotes—and by the warmth of its contributors, each in his way, toward one of the brightest and oddest of men. —L. E. SISSMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

DARKNESS IN SUMMER, by Takeshi Kaiko, translated from the Japanese by Cecilia Segawa Seigle (Knopf). An icy, despairing novel (Mr. Kaiko's third; his first to be translated into English), written in an odd,

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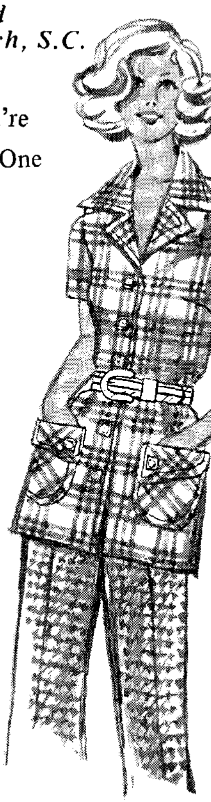

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harsh, pictorial style, about a forty-year-old Japanese expatriate who is slowly sinking into a life-in-death of disaffection and alienation. The man (and narrator) is a journalist recently back from Vietnam and living in a European but unnamed city. For ten years, he has been constantly on the move but has felt increasingly torpid and lethargic. (We never learn why, though the book's somewhat confusing section about Vietnam is probably meant to explain it.) His room is a "cocoon filled with fingerprints, nicotine, alcohol stains, and breadcrumbs;" he sleeps and sleeps; and he almost never leaves his hotel. Awake, he stares at the walls, "absorbing Schnapps like a slovenly sponge." Into this slough of despond an old flame bravely (if unaccountably) ventures. She, too, is an expatriate but, unlike him, an optimist, full of enthusiasms and projects. They fall into a second affair (squeezing in as much love-making and eating as possible between her thesis-writing and his naps), and, even more unaccountably, she prospers. An existential horror story unfolds in which her attachment to him becomes as abstract as his remoteness from her. Mr. Kaiko's vision is bleak, but his style is eloquent, and if his book is occasionally awkward and repetitive (imagine translating Pinter into Japanese) it is also unusually absorbing and original.

GENERAL

WINTER IN CASTILLE, by Honor Tracy (Random House). An acerbic and (rarity of rarities) completely absorbing travel book about Spain. Miss Tracy's vexation with the dour, evasive Spanish character, her scorn for the hypocrisy of the government, and her irritation with the unreliability of Spanish trains and buses are surpassed only by her love of the country—which makes her book a joy to read. Ten years ago, she wrote another excellent book about Spain (called "Silk Hats and No Breakfast"), which recorded the miseries of a country exhausted by civil war and totally out of step with the rest of the world. The present volume portrays a Spain inundated by developers, jumping precipitately from the Middle Ages into the nineteen-seventies, and spawning a media-conscious generation that hardly seems to belong to the same stock as its parents and grandparents. In travelling around Castille, Miss Tracy does find some corners and churches in Segovia, Ávila, and Valladolid which have preserved some measure of their former sombre glory, but, much as she wishes it were otherwise (she all but bursts with joy when a locally bought, expensive, and very European-looking change purse falls apart in her hands), she fears that the country is being ruined in its efforts to become "just one more efficient, competitive, inflationary center of production."

TRUE PATRIOTISM, by Dietrich Bonhoeffer, edited by Edwin H. Robertson and translated from the German by Edwin H. Robertson and John Bowden (Harper & Row). This is a collection—its subtitle is "Letters, Lectures, and Notes, 1939-45"—of diverse works composed by the German theologian during the war years, when he was persecuted, plotted against, and finally jailed by the Nazis. (He was executed in April, 1945.) He belonged to a Lutheran body, orthodox in belief, that separated from the main German national church, which had been "coördinated" by the Nazis. He and his fellow-ministers, lacking legal ministerial status, were liable to the draft, their seminaries were put under surveillance or closed, and Bonhoeffer himself, forbidden to preach or publish, found refuge for a while in a Benedictine abbey. Many of his earlier pieces—circular pastoral letters—were written to deepen or clarify the belief of scattered and suffering anti-Nazi Christians; they consider the Incarnation, the Resurrection, the meaning of Communion and baptism. Bonhoeffer, as a Christian, was loath to join any resistance group that planned to assassinate Hitler, but it appears that the deportations of German Jews to an unknown fate in the East finally persuaded him to do so. He worked with Admiral Canaris and with some of the men later associated with the July 20th plot. Imprisoned in 1943, he was at times in the strictest kind of solitary confinement, at others allowed pen and paper; the fragmentary works that survive contemplate his own death and what death means to a Christian. This book will, naturally, offer most to the reader who is himself a Christian, but it demonstrates to everyone a summit of human virtue.

MEN AND THE MATTERHORN, by Gaston Rébuffat, translated from the French by Eleanor Brockett

(Oxford). Rébuffat, probably the greatest living Alpine guide, notes at the beginning of his book, "At school, at the very outset, when the master was teaching us how to hold a pencil and, to amuse us, would say, 'Now, draw . . . a mountain,' all of us, without knowing or intending it, would draw Matterhorns." The Matterhorn is indeed the symbol of what a great mountain is: austere, solitary, and almost unimaginably high. Rébuffat truly loves this peak, and, while he is not a professional writer, his prose, despite occasional defects, is in harmony with his subject. He traces the history of Matterhorn climbing from the mid-nineteenth century to the present and illustrates it with page after page of some of the most extraordinary mountain photographs ever assembled. One can almost hear the wind and feel the brush of snow.

THEY COULD NOT TRUST THE KING, by William V. Shannon, with photographs by Stanley Tretick and an introduction by Barbara W. Tuchman (Macmillan). A history of Watergate and associated doings by one of the best political analysts we have, with pictures of the accused and the accusers by Stanley Tretick, perhaps our most perceptive news photographer. Mr. Shannon pulls the loose ends together and makes a coherent narrative of all that has happened thus far, combining this with a sharp, humane, and often witty comment on this largest and seamiest of all political scandals in the history of the country. Barbara Tuchman contributes a graceful and historically informed introduction.

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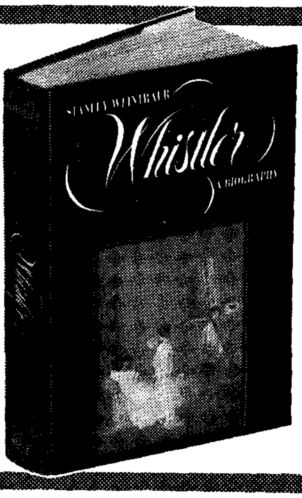

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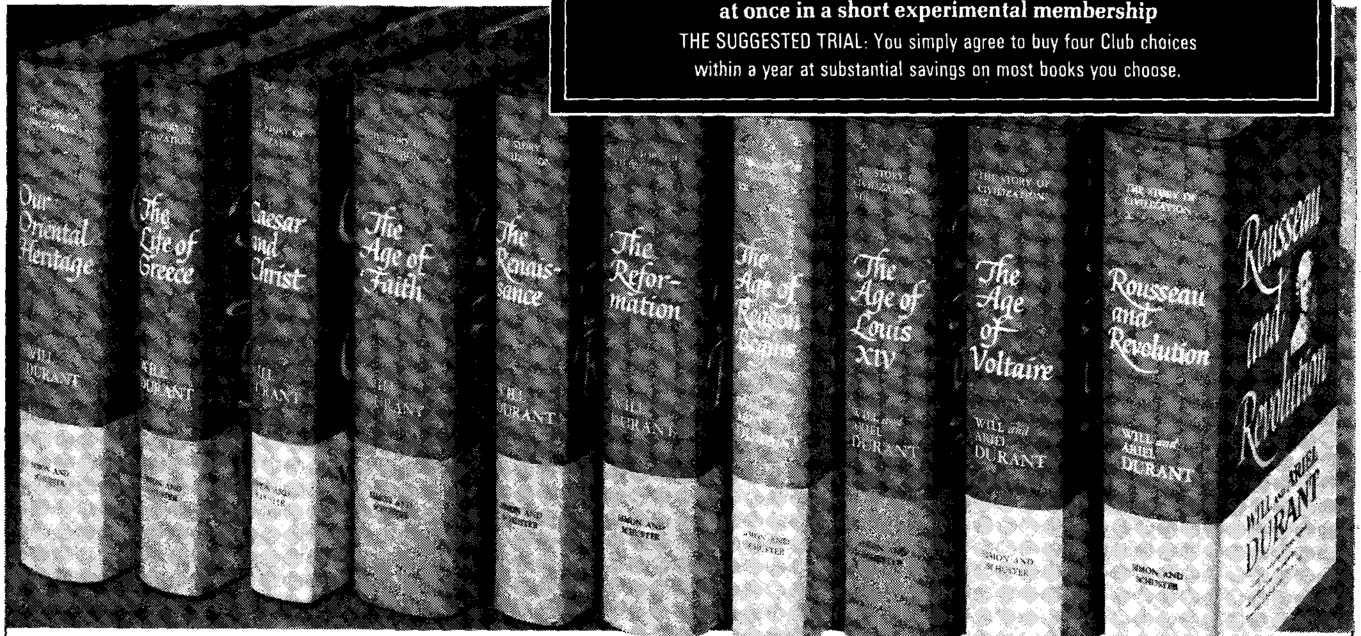

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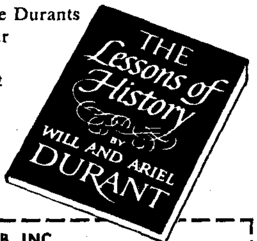

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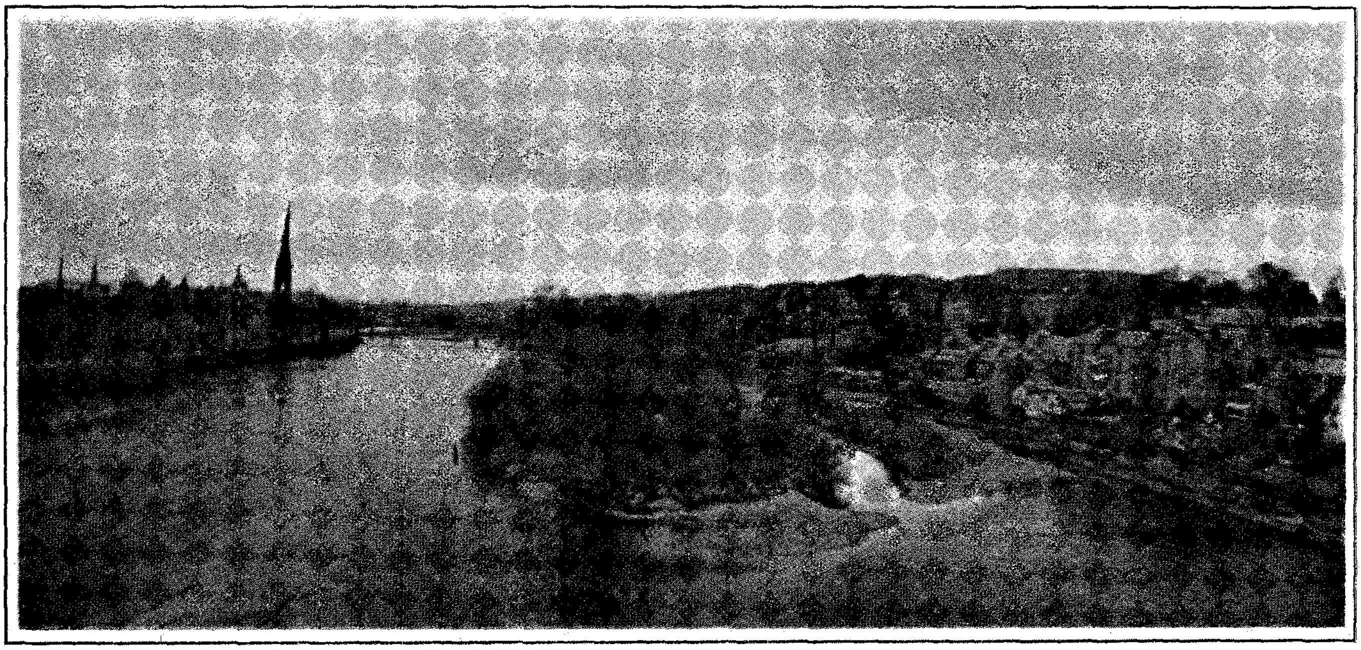
Authentic.

In 1482 the fair city of Perth lost out as capital of Scotland.
But there's nae doubt that it's still the Scotch capital!



BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF • ©SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N. Y., N. Y.

The Romans called it "Victoria." The early Christians called it "St. Johnstoun." The name *Perth* is Gaelic (meaning *at the mouth of the River Tay*).

Into Perth come Scotland's finest whiskies . . . from highlands and moors, from pine woods and deep green glens. They come rich and aged and ready for the art of Perth's master blenders.

Authentic Scotch whisky can't be made everywhere. It takes pure brilliant waters (you can fish for salmon and trout within the city limits of Perth!). It takes cold air with just enough sweeping drenching rains . . . it takes warm suns by day and black freezing nights.

All these gifts has Nature given to Scotland. And Perth, not ungrateful, has responded with the gift of Dewars White Label to the world.

White Label
DEWAR'S
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
John Dewar & Sons

From the Fair City of Perth . . . where Nature, Men and Tradition come together for the making of true and authentic Scotch whisky.

DEWAR'S
"White Label"

Dewar's never varies.

The facts in this advertisement have been authenticated by the management of John Dewar & Sons, Ltd., Perth, Scotland